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THE
UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

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NO. I.

TO VIRGIL.

Written at the request of the Mantuans for the 19th Century of Virgil's death.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;
Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the

Works and Days,

All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive
and horse and herd;

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word;
Poet of the happy Tityrus, piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with
flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, gloryfying in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea;
Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by universal mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of mankind;
Light among the vanished ages; star that gilded yet this phantom
shore:

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to
rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer; fallen every purple Cæsar's dome,
Though thine ocean-roll of rythm sound forum of Imperial Rome,

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished, and the Rome of freemen
 holds her place;
 I, from out the Northern Island sundered once from all the human
 race,
 I salute thee, Mantorano, I that loved thee since my day began,
 Wielder of the statliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

WOMAN A FACTOR IN XIX CENTURY CIVILIZATION.

Daily we boast of the civilization of the XIX century. And it is right that we should thus boast, for it is, truly, *the* civilization of the ages. But who, in this busy age, stops to think of the causes that have led us up, step by step, to such a height? Little reckons man in his pride by what agency he has reached the proud station he occupies. Men say that man by the aid of his massive strength, by long and unceasing toil of body and mind, has overcome the difficulties that beset him, and alone and unaided has reached his present stage. But to a thinking man, one who

fluence. Whatever cause they discover that has advanced the vanguard of this higher civilization they ever find woman urging on that cause. And these are not single, isolated cases, but the *universal* story.

ponders the deep mysteries of life, frequently there comes a thought of an assistant in man's field—one whose aid gains but little credence with the thoughtless multitude. In rude and barbarous ages when might made right and the widow and orphan could plead nothing but a righteous cause, heroic knights took it upon themselves to fight the battles of the widow and orphan—but woman's hand buckled on the hero's sword; her colors shone on his helmet; her prayers averted the death-stroke and her eyes smiled out his highest earthly reward.

These men in looking back to see the causes which have led men up out of the gloom of barbarism into the brilliant light of the XIX century civilization see everywhere bright pages in our history that tell the story of woman's hand and her hallowed in-

Do they find a country overrun by savage hordes of Goth and Vandal blotting out every trace of Science and Religion, or see the proud oppressors of a nation's rights meanly grinding down every high and noble impulse of chivalrous souls? 'Twas woman's soul that always caught first the holy flame from Freedom's fires and urged on husband, brother,

son and lover to dare and die for freedom.

We know that it was essential for the civilization of the XIXth century that mankind should gain knowledge, should pore deep into the hidden mysteries of nature and science. What cheered the lonely midnight hours when with the lamp's last flickering glimmer the weary student pored over his dusty tomes with eager longing for the knowledge therein? The sister's hand, the mute appeal from a loved one's eye, the wife's caress and the mother's blessing have been to the student of other ages the same incentives to high and noble exertion that they are to us.

Woman has ever been ready to lend her aid to whatever would advance the progress of knowledge, whether 'twas the queen pawning her jewels to fit out an expedition for the needy Columbus to sail the unknown Western seas and mark the road for coming ages; or in lower life 'twas the daughter's loving hand that gave to the world the sublime strains of "Paradise Lost," or measured with a Herschell the "midnight suns that circle through limitless space."

Then too, in higher, grander fields her influence is the same. Was there a crusade to be fought? Woman's hand placed on the crusader's breast the red cross

—her devotion cheered the lonely night-watches of the Desert and strengthened the arm that laid low the cross-scorning lords of the Eastern harems. Was Religion to be kept pure and undefiled? Was an infant God to be nourished: or a *risen* Lord to be proclaimed? Must martyrs die that the wavering faith of a backsliding world might be renewed? When *man's* heart quailed then *woman* came boldly forward and herself took up the mighty burdens that cowardly man had thrown down in despair.

In whatever field we look, on whatever page of history we gaze, whatever story we hear of man's bravery and daring, goodness or glory—there we see, brilliantly shining, the beauteous star of woman's influence making bright the spot where man's good deeds are wrought, and giving a new and glorious incentive to the forward march of a complete and universal civilization.

Let us then no longer cease to give woman her just meed of praise when we boast of our civilization. Her hand has borne a fair share of toil. Her brain has planned many of the successful campaigns against ignorance and vice. Her example has ever been the noblest, and her own sweet self, as she has made herself, is the grandest result of this grand civilization. And may we each

one find, in future life, that priceless treasure, a wife in whom the vast knowledge of the XIXth century can find no flaw. One who will aid us in making ourselves ready for the higher developments that another grander

century will bring—one who, when time shall be no more, will be ready with us to seek the higher, purer, nobler civilization that Eternity brings.

XAJA.

Astronomical Observatory at the University of North Carolina.

In his "Recent Progress of Astronomy," published by the Harpers in 1850, Prof. Loomis, then of the University of New York, but now of Yale College, states that "the first attempt to establish an economical Observatory in the United States was made by Prof. Albert Hopkins at Williams College, Mass. In 1836 Prof. Hopkins erected a small building devoted to Astronomical purposes." The object of this paper is to preserve the memory of a still earlier attempt, and to establish the fact that Prof. Hopkins made but the second attempt to watch the stars as they roll, and to make records of their positions and revolutions.

Dr. Joseph Caldwell, while President of this institution, built an Observatory and placed in it the instruments which he had purchased in Europe in 1824. The building was finished about the year 1831. As soon as it could be occupied, Dr. Caldwell, always a lover of learning in all its depart-

ments, and a zealous co-laborer with Scientific men, placed in this Observatory, which he built with his own money, a Meridian Transit Telescope, made by Simms, of London; an Altitude and Azimuth Telescope, made also by Simms, of London; a Telescope for observations on the Earth and sky, made by Dollond of London, and an Astronomical clock with a Mercurial Pendulum, made by Molyneux, of London. To these stationary instruments were added a sextant, made by Wilkinson, of London; a portable Reflecting Circle, made by Harris, of London, and a Hadley's Quadrant. These instruments, with the exception of the Quadrant, are still to be seen in our rooms. Previous to 1830 the Clock and the Meridian Transit were set up and used in the room then occupied by the Library of the University, and as his Lecture Room by Dr. Caldwell. An end of the wooden beam that supported the telescope can still be seen, embedded in the

southern wall of that room, which still echoes to Metaphysical teachings from the lips of Dr. Mangum.

Let me interpolate a story connected with Dr. Caldwell's Physical teachings in that room as I heard it from the lips of the late Rev. Dr. Hawks, of New York City. In those days Dr. Caldwell went from sunrise prayers, in Person Hall, to what, in ponderous phrase, he would call ante-jentacular recitations. At one of these pre-breakfast, stomachic, excipients, Dr. C. called on Graves, of Caswell—known in college as "Leggy Graves"—because of the extent of his nether understanding—to explain to him the figure in "Ferguson's Astronomy," which represents the convolutions of the Epicycloids described by the Moon in her monthly revolutions around the Earth—a rare specimen of complicated spider work. Now Graves had, the night before, been using till a late hour, the moon and stars as guides in a long 'possum hunt, having returned but shortly before the first bell rang. Slowly and sadly "Leggy" rose to the task, and was so long in unfolding the plate, and "getting the hang" of it, that Dr. Caldwell interrupted his meditations with a sharp—"Well! Mr. Graves! What are you thinking about?" "Well! Dr. Caldwell! if you must know, I was thinking, that if the man that made that picture had ever

lost it, he would never have made another."

To return from graves to stars. With this Clock and this Transit in this room, Dr. Caldwell, assisted by Professors Mitchell and Phillips, attained the first approximate values for the Longitude and the Latitude of the South Building—values still used in all Geographical and Meteorological observations at the University. The writer of this paper well remembers seeing the manuscript records of these earliest observations, containing their dates and the calculations based on them.

About the year 1830, Dr. Caldwell began to build, *proprio Marte*, an Observatory wherein all the instruments he had bought might be used to the best advantage. He chose for the site the most elevated spot in the immediate neighborhood of the University. There the foundations of this structure can still be traced. They will be found near the gate of the Cemetery in the grove, west of north from the gate. The house had a high basement of stone, on which rested walls of brick ending in a low parapet. It was about 25 feet high and 20 feet square, with a door at the northern end of its eastern face, without a portico or entry hall, and with a window in each of its eastern and western faces. Through the centre of this single roomed build-

ing, arose a pillar of masonry which rested on an independent foundation, and bore on its top the Altitude and Azimuth Instrument. A slit through the northern and southern faces and through the flat top of the house, afforded a vertical range of 180 degrees for the Transit. The Altitude and Azimuth Telescope stood on a circular disk of sandstone which capped the pillar. It was protected from the weather by a slight structure of wood which was drawn forwards and backwards, on a railway in the plane of the Meridian by a windlass and rope. As Dr. Caldwell had removed all the trees which, near at hand, interfered with the work of an observer, this Telescope commanded a view of the whole horizon. The pillar which supported it, was built so that in the main and only room of the Observatory, it afforded a shoulder on which stood the supports of the Transit. The Astronomical clock was fastened to the eastern wall of this room.

Observations were made at this place, with these instruments, by Dr. Caldwell and Dr. Phillips, and Dr. Mitchell, observations for Longitude and for Latitude and on Eclipses, and on Comets. But they were not continued long. During the life of Dr. Caldwell, the imperfection of the materials, and of the workmanship in the

Observatory showed very plainly that its life would be short. The bricks in the wall crumbled, and were very porous to the rains. The planks in the flat floor of the roof swelled and shrank, so that water tight joints were nearly impossible. Weather boarding was tried to protect the walls, and tin and tar to shed the water from the roof; but in vain. So it became necessary—soon after the death of Dr. Caldwell, in Jan. 1835, to remove the instruments. Then the building went rapidly to decay. It fell a victim to fire, from an unknown cause about 1838. But it lived long enough to show that the Science of Astronomy has been pursued with intelligence at this University, and that private purses and personal self-denial have been freely offered in that pursuit. Had Dr. Caldwell lived longer, or had his later life been stronger, or had his co-laborers been less hampered with daily duties in the recitation room, the records of the work done at this, the first Astronomical Observatory in these United States, and for the times, a well equipped Observatory would have been more numerous and entirely worthy of consultation to this day. It is feared that they have been lost irrecoverably. But that there have been such records made in the place, with the means and by the persons described

above is beyond all contradiction.

It may be well to preserve in this place other facts which show that Dr. Caldwell was a zealous and painstaking and accurate seeker after Scientific Truth. To study the constellations, and to show them to his pupils Dr. Caldwell built on the top of his own residence, now occupied by Prof. Hooper, a platform surrounded by a railing. Here he would sit, night after night, pointing out to the Seniors, taken in squads of three or four, the outlines of the Constellations and their principal stars, and the highway of the planets and the moon. Dr. Caldwell also built in his garden, where they still stand, two pillars of brick, that their eastern and western faces, carefully ground into the same plane, might mark the true meridian. These pillars might still be used to determine the variation of the magnetic Meridian at the University. Near these pillars stood a stone pillar, some five feet high, bearing on its top a sun dial for marking the hours of the day. But in those times 17 o'clock and 23 o'clock were unknown sounds. There were then no telegraphs to syn-

chronise times and no rail-roads to overleap space.

Let me add that the last observation in which old Meridian Transit was used, was made by the Yankee soldiers when they occupied these University buildings in 1865. The old telescope was lying on a shelf in what was then "The Philosophical Room," now Prof. Hooper's Greek room. It was covered thickly with dust, the accumulation of many years of repose. So it was thought to be a safe refuge for valuables from the curiosity of those northern marauders. My father and I unscrewed the object class, so carefully as not to leave a mark on the dust, and slipped our watches into the tube and thought ourselves smart and secure. But those curious, prying creatures were not respectful of that sacred dust. They found those watches, confiscated them and so thought to mark time with them in other Latitudes and Longitudes. But their commanding officer marred their calculations, and by restoring them, enabled me to time the transit of many a young astronomer across the black-board.

Melcher Sec. for

THREE GERMAN DUELS.

I do not propose to go into any lengthy descriptions of German duels in general, or to undertake much of a discussion of them. The large number of American youths studying in Germany and their frequent accounts of life there, sent to the home papers, have pretty much freed us from the old notion that these duels are a thing of the past, a piece of barbarism long since outgrown. My purpose is to give a simple account of three duels, or rather series of duels, and their results, and leave the reader to judge for himself whether they are indicative of refined civilization or equally refined brutality. Let me say, however, that we must not pass judgment upon them until we consider the different circumstances under which they are placed.

The Germans live in a land that has a history, and, being an imaginative, poetical people, they are very fond of bringing back the old legendary times in processions, ceremonies and pageantry of all kinds.

Even a staid American is somewhat carried away into dream-land, and comes to think of those rough days of the old robber knights as the "good old times" and the times of poetry and romance. These duels are the direct successors of the old knightly tournaments, and the laws which govern them and the ceremonies surrounding them smack mightily of the stiffness and ceremonious courtesy of the middle ages. They, too, are fought for woman's love, and for glory as well as for wounded honor. Again, Germany is situated right in the midst of other powerful nations, one or two of which are inimical to her, and any of which may break into hostilities at a moment's warning. She must sleep in her armor, then, and be ever ready to invade or repel invasion. Every citizen must be a soldier and able to undergo a soldier's hardships. There is no question but that these duels teach three very valuable soldierly qualities—steadiness of nerve, skillful use of the sword, and heroic endurance of physical pain. One of the most stringent rules is that no outcry shall be made. A man may faint from loss of blood, or become unconscious under the doctor's hands whilst having his deep gashes washed, cleansed with burning carbolic acid and sewn up, but he dare not utter a groan. All of which are very valuable qualities,

but I question if the price paid be not too high?

Enough for the preface, though, or we will never get to the story.

It was at the University of G——, during the summer session of a year not too far gone by for the story to have lost all its freshness. The summer had been unusually warm, and almost the only cool spot in the University laboratory was one little room which a small party of us were allowed to reserve to ourselves. Of course, this community of property drew us somewhat nearer together than usual and we formed a jolly set—four Americans and two Germans.

Properly speaking, I should say one German, for the other, a so-called corps-student or member of one of the higher student societies, was too much taken up with the duties and pleasures connected with his club to spend much time at work with us. He was a nice fellow though, bright, good-natured, and gentlemanly, with an easy, jolly manner, which had clearly won for him his professor's heart. There was no telling how many others, perhaps equally valuable, but certainly more easily given hearts, his big brown eyes and jaunty air had won him among the ladies of the town. In stature he was short, but well and strongly built, and he was reputed to be the best fencer in his corps. He was the

hero of the three duels of which I wish to speak. Not that these were his only duels. He was rich; had been at the University a long time, and wore proudly his ribbon for duels fought. He had fought so many, in fact, that, like an old veteran, he had been permitted to retire from the lists and rest on his laurels.

As the weather grew warmer and every one became lazier, we noticed that our corps-student seemed busier than ever, and more indefatigable in flying about the dusty streets doing everything, in fact, except attending to his laboratory work.

"What is the matter?" we asked the other German.

"Oh, he's chief officer of his corps now, and has to see to all the feasts and duels."

The duels were fought at that time every Saturday and Tuesday—sometimes lasting all day, and scarcely ever numbering less than three or four.

It was a warm, dusty Saturday afternoon, shortly afterward, that I accepted the invitation of a friend and accompanied him to see the duelling-ground.

"Only three duels to-day," he said, "and it won't weary you to sit it out. It will be lots of fun."

"Not much fun," I thought, "but I would like to see 'how some of those terrible gashes are given."

The duelling-house was only a few minutes' distant from the gate of the town. No attempt at secrecy was made. A long, straggling line of students could be seen making their way toward it, and about the building, which stood beside the high road, all was bustle—servants carrying water, towels, beer, eatables, and swords to be sharpened, and students passing in and out. Inside we found the usual gathering of students and the usual confusion of clinking glasses, of laughing and talking, and every now and then the peculiar hiss of swords—when some anxious principal or second was testing his weapon, or practicing cuts and parries.

Securing our seats in the low gallery, running around the hall, and ordering our coffee and beer, we were soon ready for the "fun." We did not have long to wait. One of the two sofas placed in the center of the hall for the two combatants was already occupied by a queer-looking figure when we came in. It was a man, apparently, but so padded and wrapped that he more nearly resembled one of those nondescript animals—an oil-clothed visitor under the falls of Niagara, or a submarine diver. Leg-paddings, body-paddings, breast-paddings—all of heavy, stuffed leather—neck-wraps of silk, goggles of steel, and a crown-pad of leather—all

dirty and black with blood from many a battle. Such was his make-up. The opponent of this figure soon appeared, adorned with equally-dirty paddings. The gauntlets were drawn on their arms, and the glistening swords were placed in their hands. Rather a come-down from the gorgeous steel and gold armor of the old-time knights, but looked at in the light of the nineteenth-century common sense, equally serviceable, and decidedly cheaper.

Then there were ceremonies, as in the old days—a kind of dumb show of bows and lowered sword-points. The words of command were given, and the hissing and ringing of swords commenced. There was no special interest attaching to this drill, as no one seemed to care about it, and in a few minutes the conflict was decided and over. One man, after swallowing a large amount of his own blood, was led off, disfigured for life, and the next three-quarters of an hour or so were devoted to sewing up his gashes. The doctor sewed very rapidly and worked hard, but could not get through any sooner. Meanwhile, the poor fellow had to undergo all of his pain without a murmur, and has bloody, gashed face, turned towards us, was terrible in its faintness.

Some way or other, I didn't want any more beer—got tired of

it, I suppose. But for unwillingness to acknowledge to my friend that I had had fun enough for one evening, I should have left.

During the first duel I had noticed my acquaintance of the laboratory carefully selecting his rapier from a heap of them lying in one of the corners. These rapiers or "schlagers" as they call them, are long, narrow blades of steel sharpened to a razor-like sharpness and fastened in basket hilts. He seemed hard to suit—tried many of them with imaginary cuts and passes through the air, had some of them more firmly fastened to their handles by a workman standing near, and only after many trials fixed upon one which suited in every respect.

From the conversation of those around me I found that the next two duels were to be part of a contest between two antagonistic corps of the University—fought for glory rather than wounded honor, yet not without some feeling of hostility and dislike.

My acquaintance, as the best fighter of his corps, had been appointed their first representative, yet I was assured by the knowing ones that he stood no chance against his opponent. It was expected, however, from the reputation of the fighters that there would be a fine display of skill and by no means a walkover for the red-cap or Hanoveraner who

opposed my acquaintance. And they were not disappointed in their expectations.

My friend in the green color was led by his seconds to his appointed place; the seconds went through the dumb show of bows and lowering of swords, and then all stood silent and in readiness.

"Are you ready?" came from one of the seconds, and I was startled by an outcry from my friend, the Bremenser, as he sprang within striking distance of his opponent.

"He is going to begin before the word is given," I said. But no, he stood perfectly still waiting for the remaining words of command. His outcry was intended to intimidate the stiff and silent Hanoveraner, but had clearly failed of its purpose.

The word of command followed very quickly and then came a whirring and whizzing of swords to which the first had been mere child's play. I could not begin to follow the strokes or see their effect—the constant parries gave out sharp, flashing sparks of fire and the glitter of the blades of steel was in itself dazzling. Some one had apparently been able to follow them, for soon the cry of "Halt" was heard and the seconds rushed in and knocked apart the swords of their principals. No blood had been drawn, but the swords had been badly bent.

With some difficulty they were removed from the cramped hands of the fighters and new ones given them. The word was then quickly given again and the clashing of steel commenced once more.

The Bremenser fought so bravely that I was beginning to hope that he might possibly win, notwithstanding the odds against him. A moment or so, however, and then there came a more brilliant feint and stroke from the Hanoveraner, one whose course even my untrained eye could follow. I saw the sharp point touch behind the Bremenser's ear and a large tuft of hair flew to the other side of the room.

"Halt" was called immediately and the doctor stepped up, and after a little feeling with his big, fat finger, issued a fiat that a dangerous wound had been given and the duel must cease. The Bremenser pleaded in vain to be allowed to fight on, but was led off very angry to have the wound dressed. The pain of the dressing quickly subdued him, however, and he was pale and quiet enough when it was over.

One more duel closed the evening sport. The result was even more easily predicted than in the former case. It was number two in the contest between the Bremensers and Hanoveraners, and to my eye was simple butchery. The poor Bremenser stood brave-

ly up and tried to parry, but was hacked most fearfully by his opponent. Cut after cut was given, none serious enough to stop the duel, but each starting a fresh stream of blood down the Bremenser's face. Poor fellow! he was almost choked and gasping with blood, but still the doctor let them go on until a stroke sent a stream into his eyes, and he was allowed to stop when he could no longer see to fight.

I had had enough now; was, in fact, thoroughly disgusted, and made a firm resolve never to be enticed into such a show again. Fortunately, the duels were over for the afternoon, and I bid my friends good bye.

During the next few days we saw very little of our friend in the laboratory. For greater ease of reference I will call him Gebhard, and this false name is the only part of the whole story that is not actual fact. He was not kept from the laboratory by his wound because the duellists glory in showing themselves to all the world immediately after their fights and in walking the streets, however weak they may be from pain and loss of blood. In fact, we frequently met young Gebhard on the street and he seemed always bright and smiling, but very busy. The time for excursions and drinking-bouts was at hand, and he, as chief of his corps, had

to make most of the arrangements for them.

The contest between his corps, the Bremensers, and the Hanoveraners was not yet over, however. There remained still a series of duels to be fought, and one of his duties was to make the necessary arrangements for this; to pick out who should fight for the corps; appoint the time and see to all the other matters connected with it. In this series there was one duel in which two first-year men or so-called "foxes" were pitted against one another.

Now, the older members of a corps always watch very carefully over the interests and welfare of their foxes. They train them very carefully in sword practice, and see to it that they are under no disadvantage when fighting. Gebhard had chosen himself to be the second of his fox, and took upon himself the care and defense of all his rights.

It is needless to follow all the duels in their course or even this one of the foxes on which the main interest turns. They fought as in other cases, bled, and were led away. During the fight of the foxes "Halt!" was called for a bent blade or a cut given, and Gebhard, as second, rushed in, striking aside his principal's sword. The other fox's second, for some reason, failed to do the same for his principal, and the

Hanoveraner's unchecked sword cut deeply into the unprotected cheek of the Bremenser.

"This was done on purpose!" was the indignant cry of young Gebhard—an assertion which almost any high-spirited man would have made, and yet a foolhardy one, because it implied dishonorable practices in the corps's representative, and hence was an insult to the entire corps, which could only be wiped out by death.

The Hanoveraners retired to their corner, where a whispered conversation was carried on for a few moments, then one of them stepping forward, presented his card to Gebhard with a challenge for a duel with pistols, then another, and another, and another, until five had given him their fatal challenges.

There was no loophole of escape left him. If wounded in one duel—time was of no importance to them—they could wait until he was strong enough to hold his pistol again, and then he must fight the next on the list. The time was short. The five were all to come off in about a week's time after the giving of the challenge.

We in the laboratory knew nothing of all this. In fact, it was kept a secret from all except the members of the two corps, since, perhaps, even the sleepy-headed authorities might be mov-

ed to interfere should they get word of the matter. Nor were we led to suspect anything from any change in Gebhard's manner. He did not often come to the laboratory during those last few days, but was as cherry and bright and jolly as ever when we met him, and his bright eyes twinkled with all their old light of merriment and high spirits. In no single word or action did he let it be seen that he was a man whose very hours were numbered and who knew that with all his health and strength he could not hope for more than that one week of the world's happy summer sunshine.

I happened to be the first in the laboratory on one of these bright summer mornings and was whistling at my work when the old laboratory servant came in and with a terror-stricken face, said, "Herr Gebhard is dead."

"Dead?" Why I had seen him only a few days before and there was no sign of death then. But the words had come with terrible distinctness and there was no mistaking them. The very suddenness of the change from the brightness and happiness of physical existence to death and the loss of it all made me weak and speechless.

"He was shot through the body yesterday afternoon," continued the servant, "and I must pack

away all his things now." Of course, the only subject of conversation, as one by one the students came to their work, was this fatal deed. Soon another report reached us that Gebhard was not dead but lying at death's door, and then in an hour or so we learned the whole story. The duels had taken place the afternoon before. In the first, Gebhard had wounded his antagonist in the leg and had himself escaped untouched; in the second, he had been struck, shot through the body, and had fallen unconscious; had been carried to the hospital and lay there still unconscious.

One, two, three days passed, during which an anxious father and brother watched for each faintest sign of returning consciousness and then the end came.

We all gathered before the hospital on the evening appointed for the funeral. Little knots of students standing apart, as in all such German student gatherings, the different colored caps taking up different positions.

Drawn up beside the gate stood the draped hearse and the horses, with their plumes and long, black cloths. We did have to wait very long. The beautiful casket, covered with wreaths and flowers, was brought out and placed upon the hearse. The father and brother, with the Lutheran pastor, in his long, black gown, came next,

and then followed, two by two, the long line of students. First, the green caps of his own corps, then the white caps, and so on till the line stretched for many squares through the winding streets.

The poor old father could bear it no longer when we all stood around the open grave in the cemetery. One look at the narrow chest that held him who was so bright and full of life a few days before, and his whole form shook with the bitter grief which could not be restrained. The wreaths and ribbons, with the crossed-swords and brightly-embroidered drinking-cap in their midst, the sorrow of his companions, the earnest tones of the preacher, all did not suffice to soothe his anguish at losing his bright, loving boy.

As the first clods from the hand of the brother fell, with a sullen thud, on the planks below, it was

easy to read, in his stern-set face, the intensity of the purposed revenge. And the preacher's words of condemnation for the wickedness of duelling fell on heedless ears.

Before the week was over, all talk of young Gebhard's death had ceased; other duels had been fought, and still more were on the tapis, and rumor had it that the man who killed Gebhard had been allowed to go with some slight insignificant penalty.

Is this a single instance, and an unfair one, to judge all German duels by? A few weeks afterward, when vacation had come, I was passing through another university, where I had once studied, and the first news that greeted me was that an old acquaintance had just fallen, cut absolutely in two in a saber duel. Deaths from these duels are not so infrequent as we are accustomed to believe.

Electra.

OLD TIMES IN CHAPEL HILL.

BY MRS. C. P. SPENCER.

No. 4.

Of all the men who came to Chapel Hill sixty or more years ago, not one made a more lasting impression on the University and on the people of the State, or gained a higher place in their affection and esteem than a certain

graduate of Yale College, who came here in 1818 to fill the chair of Mathematics, which he afterwards vacated for that of Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy. This was Elisha Mitchell. He remained in Chapel Hill till his

death in 1857, and when he died he was known in every part of North Carolina, and left no one behind him better acquainted with the State, her mountains, vallies, plains; her birds, beasts, bugs, fishes, shells; her trees, flowers, vines, and mosses; her rocks, stones, sands, clays, and marls.

Dr. Mitchell was a man to be looked at on many sides, and on each would be found something to repay observation, some trait of character worthy of respect and admiration. All his life he was a man of immense activity which diffused itself through many different channels. He was an ambitious man and possessed more than ordinary share of that "last infirmity of noble minds." He wanted to be foremost, and would undertake any amount of labor so that his pre-eminence was felt and acknowledged. In his studies he was, so to speak, greedy of information. Nothing came amiss to his capacious intellect. He read not only all that he could read on the subjects directly and indirectly connected with his Professorship, but there are few subjects on which men of culture, in either the literary or scientific world converse, in which he was not an instructive teacher or an appreciative listener. He was with some justice called by his friends "a walking Encyclopædia," and it was common in Chapel

Hill to say "ask Dr. Mitchell" whenever any one wanted information on a rare Geographical, or Historical or Scientific matter.

In the fall of 1819, the young Professor went back to Connecticut to bring his promised bride to her new home. Miss Maria S. North was the daughter of a physician of New London, but the marriage took place at Lyme, some few miles distant.

I have before me as I write, a letter written from Lyme by the bridegroom to his friend, Prof. Hooper, in Chapel Hill, a few days thereafter. It begins:

"Tout est accomplis. We have passed the Rubicon—passed it some time ago, but I have been altogether too much engrossed with my own happiness to care about informing my friends in Chapel Hill of the event. The ceremony was performed at this place on Friday, the 19th. This day was selected in preference to any other for two reasons—one, that being an enlightened philosopher your friend would show his superiority over vulgar prejudices by transacting this important business on a day of the week usually esteemed unfortunate beyond any other, and the second, because that after making several very long, elaborate, and eloquent orations upon the subject, he was unable to bring matters to a speedier consummation." "Mrs.

Mitchell is now sitting by my side arranging the ribbons on her bonnet previous to a little excursion we are to take. I ask her what I shall tell Prof. Hooper for her, and she says "*just what you please.*" A prodigy of a wife! But how long will such compliance last, think you? A fortnight, or three weeks?

The young Professor then goes on to speak of new books and new publications and the needs of Chapel Hill in that line. Announces to his friend that he has subscribed on behalf of the Faculty (or Uni.) for "Valpy's Classical Review." Has also purchased Rees' Encyclopædia," price \$243.00, &c.

With this letter I have also the privilege of presenting my readers with very interesting extracts from the first two written by the young wife to her mother after arriving at Chapel Hill, "just a fortnight after leaving New London." The first letter is dated Jan. 1st, 1820,—“postage, 25cts.” She says they found the journey not near so fatiguing as they expected, the distance, accurately calculated, being 815 miles. From New York on Monday morning to Elizabeth town, in N. J., by boat. From Elizabeth to Trenton by stage. Thence by stage to Philadelphia, stopping there a day to visit “Peale’s Museum, West’s picture, and the Academy of Fine

Arts.” Thence by boat down the Delaware to New Castle. There took stage for Frenchtown, where a steamboat being “in readiness,” they were soon sailing down the Chesapeake on a fine moonlight night. At sunrise Thursday they were in Baltimore, where they visited the Catholic Cathedral, &c., “while breakfast was preparing.” Went on board the boat, “United States,” for Norfolk, at 9 o’clock, and the day being warm and pleasant, had a delightful sail to Norfolk. They had “a very agreeable travelling companion from New York, in a North Carolina gentleman, a Mr. Baker, who is a Trustee of the University, a man of liberal education, very lively and intelligent in his conversation.” “He sets a higher value on the *amor patriæ* than any man I’ve ever known.”

This gentleman was the late Dr. Baker, of Raleigh, who survived to a very advanced age, and was always in all respects a fine representative of the *old school* North Carolina gentleman. A staunch friend and frequent visitor of the University, his face and figure on the Chapel rostrum is always prominent in my recollections for many years. I believe he was the last man in North Carolina who wore his hair in a *queue*. He adhered to this fashion till his death. Dr. Baker was the grandfather of our present Secretary of State,

Col. Saunders. The friendship formed in 1820 with Dr. Mitchell on this journey continued through life and extended to their children and grand-children.

Mrs. Mitchell's letter continues with a minute and sprightly account of their travel, their companions, adventures, &c. They arrived in Norfolk at 1 o'clock on Friday, and finding the stage waiting, we could not stay for dinner and "away we went." Eleven miles to Dismal Swamp, where they entered a canal boat, 20 feet in length. "'Twas sunset of a rainy Christmas Eve when we entered this boat and were drawn along for 22 miles at the rate of four miles an hour."

"Mr. Pool, a North Carolina gentleman, on board, said the "Dismal" was sometimes infested by runaway negroes, and Christmas was always a holiday for slaves. So the gentlemen judged it a prudent precaution to put their firearms in order. There were three pistols on board, and with these loaded we were to make great resistance in case of an attack from banditti. There being five locks and three bridges to pass, and it being night, (tho' the moon was shining brightly before 9 o'clock,) we were till 10 o'clock getting through the Swamp. Then instead of finding a stage ready to take us on to Elizabeth City, we found that the

driver, being tired of waiting, had gone off without mail or passengers."

Such were the delights of travel sixty-five years ago.

A one-horse gig and one horse cart for the baggage being procured, the party walked or rode from the end of the canal to a tavern a few miles distant. There they remained for the rest of the night, sending on to Elizabeth City for the stage to return for them, which it obligingly did, and they ate breakfast in Elizabeth City, and going on to Edenton, dined there on Saturday afternoon. The steamboat for Plymouth, however, had left, so they had to go over to P. in an open row-boat, with four oars, the Albemarle sound being pretty rough and the boat leaking so badly that one of the gentlemen was constantly bailing while Mr. Mitchell steered. "Mr. M. commends my intrepidity as a traveller, but above all upon the water, and thinks he will send me to sea as a sailor. After an uncomfortable passage of seven hours we touched Plymouth at sunset, where we immediately unpacked our trunks to dry our clothes." Monday morning, went by stage to Williamston—thence to Tarboro. Thence to Raleigh, arriving too late for the C. H. stage. An extra stage was hired and immediately after leaving Raleigh, Mrs. M. heard

her husband, say to the driver: "Drive us well, I have a pistol here." "He then whispered to me, 'our driver is suspected of being a murderer,' and with this comfortable assurance we left all civilization apparently behind us, and went on thro' woods and woods, taking the whole day to travel the 28 miles, till we reached Chapel Hill, Dec. 29th."

They drove up to the house now occupied by Prof. Gore, then the residence of Prof. Olmstead, with whom they were to board. This house proved to be their home for thirty-seven years.

That night a snow fell, and the students fired a salute of a score or two of guns in honor of the arrival, which the travellers heard without even guessing what it meant.

In the next letter, written Jan. 22d, Mrs. M. gives her mother some account of their situation and surroundings, which she found far more agreeable than she had anticipated. They paid Prof. Olmstead \$288 a year for their "board, lodging and washing." This was rather more than was usual in Chapel Hill, but not considered unreasonnable, and was much cheaper than housekeeping. Prof. Olmstead kept four servants besides the washerwoman, who came one day in the week. They had but one child, "Francis," and their household expenses, Prof. O. said,

were \$1000 a year. He had just bought a negro girl, 9 years old, to "nurse" Master Frank, paying \$350 for her.

One thing is noticeable, that in these letters from a young northern woman, there is no special mention of negroes, or of the new sensations which the institution of slavery must have given one so bright and intelligent. She appears to accept it at once without demur or criticism of any kind.

Her new neighbors and associates seem to have won her good will and liking at once. "Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell I like very much. Mrs. C. is sociable and friendly, and puts by all ceremony. A dining party was made for us at Dr. C.'s the week after our arrival—a handsome dinner and handsomely served. I had the honor of drinking the first glass of wine with Dr. C., and you may think with what pleasure, for 'twas "to absent friends." Shall I tell you of what a Carolina dinner consisted? Roast turkey and duck, roast beef and boiled, broiled chicken, Irish and sweet potatoes, turnips, rice, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, stewed apples, boiled pudding, baked potato puddings, damson tarts, currant tarts, apple pies and whips."

Mrs. Mitchell was pleased with all she saw in those early days—the village and the villagers—though she does not go into de-

tail. She was impressed with the number of fine apples. "Wherever we go a basket of excellent apples is handed." She mentions a visit from Mrs. Nunn, with whom Mr. Mitchell formerly boarded. Mrs. Nunn told her the college boys were talking of her and had said they thought she looked "mighty like" her husband. Mrs. M. says to this that the boys had not seen much of her face at Chapel, for she was so vexed at being stared at by two hundred eyes or more, that she would not look up.

She asks her mother to send her some fine thread, some worsted yarn and some needles, and directs the package to be sent to New York to come in the next box of books ordered for the students. She describes her daily life, very quiet and monotonous, her husband's habits of study, and says she too, has begun to study, and recites to him every evening, after which he reads aloud to her till 11 o'clock, which is bed-time.

Until 1826 Dr. Mitchell held the Professorship of Mathematics. At this time the standard of mathematical attainment began to be considerably elevated at the University. Dr. Hooper's "Fifty Years Since" says that such hard things as the Differential and Integral Calculus were not heard of when he was a student, and did not cross the Roanoke till about 1818, when

they were brought in by northern barbarians. "All things were modeled by Dr. Witherspoon, then at the head of Princeton, after the fashion of the Scotch Universities. If this were the case it would seem to account for the small quantity of instruction provided at Chapel Hill, if Dr. Johnson spoke the truth when he said of Scottish education, that there everybody got a mouthful, but nobody got a bellyfull."

In 1826 Dr. Olmstead accepted a situation at Yale College, and Dr. Mitchell was transferred to his chair of Chemistry, leaving the Mathematical department to be filled by Dr. James Phillips, an Englishman who was crossing the Atlantic about the time when Dr. M. first came to North Carolina.

Those of us who remember Dr. Mitchell most in the last fifteen or twenty years of his life, remember him chiefly by his activity in almost every department of business in and around the University. He was the College Bursar and kept the accounts of some four hundred young men. He was one of the regular preachers in the College Chapel, and Pastor in connection with Dr. Phillips of the Presbyterian church. He was one of the Town Commissioners, or its Magistrate of Police. He acted as Justice of the Peace, and with all these, never omitted a college duty, or relaxed in his un-

ceasing vigilance and parental oversight of the students. His figure fills much the largest space on the canvas in any picture of Chapel Hill life for many years. He was always busy, always had something to do which he was doing heartily. And he loved to help others; he loved to impart. No one ever went to Dr. Mitchell and asked for anything that he had it in his power to give, and went away disappointed; whether it was a poor widow who wanted a load of wood, or a neighbor who wanted his farm surveyed, or a brother *savant* with some question about the Alpine growth of the Black Mountain. But in Dr. Mitchell's early years he was a close student. I have seen a blank Ledger, among the many left by him, filled with his business accounts, which was devoted to notes of his studies—beginning Sept. 19, 1818. The Preface was written in French and lays down a plan of study for each week. So many hours to Mathematics, so many to Latin and Greek, so much to History, so much to Hebrew, so much to the Spanish language and to Botany. 'Till such an hour, "*I will not touch one book of belles lettres.*"

The pursuit of Natural Science had always a peculiar charm for Dr. Mitchell. With a mind so richly stored as his, and so *receptive*, he could not walk fifty yards

into the woods without seeing fifty objects of interest and study. From his first arrival at Chapel Hill his pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country were constant. The above mentioned ledger was full of notes of these excursions, which extended through years—gradually widening in their scope and aims, leading him all over the State, from the marls of her seashore counties to the coal mines of Deep River, and, finally to his fearful death in yonder wild gorge of the Black Mountain.

Not a stream, or hill, or valley for miles around Chapel Hill that he was not familiar with; not a tree or shrub, or flower, or grass, or moss that he did not know and love. He chronicled his walks over Major Henderson's farm, over Kittrell's, over Merritt's, over Taylor's—names that now awaken only faint echoes round Chapel Hill. By such a rock, in such a field is a plant that he must identify. By Scott's Hole, near the Willows, is a *Carex* that he must watch. March 29, 1821, he finds yellow jessamine in bloom in Mrs. Hooper's garden, and "in great abundance on the creek below Merritt's mill," (now Purefoy's.) May 30, 1821, occurs this note, that he had that day found the last of the twelve varieties of oak that are within two miles of the University—then follows a list of

the oaks and notes of their situation. He was certainly an enthusiastic botanist in those days. In the third week of April, 1824, (when Byron lay dying at Missolonghi) he begins a new Diary of Mosses, and hunts the *Liskea Hypnum* through a dozen authorities, to be sure of it. He had the true scholar's disdain of taking anything at second hand.

Such pages are diversified with "Hints for the good instruction of the class;" or "Points to be meditated respecting the nature of light." Many a genial tramp did his classes take with him, and doubtless many a joke, good, bad and indifferent, was perpetrated on such occasions. A man of Dr. Mitchell's large and hearty nature necessarily enjoyed a hearty joke, and could even endure an atrocious one, provided the offender was hurried off to instant execution. As for instance, in 1852, being accompanied on a geological excursion by some sixty ingenious youths, our well beloved Zebulon Vance whose propensity for joking even then gave his friends anxiety, asked the Doctor

with affected concern on coming to the ruins of Barbee's Mill, whether he considered "this old mill to be *worth a dam?*" "Carry him right off," cried the Doctor.

As years rolled on Dr. Mitchell's work and his reputation advanced together, till at the time of his lamented death in 1857. I suppose no man in the State was more widely known or more revered. It is an inestimable advantage to any institution to have such an officer at work on it for forty years. His influence for good was incalculable. At the commencement immediately preceding his death the Rt. Rev. Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, was delivering the address before the Alumni, and turned to Dr. Mitchell on the stage in the Chapel, paying him a glowing and generous tribute for the share he had taken in forming his character when at College, ascribing to Dr. Mitchell's influence and friendship, under God, all that he himself had ever accomplished in life. Such an incident is one of the teacher's few rewards in this life.

LUCY.

There's love in every letter, every letter of your name;
 Then, if I love you madly, I am surely not to blame.
 The L is liquid loveliness to my enraptured ear;
 The U is you yourself, my pet, the one I hold most dear;
 The C is what I see in you, in every word and action;
 The Y is why I love you so, love, love you to distraction.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., OCT. 1, 1884.

MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society for the year 1883-1884 has appeared during the vacation. This is the first publication of the Society, and shows that it has already attained a gratifying success. When the Society began its work fears were expressed that the time had hardly arrived in our State when such an enterprise could be properly supported. There seemed so few workers in science that it was regarded as well nigh impossible to secure enough contributions to fill the pages of even an annual journal. Here we have, however, ninety-eight pages of well-selected matter taken from a number of contributions and representing the work of a number of authors, and showing that the spirit of scientific research and work is abroad in the land. It is as far as we know, the first time that Southern workers have united in any such undertaking. It is by such co-operation that we may hope to show the North that the South is not destitute of thinkers and workers. In this respect and in others the Society has a noble work before it, and deserves all

the aid and encouragement we can give it. Even if its usefulness should be limited to the bounds of our own State, we bid it a hearty "God-speed," if it stirs up the zeal of the workers scattered here and there, encourages and strengthens them and trains up besides a band of young scientists to win fame for themselves and their State. But we hope its influence will be felt elsewhere in the South, that similar organizations will spring up in the different States, and that the stigma of ignorance and listless indifference will soon be removed from our fair land.

The *Journal* has for its frontispiece a fine steel engraving of Dr. Elisha Mitchell, for whom the society is named. There is also a most interesting sketch of the life of this distinguished man from the pen of Dr. Chas. Phillips. Sixty-seven papers were presented before the Society during the year, and the list of members now foots up 156, showing the general interest which is felt in the society and its success. Its meetings will be held as usual this year at the University, and they will be made as instructive and interesting as possible. During the absence of

Dr. Kerr, the President, Prof. Gore, the resident Vice-President will preside.

YOU ARE THE ONE.

Whenever you can spare the time, write an article for this magazine. Whenever you have the opportunity to speak a good word for it, don't fail to do it. When your subscription is out, be in a hurry to renew. Don't take the idea into your head that the six editors elected ought to do every lick of work that is done to make the MONTHLY readable. They feel highly complimented at being honored with the position of editor, but they ought not to be expected to sacrifice so much of their own time for the public good. They ought to be directors, in a sense, who shall bring into these columns the best thought of the College. And you ought to be willing to make some personal sacrifice in the matter. Take some of the responsibility on your own shoulders. Feel yourself a part of it. We don't mean by criticism and advising, (though this will help if done in the proper spirit), but by *actual work*. If you don't feel competent, or have not the time to spare, to write an article for the literary department, why write a short editorial about college affairs; if you have a joke or anything funny, write it out and hand it to one of the editors

—it will always make interesting reading; if you know of an old University boy who is prospering or has been doing something useful, tell the personal editor about it—for he is not supposed to be able to keep up with everybody; if you know somebody who will be likely to subscribe or write an interesting article, take the trouble to write them a personal letter, soliciting their support—the business manager will be delighted to furnish you with stamps and stationery for such purposes; in short, if you would see the MONTHLY the repository for the brains and wit of the college, the fit representative of so noble an institution, of the pride and character and attainments of such a body of young men as annually gather here, go to work in earnest and do everything in your power to make it what you know it ought to be, and what every true son of the University would have it be. You are the one to do it. We mean *you*.

EVER READY.

THE MONTHLY considers itself the mouthpiece of the student body; but its columns will always be open for the advancement of any good cause. To the Mitchell Scientific Society, to the Athletic Association, to the Societies, to faculty and students, to villagers and strangers, one and all, we

say, "At your service!" If there is anything about literary affairs, or matters in college, feel free to write about it. That is what the MONTHLY is run for.

But while we wish to be benefactors to all and obliging to all, yet we will strictly and conscientiously exercise our right in rejecting whatever would be out of place, or in bad taste, or damaging in any way.

THE MISSING LINK.

Rome was once saved by a goose, but that goose's head was level. To-day we have the telephone and the phonograph, and something else that will be mentioned later. In the grim past, fields of science were traversed; vast oceans of knowledge explored; the hidden things of the deep brought to light; the unseen beauties of nature examined, but the missing link was not yet discovered. We have been favored with the profuse writings of Voltaire; we have investigated the voluminous works of Payne; we have listened to the brilliant rhetoric of Ingersoll; and still the missing link is a thing of the future. Our age has produced the far-famed Huxley, the renowned Proctor and the stubborn Darwin; but still the missing link is kept within the dark and dreamy vista of the unknown. The year of '84 dawned upon us with all its murky

clouds of despair and thundering religio-scientific conflicts. No faint gleam of hope penetrated an aperture in this abyss of gloom. The connecting link is yet enshrouded in mystery. But lo! what is it? Life returns. Minds are put to rest. No more will gigantic intellects fret and worry about the mysterious prolozoa. No more will the skeptical college student have need for the North Americans.

The missing link is found.

Yes, the problem that has racked the brain of speculative scientists is solved; the disturber of mothers' mid-night dreams, and cause of fathers' anxious longings is among us. The long-looked-for, much-talked-of wonder of the 19th century we see before us—the missing link, the verdant Freshman. "Long may he live."

A JEWEL---CONSISTENCY.

We make no apology for inserting the following communication. It shall be our purpose at all times to discourage those things which seem unjust to faculty, trustees or students, as well as any workings anywhere that to a student's way of thinking, may seem detrimental to the *real* interests of our beloved institution. We gladly publish the contribution.—EDS.

"The Commencement of '84 called very forcibly to my mind a

rule of the trustees in relation to drinking in the campus. How was I reminded of it? I will tell you. Possibly you may think it was by finding a crate of beer, or a bottle of champagne in some student's room, or by an unusual collection of students at the back wall of the campus. None of these. It was by that "social gathering" of the Trustees on the second floor of the New East Building "every day before meals." There was not a gathering in each room, for many had to call on their friends about that time. Recollect, Messrs. Editors, that these were *noble* trustees. Is it not strange, sir, that these supervisors of the University, these protectors of its interests, will sanctimoniously pass regulations against drinking by the students, and subject them to the disgrace of expulsion from college as a penalty for violating this provision, and then will themselves bring the forbidden thing here, and even invite students to drink with them. I have heard one of our professors say that upon entering a student's room to invite a prominent trustee to dine with him, he found said trustee taking a flask of liquor from his valise. That same man will vote to pass these regulations, and send his son here to obey them. What consistency! It is alledged that they will even make commencement the occa-

sion and the means of advertising the contemptible stuff. Where is the justice of expelling us for infractions of the law which they themselves break? Where do they get the right to do what we, the denizens of the place, have not the right to do? They being the framers of these regulations, and our advisers, certainly should set us the example of obeying them. The men who forbid this liberty have not the right moral or legal, to invite us to violate their veto. Instead of leading us to do right in this matter, they are pointed the way by the example of the students. Think of a trustee inviting a student to drink and the student politely declining! It is a rebuke that a refined nature would feel keenly.

"Of course what we have said does not apply to those trustees who conduct themselves as they try to make the students do, but only and wholly to those who do not so conduct themselves. I feel and mean what I say when I assert that none such are qualified to exert the oversight they are appointed to exercise.

"This may seem presumptuous language for a student, but you know, sir, that all of us have a quality in our natures which prompts us to examine into the conduct of those by whom we are governed. Hence these thoughts.

Z."

THE FRESHMAN AT HOME.

What an event it is in a country town when a young man, a native of the town, returns from college for the first time, to honor some festal occasion in the village with his presence! With what a mingling of anxiety and delight the young ladies await his entrance into the room! The glory of his new position inspires them with an awe they are too proud to acknowledge. They wish to seem to take the matter lightly, and vie with each other in making jokes at his expense, always, however, with an eye upon the door.

Luella Perkins, who happens to have been near the station in the morning, and saw him alight from the train, thinks he has raised a moustache. She isn't *certain*, because she had her old dress on and didn't dare go near for fear he'd see her; but she's pretty sure.

This creates a sensation, and a unanimous appeal is made to Daisy Miller and Dolly Jones, who happened to meet him on his way home. They confirm the statement. Dolly adds that he had a lovely new valise, and carried it by a strap across his shoulder. She then disputes with Daisy as to whether it was or was not alligator skin, while the others gather around and listen with breathless interest.

Suddenly some one utters an

eager "S-s-sh!" and nudges some one else. An agitated voice exclaims, "There he is!" and a moment later an electric whisper runs from lip to lip, to the effect that his moustache is very becoming, and that he looks "perfectly elegant" in a frock coat!

Notwithstanding his elevation, he is very affable, and soon engages some of his old friends in conversation. He smooths the moustache frequently while talking, and speaks with a suggestion of a drawl, which was not formerly characteristic of him.

He discourses much of gymnastics, a little of his professors, grows eloquent upon the merits of his "chum," and confides to Dolly, (who confides it to every one else) that he has learned lots of new college songs, which will do for picnics in the summer; also the thrilling fact that girls in Chapel Hill are not as pretty as in ———.

The fit of his clothes, and the expert way in which he handles salad-plates, are appreciated quite as highly as his profound conversation; and when the party breaks up, the pervading sentiment is expressed by Dolly J. when she says, pulling her hood carefully over her fluffy hair, that for her part she considers Freshmen *nice*; that they would be perfect if they didn't think they knew so much; and that she hopes next time he'll

bring his chum with him, instead of just describing him in that aggravating manner.—*Ex.*

I SCREAM.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That this life is but a dream,
When a girl that weighs one hundred
Gets inside a quart of cream—
And then wants more.

Elmira Gazette.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the girls know what they need,
But on ice cream they are the biggest
Set to show their grit and greed.
No more.

New York Times.

Pe not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife;
Never with her mother battle.
Save the ice cream for your wife.
Proceed.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
But never let us go a-wooing
Girls that want another plate.
How's that.

Meridian Newsboy.

Lives of such girls all remind us
As we float adown the stream.
That the boys who come behind us
Will have to pay for lots of cream.
N-e-x-t.

Yonkers Statesman.

And, departing, leave another
Bill for unpaid plates of cream,
Which, perhaps, some forlorn brother
Seeing, may take heart again,
And get trust also.

New York E. R. Journal.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to treat, though cash we borrow,
Deserted when we cease to pay.
Don't it?

Palmer Journal.

Trust no girl, howe'er pleasant,
Though sweet things she may have
said;
For she'll eat until you haven't
In your purse another "red,"
And can't get trusted. Aint it?

Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, is writing a book about his father and mother to be called "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife."

Mr. Herbert Spencer, the English Scientist and philosopher, has been advised by his physician to take up his abode in the Southern part of England for the benefit of his health.

A naughty newspaper thinks that it will be warm plenty for him in the world to come.

Geo. Bancroft, the historian, is living at an advanced age at Newport, R. I. He is over eighty, but still works hard.

Charles Reade, the English novelists, who died recently, was an old bachelor.

Cholera has made its appearance at Alicante, Spain, and great fears exist that it will reach Madrid. The number of cases and deaths has largely increased at Naples.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

OTHER MAGAZINES.

Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society for the year 1883-'84 has just appeared. It is a neat publication of about one hundred pages. The frontice piece is a fine steel engraving of the man whose honored name the society bears, and the opening article is a sketch of his life. The subjects treated in the *Journal* are very numerous and varied—all of them are scientific and most of them are of a technical character. It is by no means a compilation of the papers read before the society during the past year—they were of a more popular and general character—but it is for the most part a collection of the facts and theories that have proceeded from the original thought and investigation of the members of the society. It is the pioneer of science in the South, and to all thoughtful persons, announces the coming of greater efforts and higher attainments in the study of nature and nature's laws.

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The Phrenological Journal, published by Fowler and Wells, 755 Broadway, N. Y., is an old and well established publication that occupies a place in literature exclusively its own. It aims to study

Human Nature in all its phases, especially the structure of man's brain and nervous system and its relations to health and moral conduct. The subject of Phrenology has, without doubt, a stronger hold on the honest judgments of intelligent men than it has ever had before. As one of the accepted sciences, its recognition by our colleges and universities can be but a question of time. The price of the *Phrenological Journal* is \$2.00, and there is given to each subscriber as a premium, a book entitled "The Diseases of Modern Life" or "The Phrenological Bust" either of which has formerly sold for what it and the *Journal* together now sell for.

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It will be a matter of interest to the many readers of *Our Continent* to know that its business management has passed into the hands of the Messrs. Leslie. Judge Tourgee will continue to conduct the literary department, and with his duties thus curtailed hopes to make it more excellent than it has yet been. It is said that \$200,000 have been sunk in this enterprise within the last two years. The effort made on the part of these men to give the country a *Weekly Illustrated Mag-*

azine, but little, if at all, inferior to the great *Monthlies* at the prices of the latter, should be appreciated and supported liberally by the reading public.

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The State Chronicle so well known as an aggressive industrial paper, has attracted considerable notice among literary circles by an innovation purely its own. The organization of the "Chronicle Reading Circle" at Chapel Hill, July '84, was due to the efforts of Mr. Page, and its rapid growth since that time is the result of his indefatigable energies, which ask no remuneration but that that must of necessity follow in the educational progress of the State. This effort to give new life to the feeble cause of literature in North Carolina has been recognized abroad and viewed with wonderful interest everywhere. The *Atlanta Constitution* compliments the undertaking highly, and the *Nation* commends it, notwithstanding it is in the South.

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The readers of the *Goldsboro Messenger* must be very glad to know that Prof. Winston's letters from abroad, which stopped suddenly in the latter part of the Summer, are soon to be continued. He left his readers in Rome, and while they are by no means tired of that grand, solemn old city, still they are very anxious to ac-

company him on his way homeward. This series of letters, when completed, will be worthy of publication in book form, and we think will be demanded.

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The September No. of *N. C. Educational Journal* is the best in many respects that has yet appeared. The chapters from the editor's history of North Carolina have gained great favor for him and his paper. They have to date covered a period of nearly a hundred and fifty years. Dr. Mangum and Dr. Shepard have valuable contributions in this Number on the subjects respectively of "The Best Way" in education, and "Comments on Normal Work."

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The Appalachian Philosopher is a weekly journal recently started at Jefferson, N. C. It advocates great internal improvements in the North Western section of the state, and hopes to be the forerunner of great progress. In politics it is independent of the existing parties, and advocates radical changes in our system of government. It believes in the abolition of the state governments, and the establishment of one, powerful, *consolidated* government at Washington, an idea not at all acceptable to the masses of this age. It is quite a different thing from *centralization* which

has so long been the terror of the disciples of "State Sovereignty." To the majority of men the idea is new, and the argument that is put forward in its support has the merit at least of being fresh and original.

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The Book Buyer continues to grow in favor with literary people. The new series has already reached a broader circulation than the old one, notwithstanding the wonderful success the latter had for many years. There is no other publication in existence that keeps its readers so well posted on literary matters in so brief a way.

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The Southern *Historical Society Papers* have been mentioned by us quite often before. To know the object of these papers ought to be enough to insure the support and encouragement of every true American, and especially the so much misrepresented members of the late Southern Confederacy. Their object is to collect and preserve all the facts and incidents of the late war, to keep in readiness the material out of which in the impartial future a fair and true history of that momentous struggle may be constructed. It is a worthy cause.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

— "Wake Forest, it is said, has *sot down* on the fraternities."

— All the vacation book agents have returned with money enough to last them through their college course.

— A training school for actors will be opened in New York on the first Monday in October; this is the first move of its kind ever attempted in America.

— A prep. defines a right angle to be an angle which leans to the right.

— An American Historical Association was organized a few days ago at Saratoga for the purpose of stimulating historical research. Geo. Bancroft, the eminent historian, among other distinguished historical workers, will be a leading member of the Association.

— The census (Sensible) Bureau estimates that the yield of D. D's, Ph. D's, LL. D's, A. M's, &c., &c., last June was about 8,000 bushels—average crop.

— The latest slander on the dudes, is that one of them bumped his head against a cobweb as he was crossing the street, and was carried home with a cracked skull.

— Senator Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, who died several days ago, began his public career as a journalist. He graduated at Brown University and then became editor of the *Providence Journal*.

— First fresh; "Are you going up to recitation? Second Fresh: "No, I'll send up my cuffs; same thing you know."

— "What is the next thing to a dude?" was asked in a fashionable parlor one night. One lady answered an ape, another an ourang-outang, but when a little girl said the next thing to a dude is his undershirt, the subject was suddenly dropped.

— Father: "I had no idea your studies would cost so much money." Student: "Yes, and I don't study much either."

— Prof. in M. P.: "Mr. W. what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child?" Mr. W. blushes and sits down.

— The crop of mustaches among the fresh is *older* than the average. It should be preserved carefully till the Exposition.

— Out of a class of 200 the Harvard authorities selected a colored man as one of the seven commencement orators.

— Harvard has made Greek and Latin optional. It is yet to be seen how these *advanced* ideas will take.

— Johns Hopkins has a system of posting on bulletin boards the best clippings from the latest papers.

— University of Va. has no holidays, but *one* holiday—Christmas day.

— "What are you going to do when you grow up, if you do not know how to cipher?" asked a teacher to a slow boy,— "I am going to be a school-teacher, and make the boys do the ciphering," was the reply.

"THE CANDIDATE."

"Father, who travels the road so late?"
 "Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate;
 Fit example of human woes—
 Early he comes and late he goes.
 He greets the women with courtly grace,
 He kisses the baby's dirty face,
 He calls to the fence the farmer at work,
 He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk;
 The blacksmith while the anvil rings
 He greets, and this is the song he sings:
 "Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
 How is your wife, and how are you?
 Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
 The horny hand of the workingman.'"

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?"
 "Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate."
 "Husband, why can't he work like you—
 Has he nothing at home to do?"
 "My dear, whenever a man is down,
 No cash at home, no credit in town,
 Too stupid to preach, and too proud to beg,
 Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig,
 Then over his horse his leg he flings,
 And to the dear people his song he sings:
 "Howdy, howdy, howdy-do?
 How's your wife and how are you?
 Ah, it fits my fist as no other can,
 The horny hand of the workingman.'"

— *Appalachian Philosopher.*

COLLEGE RECORD.

— Fresh! Fresh!! Fresh!!!

— The summer vacation has run out to its last golden grain, and the "melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." The old students have returned from their respective homes, doffed their summer costumes of ease and pleasure, and donned the collegiate robes of duty. The monotonous clanging of the college bell, as of old, summons to lectures and recitations. The campus and college buildings are again pulsating with their accustomed life and gayety; but the Freshman meeteth no longer with his usually warm reception; he walketh, talketh, and sleepeth unmolested. The days of hazing, in the old sense of the term, exist no more, and we are glad of it both for the sake of the University and the Freshmen. The wisdom of the action of the two Societies last year in abolishing hazing is shown by the unusually large crop of Freshmen.

— The session of '84-'85 opened on Thursday, the 28th Aug., under the most flattering auspices. At this date a larger number of students is enrolled than at any other time since 1861. 209 matriculates, and still they come! Bingham and Horner Schools;

Davidson, Trinity and Wake Forest Colleges, and all the other prominent educational institutions in the State send recruits to augment the number. Several representatives from other States are here also. The West is much more prolific in Freshmen than the East. The East must bestir itself and do better.

— The unsophisticated Freshman is with us again. We welcome him with outstretched arms. We are always delighted to see him. There is a freshness, an ingenuousness about him that charms us. We are highly edified by his didactic conversation, greatly amused by his antics, and home-made and wittily-told jokes and anecdotes; and never fail to listen enraptured to numerous accounts of daring deeds performed and hair-breadth escapes undergone. All in all he is so lovable and so amusing that his presence is well-nigh indispensable.

— The Freshmen this year in number are numerous; in brains "brainy"—one especially, who can outbray any thing from Currituck to Cherokee;—in the get-up of their costumes, dudy in the extreme; in comeliness, homely; and in size of feet, we will back them against the world.

— Exponents of dudeism are numerous,—and of course conspicuous.

— To study or not to study? that's the question. And it perplexes many. Whether 'tis better to have a "jolly good time," dreaming away the hours which ought to be devoted to study,—only to be awakened rather rudely, and set down rather suddenly by unmerciful Profs., at final examinations, or to study manfully—foregoing many pleasures and undergoing many hardships and privations—and have at the end of the term a consciousness of opportunities well spent and duties faithfully performed? Ye who are debating this question, apply for advice to those who have been awakened rather rudely and set down rather suddenly, and have afterwards undergone hours of mental toil and agony in their efforts to "make up" in order to graduate.

— The legal profession in the State will be considerably augmented in the fall. Not in the "fall" of those who apply, we hope, but in the fall of the year—Autumn. Thirteen members of the University law class intend to apply for their license in October next.

— An eminent North Carolinian once said that there were four things combined which tended to

make the successful lawyer: (1.) An intimate and thorough acquaintance with the legal science; (2.) the ability to express one's thoughts clearly, forcibly and agreeably in order to reason, persuade and convince; (3.) an unceasing attention to the interests of one's clients; and (4.) an unimpeachable integrity. We believe that the applicants this year possess these requisites in a marked degree, and we predict that they will be heard from in the near future. The ablest men on the bench, at the bar, and in the legislative halls of the State have been and are those sent out by the University of North Carolina, and we feel sure that some at least of the applicants this year will not fall short of the positions attained by their predecessors. Success and farewell!

—The work on the Swain Memorial Hall goes on rapidly and uninterruptedly. The mammoth roof is almost enclosed, and the brick work will be completed this month. The Hall has now assumed a somewhat definite, and we think very beautiful shape, presenting quite a contrast (in its unique style of architecture), to the old buildings. We hope nothing will prevent the work from going on as rapidly as practicable. With the Memorial Hall completed, Commencement of '85 will be an era in the history of the

University. Let everybody come! With a capacity for seating 2500 persons, there will be ample accommodations for all who attend, and inability to get seats will be a thing of the past.

PROF. WINSTON'S TOUR IN EUROPE.

We are sure that the alumni of the University, and especially the pupils of Prof. Winston, will be pleased to learn how he spent his time during the summer in Europe.

He sailed from New York early in April and returned just before the beginning of the present session. The object of his trip was mainly to study classic art and antiquities and the German character and language. Most of his time, therefore, was spent in Rome, Naples, and Germany—"Sight seeing in Italy" he declares "is no pastime to a classical student with limited time." "I was often busy from six o'clock in the morning until midnight; and I doubt whether I ever worked harder in my life. As a matter of course, I learned more about art and antiquities than I ever learned before."

Italy is the most picturesque and interesting country he saw, and he thinks that a classic scholar could spend five years in Rome without passing a dull moment. He was never in a city that weaves around a man such a spell of affection and reverence

and enchantment as Rome. One goes away from Rome with a feeling similar to that with which he leaves his own home.

Naples, with its wonderful treasures of exhumed art, Capri, Vesuvius and Pompeii were visited and studied. The professor was fortunate in seeing the Pompeii-Ischia celebration. The chief ceremonies in the old Roman life, the marriage, the funeral, the races, the gladiatorial fights were all represented to the life by some 500 hired actors and actresses appropriately dressed. The celebration took place in Pompeii for the benefit of the Ischia earthquake sufferers. The dead city was alive again, and thousands of voices filled its race-course with acclamations. The daily life of the Italians brings to mind in a thousand ways the old Romans; and classic literature, history, religion and mythology are revealed in a new and clear light to one that sees Rome. "I was more interested, instructed and entertained during my stay in Italy than in all the other countries combined. I have an appreciation of the Roman civilization that no amount of study or thought could have achieved. Indeed this may be said of travel in all foreign countries; it gives a sort of education that can be had in no other way."

The professor also visited Florence, Geneva, Pisa, Milan, Verona,

Venice and Como, and took excursions on the Italian lakes, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. He made a brief tour in Switzerland and visited the chief points of interest in the four forest Cantons. Then he went North to Munich and Dresden, the chief art centres of Germany, and to Berlin, where the German character and civilization are seen, perhaps, to best advantage. Berlin impressed him as growing in wealth, power, beauty and art more rapidly than any other city he saw. Next he went to Hannover to practice the pronunciation to best advantage, the Hannoverian dialect being regarded as the best in Germany. He spent about six weeks in the province of Hannover, at Goettingen, Hannover, Hameln, and other places. At Goettingen he attended the University lectures on literary subjects, mingled freely among the students, made excursions into the country, went among the peasants, and kept his eyes open to see all phases of German character. From Goettingen he went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and then to Heidelberg. After a brief stay in H., he took the trip down the Rhine from Mayence to Cologne, and after a couple of days in Antwerp, crossed to England. Before going to Italy he spent a week in and around Paris, among the galleries, palaces and museums.

In England he visited Chester, Oxford, Kenilworth, Stratford, London, Leeds, Sheffield, York and Liverpool, and spent a few days coaching among the English lakes in the land of Wordsworth. In Scotland he visited Edinburgh and Glasgow, Abbotsford, Melrose, Sterling Castle, Lakes Katrine and Lomond, and other places of historic interest.

"England is the greatest country I have seen," said he, "and the English are incomparably the greatest people. One can see this in the city or in the country. No other people even approach them. They are the coolest headed, biggest brained, largest hearted and most muscular people I saw. They are far inferior in art and refinement to the Italians, in gayety and liveliness to the French, in patient, minute and submissive application to the Germans; but as a well balanced man the Englishman fills the definition of Horace, '*totus teres atque rotundus*.'" Prof. W. says he prefers the English life, educational system and character to the German, and would prefer to be an Englishman next after being a North Carolinian.

THE NORMAL OF 1884.

The Normal of the past summer was a great success. Superintendent Tomlinson said in the beginning that the motto of the school was to be: "Let us learn

what we have to do by doing." The professors all agree that it was the most successful one held here since they were first established and that more and better work was done than ever before. This was the first Normal here of which the superintendent was a resident of the State.

There were more than three hundred names enrolled including representatives from ten different States and from nearly every county in North Carolina.

Besides the regular lecturers, we notice Dr. Battle, and Profs. Venable and Holmes of the faculty of the University, and among the visitors were Maj. Robert Bingham, President Henry E. Shepherd, of Charleston College, Prof. E. A. Alderman and Walter H. Page, Esq. The faculty of the school was as follows:

J. L. Tomlinson, of Winston, Superintendent.

Geo. O. Mitchell, of Charlotte, teacher of Algebra.

A. L. Phillips, of Clinton, Geography.

A. Leazar, of Mooresville, Grammar.

E. V. DeGraff, of New Jersey, Phonics.

Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Kinston, Physiology and Hygiene.

E. L. Harris, of Raleigh, Drawing.

Prof. Myers, of New York, History.

Prof. Holt, of Boston, Vocal Music.

Miss Boice, of Philadelphia, Reading.

Rev. C. C. Newton, of Chapel Hill, Secretary.

A circle for the promotion of systematic reading was organized, and in honor of its organizer, Mr. W. H. Page, of the *State Chronicle*, was called the "Chronicle Reading Circle."

Among the notable features in the way of enjoyments was a leap-year walk-around. The ladies, besides making engagements, also acted as marshals, and owing to their prompt management everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all. On different occasions during these sociables, the promenaders were favored by recitations from some lady or gentleman, and the glee club of the village gave us vocal and instrumental music until our hearts were content.

All the local places of interest, such as Glenburnie, Lover's Chair and Piny Prospect had many visitors, and evening strolls were by no means an unimportant feature. The society halls and libraries were much frequented and were the resort of those who wished to indulge in a *tete a tete*.

About twenty of the University boys remained over, and from all

that we can learn were the gal-lants of the day. They did not study much, of course. They had been at work during the session before and then needed rest. They employed their time in pay-ing attention to the young ladies, and these, according to the judg-ment of some who knew, were the loveliest that ever came to the Hill.

The Young Men's Christian Association elected the following officers for the year:

President—J. F. West; Vice President, N. Wilson; Corres-ponding Secretary, H. W. Jack-son; Secretary, J. A. Morris; Treasurer, M. McG. Shields.

We are glad to know that the Association is in a healthy, flourish-ing condition, and that it prom-ises to be a potent factor, as of yore, in infusing a spirit of moral-ity among the students. Long may it continue its good work! We have learned since writing the above that Dr. Mangum will deliver the annual address before the Association in October next.

Friday evening, Sept. 5th, the students met in a body in Gerrard Hall, for the purpose of electing an orator for the next anniversary of Washington's birthday. The orator is elected by the students as a whole, alternately from the Di. and Phi. Societies. This

year the lot fell to the Di.; and Mr. S. C. Weill, of Wilmington, N. C., was unanimously elected. Mr. Weill expressed his thanks and acceptance in a neat and timely little speech, and was vociferously applauded. The orator-elect is a member of our staff, and we are heartily glad of his election, and congratulate the students upon their most excellent choice.

Mr. Weill is a profound thinker, a fluent and forcible speaker, and will doubtless give us an intellec-tual treat of the first order; and hence we predict that the occa-sion will be a highly enjoyable one.

Out-door sports are becoming more popular. Another innova-tion and a step in the right direc-tion. Plenty of healthy exercise in the open air is just what is needed. A University Lawn-Tennis Club has been organized, with the following officers for the year: President, Jas. C. Roberts; Vice-President, Geo. Howard, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Baker. Members of the Execu-tive Committee, James C. Roberts, Geo. Howard, Jr., W. H. McDon-ald, T. S. Keogh, S. C. Weill and R. G. Grissom. Those wishing to become members will apply at once to J. H. Baker, Sec.

"Time out of mind" it has been a custom at the University to have, at the beginning of the fall

session, what is called the "Fresh Treat," and this year has not been an exception to the rule. The treat is usually given on the second Saturday in September, and the morning train of that date this year brought down 100 water melons for that purpose. After dinner Seniors, Juniors, Sophs—and a few "Fresh", gathered together in the open space just in front of the South building to partake of the luscious fruit. The majority of the "Fresh" strange to say were absent—they were doubtless engaged, or perhaps water melons do not agree with them, anyway "they" were scarce. The water melons were soon cut and the more eager of the Fresh greedily thrust out their hands to receive a part. To those acquainted with the "treat" it is unnecessary to say that they received instead a piece of rind thrown with the unerring accuracy which marks "the Soph." Notwithstanding the fire of rinds, however, some of the I-dearly-love-water-melon Fresh took the throw of rinds calmly and coolly and in addition—determined to have their money back—took a large share of the melons; but the majority beat a hasty retreat out of the campus. The Sophs. then scoured the woods and dormitories, routed the elephant—Jumbo—out of his den, and even put to ignominious flight a gallant

Fresh who was enjoying a charming *tete a tete* with his girl beneath the refreshing shade of an oak in a secluded part of the campus. It was a day of triumph for the "Sophs", and fun for all, for no one was hurt.

At a meeting of the Senior class, Sept. 4th, 1884, the following officers were elected for the year:

President, Julian S. Mann; Vice President, B. C. McIver; Secretary, Alexander J. Field; Treasurer, A. H. Eller.

The class is composed of 22 in number, 15 Phi's and 7 Di's, and in mental ability is somewhat above the average.

Baseball is all the rage. Every evening the ball ground is filled with spectators and players. And professionals and amateurs vie with each other in the diamond field.

As per advertisement a grand Democratic ratification meeting was held in the village on Saturday, the 13th ult. Students, villagers and the people of the surrounding country turned out *en masse* to listen to North Carolina's distinguished sons. A few ladies of the village also honored the occasion with their presence.

The meeting was addressed by C. B. Greene, Jno. W. Graham, B. H. Bunn, Gen. W. R. Cox and Senator M. W. Ransom.

Mr. Bunn made a stirring appeal to the people to stand by the principles of Democracy. Gen. Cox ably and forcibly discussed the political questions of the day.

Senator Ransom spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to address the people of Orange county, there, on that spot, within sight of the great University of North Carolina; and of the many pleasant recollections a visit to Chapel Hill always awoke. In his review of Republican rule in the State since the war, he alluded to the fact that it was under their administration that the lights of the University were extinguished and its doors closed, and that it was not re-opened until the Democrats came into power. The day was a grand one for the Democrats of Orange county.

Class-day exercises this year will be held sometime in April, instead of in June, as on last year. Mr. A. W. Long, of Chapel Hill, N. C., will deliver the oration. The Prophet, Mr. Geo. Howard, Jr., of Tarboro, N. C., will unveil the picture portraying the success or failure that awaits each member of the class of '85. The Historian, Mr. E. P. Mangum, of Chapel Hill, N. C., will review the "ups and downs" of the class since its matriculation; numerate the "great" and good things it has done, but,—owing to the limited

amount of paper on the market,—will omit those which it has left undone. Mr. J. R. Monroe, of Fayetteville, N. C., inspired by the divine afflatus, promises to regale us with the poetical production of the occasion; and Mr. Marion Butler, of Huntley, N. C., "the dude masher" of the class, has consented to act as marshal.

A handsome and accurate photographic likeness of Prof. Winston now adorns the walls of the Phi. Society hall. The Society is to be congratulated on the possession of such an exact likeness of our distinguished professor of Latin and German.

Scene in an ice cream saloon. Country dude, with young lady: C. D.—"Waiter, what's the price of two saucers of cream?"

Waiter:—"Twenty-five cents, boss." C. D., (with an I'm-going-to-buy-if-it-breaks-me look):

"Gimme one saucer and two spoons." Exit waiter, with the "sniggers."

Freshman (to a member of the Book Committee): "I see you have almost all Mark Twain's works, but I see you haven't his Scrap Book. I would like to suggest that you buy it, and have a complete set of his works.

Soph: "Freshie, have you ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'"

Freshie: "No, sir, I never read that many in my life."

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,

University of N. C., Sep. 20. 1884.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call from this earthly sphere our fellow member, the Hon. John Pool, ex-Senator of the United States, therefore the Philanthropic Society, deeply deploring his loss,

Resolves 1. That his native county of Pasquotank has lost one of its best and most influential citizens; that North Carolina has lost one of her wisest statesmen, and the Union one of the ablest supporters of the Government

2. That the Philanthropic Society has lost one of its most devoted members,

and the University one of its warmest alumni.

3. That while as a man he was not free from human frailties, yet, by his genius and statesman-like qualities, he won the admiration of all who knew him.

4. That the deep sympathy of this society, and a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family that has been thus visited by the Angel of Death, and that a copy be sent to the Elizabeth City *Carolinian*, the *Raleigh News and Observer*, and UNIVERSITY MONTHLY for publication.

A. D. WARD,
S. B. WEEKS,
A. W. LONG, } *Com.*

PERSONALS.

SALUTATORY.

Six of us; nearly all novices in journalism. We acknowledge the compliment bestowed in placing us in charge of the MONTHLY, and pledge ourselves to do what we can for its general welfare, asking our readers to remember meanwhile that "to err is human, *but* to forgive divine."

The necessity for a periodical at the State University which shall be a vehicle of communication between old students, a record of the doings of the old boys, a repository of valuable bits of history, and, what is more important, perhaps, an exponent of student thought and sentiment as

it really exists at the chief seat of learning in the State, is now conceded. Then it devolves upon us to make this periodical worthy of the venerable and renowned Institution which it represents. Should the interest that has been aroused during the last year continue there is every cause to believe that such may be.

A hearty co-operation of alumni, faculty and students during this year will not only elevate the literary excellence of the MONTHLY, but will swell the subscription list beyond that of any similar publication in the South. It *can* and *must* be done. With this we make our bow, buckle on our harness and go into the work:

Fresh! Fresh!! Fresh!!!

All Fresh! Some shoot; some don't shoot. Mostly don't.

Prof. advises Shack to grease up the *Crank*. How about it?

Ninety Fresh on the "Hill," and Currituck and Cherokee to be heard from.

Our faculty is getting to be very industrious. Dame Rumor hath it that one of our Scientific Professors is the "most engaged" man in the United States.

The returning students from the verdant county seat of Pitt bring us the tidings that lawyer James H. Tucker, ('83,) has made a wonderfully successful beginning. But for his practice in the moot court of Prof. Manning he would have been embarrassed by his sudden influx of practice. With this experience he has managed his cases with ability, and his continued growth in popular favor is assured.

We get similar news from Chas. R. Thomas, Jr., ('81) who is winning golden opinions at Beaufort. He is said, in his style of oratory, to resemble much his father, Judge Charles R. Thomas, of the class of '49, who has a remarkable gift of ready, strong and eloquent speech.

We grieve to chronicle that two others of our promising lawyers, Geo. W. Hayes, of Cherokee, and

Archibald C. Floyd, of Watauga, both of '83, have emigrated from their native State and hung out their joint shingle in Columbia, Tenn. It is pleasant to know that they have made a capital beginning which all of us predicted, because we knew well their sturdy energy, strong heads, and devotion to duty.

Another lawyer of '83 has patriotically reversed the action of Hayes and Floyd, and of C. C. Cobb, ('80) and John M. Avery, ('81) who, as we have heretofore announced, adopted Dallas, Texas, as the theatre of their forensic career. Thomas J. Hackler has chosen, in the place of Texas, Sparta; not the city of iron money and the laws of Lycurgus, which had no attraction for attorneys at law, (Lycurgus would have flung them to the Helots), but Sparta, in the beautiful Blue Mountains, the capital of the county of Alleghany. We predict that his life will be as happy and honorable as any of the others.

We are pleased to learn what will surprise no one of his cotemporaries here, that Rufus A. Doughton, ('80) has taken a leading stand at the bar in the same region. He will probably represent the county in the next Legislature, and we know that all the mountains will not have a more intelligent member. The qualities of head and heart which made him so popular and influen-

tial here are bound to make him respected and admired wherever he goes.

We cannot give all our space to the lawyers, so we turn to the graduating class of 1884, who have not had time to make their final settlement in life.

It will be remembered that the Phrophet of the class, W. G. Randall, in his inimitable speech held up to pleasant ridicule the President of the class, James Lee Love, because of his being the oldest member, calling him the grandfather of all the dignified eighty-threeites who sat before him. It turns out on reference to President Battle's veracious "Pedigree Books," that Randall himself is entitled to that venerable dignity, being Love's senior by two months. After such a splendid exhibition of Corinthian cheek it will not surprise our readers to learn that their El. Mahdi of the Linville mountains is principal of the flourishing Academy of Marion, McDowell county, having as his assistants teachers of large experience and accomplishments! Well: If energy and pluck and talents and a kindly heart and high character can win success, Randall will have it.

Our space forbids us to discourse so largely of each of the worthy eighty-threeites, so we will give briefly what we know of their present engagements.

C. T. Alexander passed the ordeal of the West Point examinations and is now a Fresh, (a Plebe, we think is the correct term) of the United States Military Academy. We hope if the Indians ever get him they will not disturb the equanimity of his blonde tresses.

Samuel M. Gattis is to have sole charge of Wentworth Academy in Johnston county.

Jesse B. Hawes succeeds C. U. Hill ('82), as chief of Bethel Academy in Lenoir, while Hill takes charge of the aspiring youth of (Little) Washington.

James Lee Love will devote himself to the study of mathematics in Johns Hopkins University. There are no attractions for him in North Carolina at present.

B. F. White and C. D. McIver succeed H. Horace Williams, as principal of the La Grange academy in Lenoir county, while Mr. Williams, the first who has taken the A. M. degree at our University under the new regime, will pursue post-graduate studies at Yale College.

James D. Miller is principal of a well-attended school at Johnson's Mills in Pitt county.

Edward D. Monroe is assistant in the Graded School of Durham.

Thomas R. Rouse is assisting that excellent instructor, Dr. R. H. Lewis, in Kinston College.

Samuel B. Turrentine has charge, with very competent as-

sistants, of a large school in Orange county.

Lee M. Warlick is assistant in Prof. Barrier's Academy in Charlotte.

All the foregoing schools are flourishing institutions of established reputation. We are sure that not one will lose any of its reputation while under charge of their present corps of instructors. We predict increased patronage and larger usefulness.

"Mot" has deserted the South Building, but desires his friends to understand that he still carries his *tooth brush* and asthma medicine. Beware of Mot!

Prof. R. P. Pell, '81, has accepted a position in the Raleigh Graded School.

"Preacher" Barrett is "teaching the young idea how to shoot" near Oxford. He says that he uses the rod frequently, forcibly and effectively.

The Senior Class had the exquisite pleasure of a lecture from Prof. H. E. Shepherd on the "English Language." The class will be pleased to hear the Prof. again.

Ed. J. Hill, of '78, has been re-nominated for the Senate from Duplin.

David Bell, Rep. of '78, has been nominated for the House from Halifax, and A. D. Jones,

Rep. of '77, has been nominated for treasurer of Wake.

Frank D. Winston, class of '79, has been nominated by the Liberals for Superintendent of Public Instruction. He was once one of the editors of the *University Magazine*, and last June showed his love for its direct offspring by cheerfully paying his dollar for the MONTHLY. Messrs. Bell and Jones, if we mistake not, were also once editors of the *Magazine*. The editors will come

McDonald is back again, and his stock will be here in a few days. He hopes to do nothing to injure his business.

George Mallett is going to the University of Virginia. We have no doubt but that "*Egad*" "will do them up," but he should be careful that "he does not fan out."

Fresh to Junior: "Do you intend to be a physician?" Junior: "No." Fresh, "why?" Fresh: "I didn't know, I saw you go on the Physics class to-day."

Dolly has returned, and is as handsome as ever. He says he expects to graduate with the Centennial class in '95, if Barnum don't get him.

Jack Wood was scorer for the Chapel Hillians when the Caryites beat them in Base Ball. The Chapel Hillians claim that Jack lost the game.

Some one has said that the Freshmen resemble *niggers*—they are so much alike.

Wanted.—A leader of the choir in Chapel. No Anti-glees need apply.

A good many of our old boys are trying their hands in State politics this year. The training they get here will show itself in all kinds of activity. Politics, not less than other affairs is claiming some of our best talent.

Donnell Gilliam is Presidential Elector in the Second district. While in college he was known as one of our very best speakers. He was elected first Representative of the Phi Society, winning the "Rep." prize and was narrowly defeated for Washington orator. His handsome appearance and fiery orations will win fame for him wherever he goes. He began the practice of law in Tarboro in 1882.

Our handsome and graceful bursar has withstood the heat of summer and the temptations of the normal school and greets both, new students and old, with a cordiality that gives no hint of impending applications for cash.

Rob. Albertson, '81, is in Washington Territory. From a hewer of wood he has become a leader of the "order and morality" party. Good enough for Bob.

Bob Winborn, '81, is practicing law in Murfreesboro, North Carolina. At present he is the able and efficient solicitor of Hertford, his native county.

We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Joe Burnett, during vacation. Joe gave us the painful news that he could not return, but when "*Nash county*" made its *crap*, he would remember us. Please don't forget.

Prof. Winston landed in New York from Liverpool on a Sunday morning. In a few hours he was seated in Trinity Church enjoying its wonderful beauties and fine services. Presently, who should walk in but President Battle. There was mutual surprise, embraces and some disregard of the occasion in the enthusiasm of the pleasant and unexpected meeting.

R. W. Winston, who took the Mangum medal in 1879, is the nominee of the Democratic party for the Senate from Granville county. He will make a dignified and brilliant canvass.

Prof. Winston has moved his recitation room from the South into the New East building.

Ante bellum student to Fresh: A. B. S.—"Well, how did you find all at the Hill?" Fresh:—"All well." A. B. S.—"How is Mr. Coffin Utley?" Fresh—"Oh, he's

well." A. B. S.—"Is Mr. Lem. Yancey still living?" Fresh—"No, he died a few years ago." A. B. S.—"How is Prof. Hooper?" Fresh—"He is very well, and greets all the Fresh very kindly." A. B. S.—"Well, what other landmarks still remain?" Fresh—"Oh, yes, there is *Ex. Ransom*."

A fact.

The Athletic Association *ransom*(e) time, but has gone to that bourne, &c. It may well be called an *Ex(s)* Athletic Association.

Chapel Hill has an increasing number of visitors every summer. Among many others this summer, Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, President of Charleston (S. C.) College, was the most distinguished. He and his family spent about three months with us. In a recent letter to the Baltimore *Sun*, he speaks very highly of our place as a quiet summer resort. As most of our readers know, he is a native of Fayetteville, and was deducate at the University of Virginia. Since the war he has been actively engaged in teaching, winning a fine reputation as a teacher of English and as a writer on that subject. His first work on "The History of the English Language" is too well known to need comment from us. He has also written a Grammar and a historical reader. Besides writing for various newspapers, he is a regular

contributor to *The American Philological Journal*, published at Baltimore, and edited by none other than Dr. Basil L. Gilder-sleeve.

The many friends of Misses Carraway and Windle, will regret their departure from our classic shades. The young ladies have been summering at the "Hill" with some other New-bernian's, all of whom have made a host of friends among the villagers and students. With a broken heart we bid adieu.

Rev. Robert Strange, '79, whom we mentioned quite at length last Spring, is at present preaching at Lawrenceville, Va.

Herbert Lutterloh is doing business at Jesup, Ga.

A. M. Rankin, Di. Declaimer medalist, of '81, is doing well at the law at Darlington, S. C.

Thos. H. Long, who spent two and a half years in college as quietly as the next one, you know, has accepted a position on the staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, Raleigh.

We are glad to welcome Bro. Latham who has been detained at home because of the serious illness of his father.

We were glad to see our old friend, T. C. McNeely, at the "Hill" a few days ago. Mc. was

settling up his estate, and said that college life was too hard work for him. Mc. was the recipient of the Lazy man's medal last spring.

Strayhorn is collecting Orange county's exhibit for the State Exposition. Wherefore we all rejoice that Stray is dividing time between the exhibit and old Morpheus.

N. B.—Skid is just recovering from an attack of sickness because of his hard work.

PRESS ASSOCIATION.

On the eighth of October, the day set apart as editor's day at the Exposition, several of us hope to shake the hands of many brother quill drivers. We think it a wise move, that of changing the time and place of meeting, and feel that the visit on this occasion will prove far more pleasant from the circumstances, than it could have been at Fayetteville, although we know the good people there would have done all in their power to entertain us.

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THE GREEK, THE ROMAN AND THE TEUTON.

BY G. T. WINSTON,

Prof. in Latin and German, University of N. C.

Among the various races of men there is endless conflict for dominion. The cowardly perish in war ; the weak are swallowed up in the tide of advancing civilization ; the ignorant and vicious are consumed by their own follies and vices. The ancestors of the Irish were once the masters of Europe. Stronger races drove them Westward. Pushed off the continent, they now dwell on an island smaller than Cuba.

Two centuries ago the rivers and mountains of America were the property of the race whose names they bear ; but the Roanoke, the Mississippi and the Minnehaha will never again float the birch canoe, and the smoke of the wigwam fire will rise no more

from the summits of the Alleghanies. Already the white races are struggling for Africa. Two centuries more will see the negro confined within the limits of Soudan and the Dark Continent transformed into a white Republic. The ceaseless conflict goes on, the victory is ever to the strong. There is no alms-house for decrepit and pauper races.

As we contemplate the progress of this gigantic struggle, we observe that three races, surpassing all others in the grandeur of their civilizations, have successively conquered each other. They are the Greek, the Roman and the Teuton. Blot out from ancient history the Greek and the Roman, and what is left ? If the

Teutonic tribes had not created modern Europe on the ruins of the Roman Empire, Wellington and Marlborough would have flinched under the lash of a Roman drill-master, and a Roman quæstor on the banks of the Thames would still be collecting taxes from half naked savages.

The greatness of the Greek was his power to think. He was the first great thinker of the ancient world. His mind explored all the realms of thought, social, moral and political. He delighted in subjects of an abstract or metaphysical character; the origin of ideas, the faculties of the mind, the nature of the soul and the life of man after this life. Five hundred years before Paul preached on Mars Hill, the Athenians had heard from Plato the doctrine of immortality—but, only for the wise. The voice of Jesus spake to the poor and ignorant and degraded of all races, "Be not afraid. Only believe."

The Greek was a diligent student of nature. He sought to penetrate the mystery of life, to find the great first cause of all phenomena. The theories of Darwin and Huxley were asserted twenty-two centuries ago by the Greek philosopher Democritus.

In lively fancy and strong imagination the Greek has never been equalled. His land was the home of the fine arts, and every

Greek was an artist. Who has sung like Homer? Who has spoken as Demosthenes? The muse of tragedy is still Greek; her only foreign lover is Shakespeare. "There never was a time" says an English historian, "when the human mind was brought to so high a pitch, as in the years when the power and splendor of Athens was greatest."

But the Greek was not fitted to rule the world. To rule was not his ambition. He was full of contempt for all mankind except himself. He looked upon other races with the lordly arrogance of intellectual superiority. He was not a missionary. Satisfied with his own religion, he cared not what Gods were worshipped by other races. He was not a conqueror. He was brave and fought for liberty, but felt no passion for conquest. His country was no larger than South Carolina. It comprised twenty independent kingdoms and republics, some of which were smaller than our average counties. The Greek had no conception of the power and grandeur of a race united in one nation. A national government he hated and feared. He carried to its furthest limits the doctrine of State sovereignty. The end was sure; it was inevitable. Inflamed by hatred and jealousy, the Greek states not only engaged in civil wars but invoked alien

ances to aid in the work of Greek destruction. Finally, exhausted by weakness, they longed for peace and thought no more of liberty. Three centuries after Leonidas and the "three hundred" had immortalized Thermopylæ, Roman soldiers were kicking statues about the streets of Corinth and the land of Demosthenes was a Roman Province.

As a race, the Greeks are dead. But the world is better for their life. They taught mankind devotion to truth and love of the beautiful.

* * * Never yet
 "Share of Truth was vainly set
 "In the world's wide a-fallow;
 "After hands shall sow the seed,
 "After hands from hill and mead,
 "Reap the harvests yellow."

The Roman was totally unlike the Greek. His nature was coarse and practical, without art or refinement. He was not a man of abstraction but of action. If a young Roman aspired to be learned he hired a Greek tutor; if he wished to know everything he went to Athens and there wandered with the Greek philosophers in the groves of the Academy. But the practical Roman despised and ridiculed the superior learning and versatility of the Greek. The satirist Juvenal has painted a Greek portrait with mingled feelings of praise and contempt.

"A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
 "With fluent tongue and never blushing face,
 "A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,

"Which shifts to every form, and shines in all;
 "Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
 "Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, and physician;
 "All things the hungry Greek exactly knows,
 "And bid him go to Heaven—to Heaven, he goes."

The great passion of the Roman was love of power. He fought for universal empire, and conquered the civilized world. He was not merely a conqueror, but was a colonizer and a missionary. He was a statesman: he knew how to govern alien races. Wherever he conquered, he planted Roman colonies and established Roman laws; he taught the conquered to speak his language and worship his gods. He knew that the best missionary is a sprightly lover; and mingled his blood with the blood of the barbarian. He was not troubled with conquered races. No Ireland nor India defied his statesmanship. Whoever he conquered was thoroughly Romanized; and, finally, when the vast structure of the Roman Empire was shattered to pieces, each fragment remained stamped with the image and superscription of Rome.

The overthrow of the Romans was caused mainly by two great vices. The first was lack of reverence. They followed no lofty ideals. With them religion, and marriage, and morality and all the sweet longings of the human soul were treated as mere matters of business. For many centuries poverty and military discipline

saved them from ruin ; but, finally, when the seven hills were clad in granite and marble; when columns and arches and statues told of Roman heroes and Roman victories ; when every land sent its stores of grain and money and art, and every sea yielded its treasures to Cæsar ; when every patrician dwelt in a palace, and temples were built to a hundred gods ; honor and virtue and truth were gone, and the chambers of the heart were foul with vice. Religion was an open sham, marriage a contract, broken at the pleasure of either party ; and virtue—a laughing-stock. Society was rotten to the core. Like some huge oak that rears its towering head amid the crashing storm and shakes from its giant limbs the wrestling wind, standing majestic monarch of the forest, so stood the Roman Republic. As the same oak, its heart consumed by worms and rottenness, standing a hollow symbol and mockery of power, is finally crushed by its own weight and falls to the earth a shattered ruin, so fell the Roman Empire, rotten with vice.

The other defect in the character of the Romans was lack of personal independence. This may be seen in their social and political life. In the family the Roman father was the legal master of his sons. No matter what their age

was, they were not free until he died. Without his consent they could hold no property. His power over them was even to whip, to sell, to kill. Nay, their wives and children and children's children all were his, if he chose to claim them. Thus every family was a unit of despotic power, and the grand aggregate of these units was the Roman State. The individual was merged in the family, the family was merged in the State. The result was a national government of gigantic strength, a centralized despotism that held in its grip of steel the civilized world. One hundred and twenty provinces from Gibraltar to the Euphrates, from Scotland to Egypt, were ruled by officers appointed at Rome. The Roman Senate gave them their laws, their judges, their tax-collectors and their governors. Public elections were held only at Rome. Whoever voted, whether Spaniard or Italian or Egyptian must vote at Rome. There was no conception of local self government, no appreciation of the liberty and power of man as an individual. Every country in the Empire, every city, every village, every family and every man looked for protection to Rome. At the golden milestone in the Forum centred all the roads, bringing to the city grain and gold and spices, carrying to the provinces soldiers and

arms; fit emblem of the power and despotism of Rome.

The Greek had conceived an ideal of individual liberty superior to government. He had elevated the citizen above the city, the city above the state, and the state above the nation. The success of this ideal, though possible for a time in a small community indifferent to the world, is not possible in the conflict of races for the mastery of the globe. A race that will conquer others must organize its strength. The weakness of power not organized was seen in the easy downfall of the Greeks. Too stubborn devotion to the freedom of the individual had finally produced the slavery of the race.

The Roman, on the contrary, destroyed individual liberty in aiming at national power. His ideal was a centralized government, unlimited in power, ruling the world. He completely surrendered his individual liberty in order that his race might rule. But after destroying the liberty of other races, he discovered too late that his own was gone. Despotism is a two-edged sword. It kills alike the liberty of those that submit and those that inflict.

Such is the penalty to be paid by all that trifle with liberty. The strength of every government is founded in the liberty of all its citizens; liberty of thought,

liberty of speech, liberty of labor. It is founded too in the patriotic desire of every citizen to yield to the common good. It is founded in the golden mean between Greek independence and Roman obedience, for neither was the true conception of liberty. The strongest laws are those that secure liberty to all, the highest liberty is the reign of law. Liberty is the strength of law and law is the bulwark of liberty. The Greek was the great champion of liberty, the Roman was the great champion of law. It was reserved for another race to conceive the nobler ideal of law devoted to liberty, of liberty submissive to law. It was reserved for the Teuton, who, "while the Greek was beautifying the earth with his art and the Roman was building his empire of force, wandered unknown and naked among the beasts of the forest." It was reserved for the Teuton to teach the world constitutional liberty and government by the people, to construct those eternal charters of freedom, the Magna Charta of England and the Constitution of the American Union. It was reserved for the Teuton, by the Protestant Reformation, to free the soul from the tyranny of priests and secure for all ages liberty of conscience. It was the Teuton that entered the secret chambers of nature and made the

giant forces his slaves. It is the Teuton that has ribbed the earth with steel and sent the engine ploughing through the mountain. It is the Teuton that gave speche to the wire and whispered thought around the globe swifter than the voices of the morning. It is the Teuton that has given to war a Wellington, to science a Newton and a Humboldt, to literature Shakespeare, to humanity Luther and Washington.

To-day the Teuton rules. His throne in the old world is England and Germany; his home in the new world is our Northern Continent. He is king of the old world and king of the new. He is king by the divine right of a noble manhood. He has lifted civilization to a higher plane of thought and action, where he stands towering above other races.

There is a Grecian fable that at the birth of Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, the King of the gods, delighted with the strength and beauty of his child, declared that he would be a ruler among men. But Juno, queen of the gods, full of jealousy and hatred, resolved to destroy the infant. When it was lying one day cradled in a hollow shield and its mother Alcmena was away, the goddess sent two serpents to take its life. The divine babe seized them in his tiny hands and choked them to death. The Teuton is the

Hercules among races. He was a giant when a child. As he wandered 2,000 years ago in the forests of Germany, a fierce and ignorant savage, he carried in his breast the heart of a king. "Under the brute there was a free man and a free spirit."

There is a picture of the ancient Teutons, drawn by the greatest thinker and the greatest warrior of the Latin race, by Tacitus and Julius Cæsar. Cæsar fought against them in his Gallic war and conquered some of their tribes. Tacitus was a close observer of their manners and character. It is a picture full of the deepest significance. It shows what qualities have exalted this race above others. It is a picture most precious to us who are Anglo-Saxons; for it is a picture of ourselves. It is a picture in bold relief of our virtues and our vices, unconcealed by the decent veil of a finer civilization. It is a picture of ourselves as we existed before the ships of Columbus kissed the sands of the Western world; before the angel-voices sang to the shepherds on the plain: "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

The prevailing element in the Teutonic character was courage. Other races are brave, all races can fight, but the Teuton was a warrior by nature. Like Hercules, he was cradled in a shield. His courage was that of bold feroci-

ty and inflexible determination without skill or cunning. He was an open fighter and a hard striker. He looked upon fortresses as the refuge of cowards. He despised the stratagems of the Romans as unworthy of brave men. When the Cimbri were ready to fight Marius, they sent a messenger and asked him to fix a time and place for the battle.

Julius Cæsar has described in his Commentaries the hardest fought battle that he ever won. It was the fight with the Nervii, a Teutonic tribe. Cæsar's troops were entrenched on the summit of a hill near the river Sambre. The Nervii were on the opposite bank. The position of the Romans was so strong that Cæsar was not expecting an attack. But suddenly the Nervii burst upon him. They had forded the river, climbed its bank and charged up the hill. They came like madmen without order or system. The Romans were stunned at first, as by the shock of an earthquake. But their general was a master in all the arts of war. Seizing a shield from a soldier, he rushed to the standards, and called the centurions by name to form their lines ; and soon the legions, trained in a hundred battles, stood in perfect order. The furious charge of the Nervii fell against them like the angry waves of a stormy sea dashing against some rocky cliff.

"In the wild hope of victory," says Cæsar, "they exhibited such valor, that when the foremost of their warriors had fallen the next stood upon them and fought from their corpses." The slaughter was so great that the last of the Nervii fought behind a wall of dead bodies. They were conquered, but not a man surrendered. The tribe of the Nervii was nearly extinguished. After the battle, the old men and women and children, who had hid in the swamps, came out and begged for peace. "We are reduced," said they, "from 60,000 warriors to scarcely 500 that can bear arms. Of 600 chieftains we have left only three."

Fifty years later the slaughter of the Nervii was avenged. The Romans had partially conquered Southern Germany. Varus with three legions was stationed among the tribes to complete their conquest and organize them into a Roman province. As they were marching one day through the Teutoberg Forest, Hermann, King of the Cherusci, fell upon them with his warriors, and killed them to a man. Augustus Cæsar, on his dying bed, was tortured by the memory of his loss. He exclaimed in agony of soul, "O, Varus, give me back my legions." Roman soldiers went to look for their comrades. They found their bones under the oaks. The Roman power in Germany was

broken. There stands to-day in the Teutoberg Forest the giant statue of a hero, towering above the oaks. It bears the inscription, "Hermann, Liberator of Germany."

The testimony of the ancient writers to the courage of the Teutonic race is very remarkable. "As to their courage," says Plutarch, "their spirit, their force and the fury of their charge, we may compare them to a devouring flame." "Who," said Seneca, "is braver than the Germans?" The Emperor Titus exclaimed, "Their bodies are great, but their souls are greater." Sidonius Apollinaris pays them a still higher tribute: "Death alone subdues them, not fear; they threaten even in death, their courage outlives their bodies." "It is now 210 years," says Tacitus, "that we have been fighting the Germans. In this long space of time, great losses have been suffered on both sides. Neither Samnite nor Carthaginian, neither Spaniard nor Gaul, not even the Parthians have given us more frequent warnings. They conquered in one campaign five consular armies and they destroyed Varus with his legions. In recent times we have celebrated triumphs over them, but Germany is still unconquered." Aye, still unconquered; and never to be conquered by Latin race; nay more, the conqueror, conqueror

of Cæsars, defier of Popes, victor at Waterloo and Sedan.

The love of war was exhibited by our ancestors not merely on the field of battle. It gave color to their social, religious, and political life. Among the Germans every free man went armed. "They transact no public nor private business," says Tacitus "without being armed." When a youth arrived at the age of manhood he was brought before the assembled warriors of his tribe and one of the chiefs, in the name of the tribe, presented him with a shield and spear. It was his badge of citizenship, the proof of his freedom. He became at the same time a citizen and a warrior. Taking his seat among the other free men, he heard questions of policy discussed and cast his first vote. He voted by rattling his spear against his shield. There he sat, fierce and noisy and ready for battle. He was exercising the two great privileges essential to constitutional government: the right to vote and the right to fight. The right of the people to bear arms is essential to liberty. It is a right that tyrants have always tried to destroy. When the heroes of the American Revolution were making the charter of our liberties, they inscribed in it the solemn declaration that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." It stands

written in the Constitution of the Union and of all the states, but the law was born in the hearts of our Teutonic forefathers in the forests of Germany.

The warlike character of the Ancient Germans is indicated by their name; it means "warriors." Their chief pursuit indeed was war. "It seems to them," says Tacitus, "sluggish and cowardly to earn by sweat what you can get by blood." The Suevi kept half their men always in the field. The other half stayed at home. They hunted wild beasts one year; the next year they hunted men. Among the Chatti a warrior cut neither his hair nor his beard until he had slain an enemy. Those that had not made this sacrifice to the god of war occupied the front rank in battle until they redeemed their valor and honor. Cowardice was deemed the vilest of crimes. The coward was unworthy even to be hanged. He was dragged to a swamp and thrown into the mud; a hurdle was put over him; upon this stones were cast until his body was buried forever from the sight of men. His memory was destroyed; his name was breathed no more. The Chatti were the fiercest of the Germans. "You may see other nations," says Tacitus, "rushing out to battle; the Chatti march to war. They have no house to dwell in, no land to cultivate, no

domestic care to employ them. Wherever chance conducts them they are sure of being maintained."

The oaths of a people indicate in some measure the objects of their greatest love and veneration. The Roman ladies swore by Venus, goddess of beauty; the Mahometan swears by the beard of the prophet; the Hebrew by Father Abraham; the ancient Teutons swore by their weapons. In the Northern Edda, a collection of Teutonic myths, the song of Wieland contains the following appeal to a warrior: "Thou shalt swear to me by the deck of the ship and by the rim of the shield, by the withers of the horse and by the point of the sword."

It was thought dishonorable among some of the German tribes for a man to die without weapons in his hands. The old and sick took their lives with their own weapons, or were killed by their friends, that they might die the death of a warrior. This feeling lasted in the Anglo-Saxon race for more than a thousand years. In the eleventh century of the Christian era, Siguard, the great earl of Northumberland, was taken sick with a mortal disease. Feeling that his end was nigh he exclaimed, "What a shame that I could not die in so many battles, but must now end like a cow! At least put on my breast-plate,

gird on my sword, set my helmet on my head, my shield in my left hand, my battle-axe in my right, so that a brave warrior like myself may die as a warrior."

As the life of every free Teuton was spent in war, so, after life, the crown of immortality was given only to the brave. None but warriors entered Walhalla, the happy home of the dead. And these were happy in proportion to the number of enemies that each had slain. At the burial of a warrior his weapons were placed in the grave with his body. He would need them in Walhalla. When Alaric and his Goths were weary with sacking Rome after five days and nights of pillage and slaughter, the huge horde rolled southward with long trains of captives and wagon-loads of gold and silver and jewels. They reached Consentia on the river Crathis. Here Alaric was taken sick and died. The Goths turned the stream of the river into a new channel, and down in the old river-bed they dug a grave for Alaric. They clad his body in steel armor, placed in his hands his sword and battle-axe, and mounted him upright on his war horse. They covered him with earth and turned the river back into its channel. The captives that did the work were killed; no Roman lived to point out the spot. The body of Alaric should not be

scattered to the dogs; but, sword and battle-axe in hand, should ride into Walhalla to lead the Teutonic warriors in the battles of the great hereafter.

It is not necessary perhaps to illustrate further the war-like character of this race. It has surpassed all races in courage. But its courage is not mere ferocity. It was the courage that makes a man give his life for something more precious. The Roman writer Symmachus relates that twenty-nine Saxons were taken captive and brought to Rome, to fight as gladiators. They were powerful men, strong and fierce and brave. When the day came for the fight and the lowest seats in the vast coliseum were filled with Roman gentlemen and ladies and 80,000 of the Roman rabble sat, tier upon tier, gazing down upon the arena and shouting for blood, the guards went to lead out the Saxon captives. They returned alone. The Saxons lay in their cells, dead. They had taken their own lives for shame. They would not fight as gladiators. These are the men that no earthly power can conquer. These are the men that fear not kings nor stakes. These are the Cromwells and Cranmers of the world. The first element of manhood is courage; it is the fountain of all manly qualities; of liberty, of truth, of justice, of

generous actions. It is fear that makes men slaves and liars and bigots and tyrants.

"Of all base passions, fear is most accursed."

The courage of the Teutonic race saved them from conquest by Rome and preserved their national liberty. It gave them the power and the spirit to conquer all races with whom they fought. But it wrought a nobler conquest than this; it achieved the victory of individual liberty and constitutional government. We live in in an age when the rights of individuals are secured by law and enforced in courts of justice. But laws and courts are sprung from the hearts of the people. Older than courts and stronger than law is the spirit that dwells in the breast of the Teutonic man, the spirit that gives life for liberty. "After all" says Taine, "the only permanent guarantee of liberty, in every country, under every constitution, is this unspoken declaration in the heart of every man: If any tyrant touches my property, enters my house, or violates my liberty, let him beware. I have patience. I have also strong arms, brave comrades and a good sword; and, if need be, the firm resolve, come what may, to plunge my dagger in his throat." A nation cannot be founded on power alone, a

nation can be founded only on respect for liberty and justice.

"Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state,"

The forms of government among the Germanic tribes were typical of their national courage and love of personal liberty. Some were ruled by kings, others by chieftains; here the crown was hereditary, there it was elective; but everywhere the power of the ruler was fixed and the sovereign authority was in the people. When Ambiorix, King of the Eburones, was treating with Cæsar's messengers he told them that he could not dictate the policy of his people; "for" said he, "my authority over them is no greater than their authority over me." "The power of their kings" said Tacitus "is not arbitrary but limited. Even their generals command less by authority than by example. If they are brave, if they are conspicuous, if they fight in the front, they lead because they are admired. They cannot inflict punishment of death or imprisonment, or even whipping." Sentence of death could be passed only by the people in their general assembly. Here every free man voted and the votes of all were equal. They came, each with his weapons, every man a legislator and a soldier. The majority was

sure to rule. "In matters of small consequence," says Tacitus, "the chiefs decide; important questions are reserved for the whole community. The general assembly, if no sudden alarm calls the people together, meets on fixed days, either at the new moon or the full. They consider this the luckiest time for transacting business. It is a vice of their liberty that they do not meet promptly on the day appointed. Two or three days are wasted by the delays of assembling. Promptness would look like obedience. When the multitude has assembled, they all sit down, fully armed. Silence is commanded by the priests in the name of the god of war. The debate is opened by the king or chieftain; the rest are heard in their turn, according to age, nobility of birth, renown in war or fame for eloquence. No man dictates to the assembly; he may persuade, but he cannot command. If his sentiments displease, they reject them with fierce groans; if they are satisfied, they brandish their spears. This is the highest and most honorable applause. They assent like warriors, and praise by the sound of their arms."

We see blended here in one assembly the three forms of government; monarchy represented by the king, aristocracy by the chieftains or nobles, and democracy by

the people; but the sovereign power resided in the people. We see here the parliament of England; king, lords and commons. We see here the model of constitutional government, the cradle of popular liberty. "Out of the woods of Germany," says Montesquien, "came the British Constitution." "From the woods of Germany" says Gibbon "issued the most civilized nations of modern Europe." "The History of England says Stubbs, "is the purest existing development of Germanic principles." If he had been an American he would have said that the most beautiful flower on the tree of Teutonic liberty is the Constitution of the United States; its sweetest fruit, the liberties of an American citizen.

"Liberty," said Lucan, "is the German's birth-right." "It is a privilege," said Florus, "which nature has granted to the Germans, and which the Greeks with all their art knew not how to obtain." "German liberty," said Tacitus, "is more dangerous to Rome than the despotic kings of the East."

The next quality in the Teutonic character was fidelity. They were loyal to their leaders. "The chief fights for victory," says Tacitus; "the soldiers fight for their chief." If the chief was slain in battle, the soldiers that survived returned home to live in shame

and infamy. It is this loyalty to rulers, no less than love of liberty, that has given power to the Teutonic nations. Courage and independence must achieve liberty and constantly defend it, but fidelity to law and loyalty to rulers are essential that liberty may not beget lawlessness, and lawlessness tyranny.

The Teutons were loyal also to their word. They were men that kept their plighted faith. They swore to their own hurt and changed not.

This quality was exhibited most clearly in connection with one of their vices. They had a terrible passion for gambling. "Strangely enough," says Tacitus, "they gamble when perfectly sober, as a serious business. They play with such rash determination that when everything is lost the player puts up, as the last desperate stake, his own person and liberty. If he loses, he goes into slavery. Although younger, although stronger, he suffers himself to be tied and sold. This, said the great historian, is obstinate perseverance in a bad cause, but the Germans call it *keeping their honor*." It is this strong sense of honor, mistaken though it be at times, that has given the Teutonic nations their commercial supremacy. When England is at war, she pays the interest on her bonds promptly to enemies as well as

friends. She pays her debts alike to the men that are fighting to save her and the men that are fighting to destroy her. It is this fidelity to promise that has made London the market for the produce of all nations, the great banking house of the world.

But the noblest form of Teutonic fidelity was not loyalty to word nor loyalty to ruler; it was loyalty to woman. Alone among barbarians the Teuton was satisfied with one wife. Rough and fierce and cruel as they were, man and woman alike, they had an in-born sense of the purity of marriage and the sacredness of family: they kept their faith, man to woman and woman to man.

There is no surer test of the character of a people than the position of their women. Among the Eastern races woman is valued for physical beauty. She goes always veiled. No stranger may see her face. She gladdens the heart of her husband with soft glances and merry laughter, a handsome toy. But when the roses are faded from her cheeks and her lips are pale with pain and sorrow, her value is gone. The man is stronger than she: he makes her his slave, and buys another, younger and fairer. His horses, his cattle, his wine and his wives are equally dear to him.

The position of woman among the Romans was fixed by the

Roman standard of utility. She could not fight the enemies of Rome, nor rule the conquered provinces, nor wield the lictor's axe; she could take no part in the great struggle for national power and conquest. She was at best a necessary evil, an obstacle in the way of man's development. Typical of this feeling was the Roman aversion to marriage. A man felt himself hampered and bothered by a wife. Even Cato, the Censor, the father of a large family, who is fitly regarded as the finest type of Roman integrity, even Cato exclaimed: "If the world were only rid of women, the gods would come and dwell with men." He forgot that Venus and Juno and Minerva were necessary evils on Olympus. The popular aversion to marriage made Roman statesmen anxious about the future of their country. Laws were passed to encourage matrimony. Fathers of large families were excused from paying taxes. The consul that had the most children was awarded the best seat at the circus. Old bachelors and old maids were taxed double. It was a great injustice on the old maids: if they got a husband, they had to buy him; and the price was out of all proportion to the value of the purchase. Roman fathers thought so little of their daughters that only the eldest was honored with a name. The

others were known simply as No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, &c. In the year B. C., 131, the Censor, Metellus Macedonicus made a speech in which he used the following language: "If we could, fellow citizens, we should all keep clear of this burden. But, as nature has so arranged it that we cannot either live comfortably with wives, or live at all without them, it is proper to have regard rather to the permanent good of the Republic than our own brief comfort."

The idea that woman is an evil genius to be avoided by man reached its logical climax in the Middle Ages, when the Roman church pronounced celibacy the highest virtue and marriage incompatible with spiritual perfection. Men fled from women as allies of the devil and Europe was crowded with monasteries. Even good old Chrysostom declared, with conflicting emotions, that woman was "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a painted ill, a deadly fascination." It was reserved for the Teuton to give woman her true position as an equal with man; to discover in her that marvellous blending of strength and weakness, of patience and daring, of human frailty and godlike excellence, that serves to arouse the noblest qualities of manhood. It is this race

that declares woman to be, not a handsome slave for man's amusement, nor an evil spirit for man's destruction, but an equal help-mate, a noble companion in all the pains and pleasures, the labors and triumphs of life; his friend, his counsellor, his wife.

It is instructive to see what qualities acquired for the women of Teutonic race a position never before occupied by the female sex. They were a lofty sense of honor and a courage that fears nothing but disgrace. "German armies" says Tacitus, "although wavering and giving way, have been rallied by the earnest entreaties of their women. Laying bare their bosoms to the dangers of battle, they preferred honorable death to a life of shame in captivity. The Germans fear most of all things the captivity of their women." Valerius Maximus says that Marius captured some Teutonic women and took them to Rome. They begged him to give them to the Vestal Virgins. He refused. That night they strangled themselves with their hair. Such women command respect and reverence; they are sure of being loved.

When the Teutonic tribes invaded Italy they came in great wagons drawn by oxen, with their wives and children and dogs and household utensils. It was a war-like migration. One of these hordes was met by Marius at

Aquæ Sextiæ. The Romans slaughtered them by thousands. The Teutonic women were braver than the men. "Some of them," says Plutarch, "mingling with the combatants, laid hold on the Roman shields, seized their swords with naked hands and suffered themselves to be hacked to pieces. Others, when the battle was over, stood in mourning by their wagons and killed the men that fled, some their husbands, some their brothers, some their fathers. They strangled their little children with their own hands, and threw them under the wheels and horses' feet. Last of all, they killed themselves."

The Teutonic marriage code was strict and sacred. "There is nothing," says Tacitus, "more praiseworthy in the national character. The bride brings no dower to the husband; he makes presents to her, not gifts adapted to a woman's taste nor suited to adorn her person, but a yoke of oxen, a bridled steed, a shield, a spear and a sword. These remind her that she is not free from the perils of war nor cut off from aspirations after noble deeds, that she is received by her husband to be his partner in toil and danger, to dare with him in war and suffer with him in peace. Among some tribes women married but once. On the death of their husband, they remained always wid-

ows. "They are satisfied," says Tacitus, "with one husband, as with one life, one mind, one body."

Early marriages were not common among the Germans. "It is considered most disgraceful," says Cæsar, "for a youth to wed before his twentieth year." "They marry late," says Tacitus, "full grown, and vigorous and well matched; the children inherit the vigor of their parents." "With this race," says Taine, "marriage was pure, chastity, instinctive." "No one in Germany," says Tacitus, "smiles at female vices; they do not call it 'the way of the world' to ruin and be ruined." "With these people," exclaimed the great historian, "good morals are stronger than elsewhere good laws." "This race," says Taine, "has discovered moral beauty where others discover sensuous beauty." The victory of man's better nature over beastly passion has been promoted by the noble thoughts of philosophers, the sweet dreams of poets and the beautiful fancies of artists; his conquest of the physical world has been achieved by the powerful aid of science and invention. Among all the beautiful conceptions and all the powerful forces that have wrought the marvel of human civilization, there is none more beautiful, none more powerful than the Teutonic conception of marriage. It is an ideal

born of restraint and honor and chivalry in man; of courage and purity and devotion in woman.

The last quality which I shall notice in the Teutonic character is reverence. They looked upon life with an earnest, serious, reverent spirit. In the midst of victory and feasting they thought of death. Hear the song of Hamda in the elder Edda:

"Well have we fought;
On slaughtered Goths we stand,
On those fallen, by the sword,
Like eagles on a branch.

Great glory we have gained;
Though now or to-morrow, *we shall die*;
No one lives till eve
Against the north's decree."

We have seen this race to be men without fear; but they were full of reverence. They had a lofty sense of duty. With them life was more solemn than death. The song of Beowulf, as he lay dying, shows the spirit of this race. "I have ruled this people fifty winters. There was not any king of my neighbors who dared to meet me with warriors. I held mine own well. I sought no treacherous malice, nor swore unjustly many oaths. On account of all this, though sick with mortal wounds, I may be joyful. With these people life is a duty. 'the world is a warfare, and heroism the highest good.'"

The reverence of a people is displayed most strongly in religion. The gods of Greece and Rome were really human beings transferred to Olympus. They

possessed in perfection the human qualities of beauty, strength and wisdom. They courted, married, fought, cheated, drank, swore, lied; in short, practised all the virtues and vices that marked an accomplished gentleman of that day. The temples were filled with statues, before which knelt the worshippers. From the knees of Jupiter hung a slate, on which each person wrote a list of what he wished to obtain. In every Roman family were images of household gods. Sometimes they were given a seat at the table, and food was placed before them. When Æneas fled from Troy he carried the Trojan gods along on his back. He was afraid the Greeks would steal them and gain their favor.

The ancient Germans made no images of the deity, nor did they worship in temples. Their gods were invisible and grand. "They do not think" says Tacitus "that it accords with the greatness of deity to confine it within walls or to represent it by the likeness of a human face. They worship in woods and groves; they call by the name of God the abstract idea, which they see not with human eyes, but only with the eyes of reverence." They had fulfilled by natural instinct the divine command of Jehovah, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." They wor-

shipped the unknown mystery of an over-ruling power, unlike the powers of earth.

We may see that this race was fitted for Christianity. It felt a natural longing for something higher than earth; it was filled with strong and noble reverence. "More than any people in Europe" says Taine, "they approach by the simplicity and energy of their conceptions to the old spirit of the Hebrews." Indeed the Teuton was born almost a Christian. He was groping in the dark, but he was nigh unto God. And soon the sweet light of the gospel warmed into eternal life the sacred germs that slumbered in his soul. The deep reverence of this race has guarded from idolatry even the worship of Christ. When Europe lay shrouded in the darkness of the middle ages; when learning and virtue were buried, and vice was allied with superstition; when priests were tyrants and men were slaves; again was God forgotten, again men worshipped idols, again religion was of earth. Sins were confessed to men, and mercy was bought with money. Prayers were offered to saints; and the sensuous worship of Jesus, *the man*, and Mary, *the virgin*, supplanted the reverent worship of *God*. For hundreds of years this idolatry lasted, until finally it was crushed by the Protestant Reformation. It was a grand protest of the

human soul against priestly dominion, a battle for liberty and purity of worship. It was natural that this battle should be fought in Germany, the home of reverence and spiritual longing. "While the rest of the world had gone to America and the Indies, looking for gold and earthly power, a simple German monk, turning away from things of sense and empty forms, was finding *Him*, whom once the disciples had sought in the sepulchre of stone;" was finding *Him*, "the way, the truth, and the life."

And now the German monk shouts loud and clear the words of truth and freedom. Europe is shaken by the thunders of his voice; and kings and pope start up in fear from drunken slumbers of power.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before the judgment-seat."

Soon he is summoned by the emperor to answer for his heresy. Princes and earls and dukes and counts and cardinals and bishops, all the great men of earth, go to

the Diet at Worms to make him recant. He travels to Worms in a plain farmer's wagon. He carries in that wagon the heart of the German peasantry, the hope of humanity. He approaches the city, and is warned to beware of the fate of Huss. He replies: "Huss has been burned, but not the truth. I would go to Worms, though it were crowded with devils as thick as tiles on the rooftops." This is the spirit of the soldier that fought for German liberty in the Teutoburg Forest, now the soldier of God and humanity. The next day he stands before the Diet. He is facing all the powers of earth. He is commanded to recant his doctrines and change his conduct. In a clear firm voice he answers: "Here I stand. God help me! I cannot do otherwise." His spirit fired his countrymen; and the great battle was won. To-day every Teutonic nation is Protestant; is Protestant by virtue of its inborn qualities of courage and liberty, fidelity and reverence.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., NOV. 1, 1884.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

From all accounts that we have been able to find the idea of publishing to the world an exponent of student thought and sentiment was first carried out at this place about 1844. At all events, among the books in Mrs. C. P. Spencer's library we find a complete volume of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE of that year, and from no source have we been able to learn of an issue prior to that date. The MAGAZINE seems then to have been suspended until 1852, when it was revived under more favorable auspices. The new publication suffered little interruption until the trying days of '61. As the Southern sun was setting, the journal too went down. Some of the editors did gallant service in defence of kindred, home and right.

In '77, or '78, the MAGAZINE was again brought to life, but after an existence of something like two years "died of the measles." (We give Prof. Winston as authority for the last statement.)

In 1882 it was determined by the two Literary Societies that they should have an outlet for "whatever facility of expression,

or power of thought," the members might possess. With this in view, the UNIVERSITY MONTHLY was brought forth, an unpretentious sheet of sixteen pages. Adverse criticism was lavish and compliments were few. It went on, however, in the "even tenor of its way," believing that "he who laughs last laughs best." Now, the publication has a good circulation, a fine advertising patronage, is eagerly looked for by the students, has strong friends among the Faculty, Trustees, old students, and leading men of the country not connected with the Institution.

Friends have written suggesting that the name be changed to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, as of old. President Battle favors it. Prof. Winston thinks it as respectable now as it ever was, and advocates strongly the change. All the members of the Faculty whom we have heard speak of it heartily endorse the move. It was first called the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and through all its ups and downs to 1879 was known as such. And to us it seems no less appropriate now. This is our explanation of the change.

FORMER EDITORS.

In the December issue will be given the names of all those who have edited this magazine since its beginning, so far as we can learn. Mention will be made also of their honors received and worthy deeds done.

VOLUME XVII.

In making investigation relative to ante-bellum editors of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, we find ourselves even more venerable than we had supposed. All told, this is our seventeenth volume.

LITERARY EDITOR HAPPY.

We have now quite a number of good articles on hand, and we trust those, whose contributions have been accepted and have not yet appeared, will not grow impatient. They will appear in due time.

We have the pleasure of publishing in this number the excellent paper on "The Three Great Races," by Prof. Winston. It is indeed a masterly effort. The professor has written this in his most pleasing style and after diligent research in the original languages of those whom he discusses.

To prevent any break in so important a subject we have published it entire, and we trust the writers of our continued pieces

will pardon us for their omission this time. Descriptive notes of Travel, No. 3, and Old Days in Chapel Hill, No. 5, shall appear in our next.

LOGANTILITEROGRAPHY.

It seems that some of the attendants of the last Normal were inventors as well as instructors. They have invented a language which is peculiarly their own. It is adapted especially to the use of those who like to indulge in tete-a-tetes and is unintelligible to all except the initiated. Every consonant is represented by a certain combination of letters, while the vowels remain the same. The old and familiar sentence, "I love you" is transformed into I lul-o-vuv-e yack-o-u and the magical "yes" which can sometimes soothe the wild emotions of a troubled breast becomes yack-e-sus. Another one of their number, with the aid of a few big dictionaries has coined a name for this strange mode of speech and it is Logantiliterography. This he most respectfully dedicates to the Normalites of 1885.

A MODEL FAMILY.

The most perfect picture of earthly contentment is a happy, Christian family. The worst phase of discord and misery is illustrated by a family whose members cannot live without internal feuds, petty

broils and unceasing contention. In our wanderings we have chanced to find a family, a large one, whose example is worthy of emulation. Some of the striking features are these: All its members vie with each other in performing every duty which devolves upon them. Each one labors for the benefit of the others, and thinks only of making them happy. No thought of self seems to enter into any of their actions. Each one is happy if the happiness of the others can be augmented. We might search over the whole range of classic literature and be unable to find a similar case of mutual devotion and affection. The words which Erasmus used when writing of the family of Sir Thomas Moore might well be applied here. "A house where the principal care is virtue and piety, where idleness never appears, where intemperate language is never heard, where regularity and order are preserved by dint of kindness and courtesy, where every one performs his duty and yet all are so cheerful as if mirth was their only employment—such a house ought rather to be termed a practical school of the Christian religion."

STRONG DRINK. THE ONLY CURE.

No one denies that intemperate uses of alcoholic liquors produce great evil. Even the most de-

graded disclaim any respect for drunkenness itself. No man ever believed when he took his first drink that he too would fill a drunkard's grave. Yet such has been the turning point in the lives of those who have become reckless, debased specimens of fallen humanity. This is patent to all observers. Still the mighty battalions march on to ruin and woe. Widows are made destitute, children orphans, and basest crimes perpetrated as a result of its use. O, God, is there no remedy for the evil? Is there no hand to stay the dread plague, worse by far than the black cholera or yellow demon?

The most prodigious efforts of organized societies have failed in the laudable purpose of checking it. The strong arm of the law has shown itself weak in suppressing the evil. Writers have written against it and preachers have preached against it, but the deadly curse still has its sway. Every conceivable means, save one, has been tested, and all alike prove fatal.

Only the beauty of the land can effect the great end:

Let them rise in their might, for they are strong when roused to action, and something can be done. Let them banish from their society, forever, those who so far forget self-respect, the friendly counsel of wives, mothers and sis-

ters, and indeed common decency, as to intoxicate their God-given reason with the diabolical stuff.

Much moral courage will be requisite to decline the offer of attention when the young man is "well connected," or a "man of means," yet it should be done. This is the only possible way to kill the evil, and we fear an improbable one. Too many look at the matter, but on the surface—not deeply; too many fear that other ladies may receive more attention than they; too many have a false conception of right, or lack the courage to assert their convictions; too many worship at the shrine of *wealth* and *aristocracy*.

Not a great while ago a striking example of this last came under our observation. A prominent young man took to drink. One lady friend cut him. Another received and encouraged his attentions, and in justification said that it was nothing to her how young men acted when away, provided he associated with ladies of "first families," and behaved in her presence.

For these reasons the case seems hopeless. Just so long as the favor of those young men who are noted for their profanity, love of drink and the card-table, and as fast young men, are courted and encouraged, just so long will the curse stalk abroad in the land.

WISE COUNSEL.

It is the custom now for nearly every young man to aspire to the Law. Young men who are not prepared for this profession go into it, and hence make poor and unknown lawyers.

A great many of these young men would do well in other pursuits and be ornaments to society and useful citizens. Yet they take up the foolish idea, that to be great one has only to be a lawyer.

This profession above all others requires thorough preparation. A young man should think much and very earnestly before he enters this one of the greatest of all professions.

One of our boys who is now at home reading Law, writes to one of his friends the following: "Study hard, my boy! These are golden moments you are spending now. Train your mind well, and learn to think patiently and analytically on subjects, and when you get to Law everything will come easier to you than to common men of little or no advantages. Above all things—next to a good conscience and a strong and determined will—an excellent education will do you more good in this life than any other one thing. Turn over a new leaf to-day, and be thorough. Of all things I have to regret is the want of thorough preparation

of my studies. You may think that they are impracticable and theoretical and all that, but I tell you that in the study of the Law—a study that is almost infinite in its boundaries, the farther you go into it the farther off seem its limits—there is no learning that does not help one to master it—to grapple with and gain thorough knowledge of its numerous vexing difficult and perplexing questions.”

It is but justice for us to say that the writer we have quoted from, despite his modesty, does not belong to that unfortunate class of young men who enter the Law without thorough preparation. While here, he was among the best students in College.

THE OUTLOOK.

All the friends of the University should be encouraged by the outlook.

Providence seems to smile on the efforts to revive its prosperity and influence. We will mention several facts proving the truth of this statement.

1st. The attendance has increased so that on our University Day, October 12th, 1884, we had 216 students on the roll. Over 200 of these are from North Carolina. Leaving out law students, taking no under-graduate tickets, we have about the same number

working for the regular University degrees.

This is as good a showing as is found at the University of Va., we are informed. The superior numbers there result from the large attendance in their medical and law schools, well supported out of the funds of the institution. If the General Assembly of our State will appropriate what Virginia does for her University we will soon have our law and medical schools equal to hers and thus save at least \$80,000 per annum to our people. Prof. Manning and Dr. Harris, not receiving any salary from the University Treasury are obliged to spend much time in their practice. The medical department is further crippled by not being able to grant diplomas in consequence of the paucity of instructors.

The foregoing statement certainly shows that the University has regained the favor of our people. Notwithstanding the unprecedented hard times the fathers and mothers of the State have increased our numbers, at least 25 over what we had at this date a year ago.

2nd. There cannot be found anywhere a harder working, more enthusiastic and harmonious Faculty. They are excellent teachers. There is no “red tape,” no stiffness or angularity among them. They are devoted to their work,

are friendly with the students, and the students are friendly with them. There are no bickerings or jealousies among them. They are improving themselves constantly and giving their classes the benefit. For example, one Professor in 1881, another in 1883, and a third in 1884, visited Europe at their own expense in order to extend their knowledge of their departments. It is probable that another will do the same in 1885. They are departing from the old policy of isolation. They are making themselves felt among our people in scientific and educational matters.

Two of them investigated the tornadoes last spring. Another aided the Board of Agriculture by freely working in the swamps last summer for specimens for the Exposition. Four or five of them aided in instructing the teacher-pupils of the Normal School. They often deliver public lectures. They have established a Scientific Association, the first of the sort in the South, which has been remarkably successful in stimulating interest in scientific subjects. Its first annual publication was an agreeable surprise to our people for its able essays by members of the Faculty and by students. It is contemplated to establish at no distant date a Historical Association, which shall stimulate researches into the history of our

State, counties, towns, people, institutions and industries. In other words the Faculty of the University intend that it shall always be alive.

3rd. The third fact indicating a most favorable outlook for our institution is that as a general rule the students earnestly avail themselves of the advantages offered. Volunteers are always ready for extra work. While of course there are some drones, the working bees vastly preponderate, and their reputation for thorough scholarship is extending. This is proved by the constant demand for our graduates as teachers, President Battle always having more applications than he can fill.

The Faculty allow graduates to compete for the degrees of Master of Arts (A. M.) and Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.) without residing at Chapel Hill. They must be subjected to a rigid examination on what is equivalent to one year's study of books prescribed in three departments for the former degree, and the equivalent of two years' study in two departments for the latter degree. It is a cheering fact that we have seven of our post-graduates pursuing one or the other of these courses. Five or six others are taking similar courses at Johns Hopkins University, one at Yale College and one in Germany. Thus we have

about 15 of our graduates stimulated by our University instruction to desire greater perfection in literature and science. Of course in this list we do not include the much larger numbers, who are attending at various institutions in law, medicine and theology.

While the University is doing such good work, there is vast field for additional improvement. We badly need a library for reference. The books of the University Library while very valuable are old. We need many thousand dollars worth of new books on all subjects. We need additional apparatus, although we have bought many articles in Germany and elsewhere. We need additional professors. After providing the Memorial Hall we can accommodate our visitors at commencement, and we will not clamor for any other new building except a Gymnasium. We sincerely hope that the General Assembly will place in the hands of our wise and able Trustees funds for all these purposes.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Met as announced in last MONTHLY, on Oct. 7th, at the State Exposition. The State papers having spoken in full respecting the meeting, we shall say merely that we enjoyed it immensely. Our thanks are due the Exposition authorities for courtesies shown,

our friend McKoy, with Thurber, Wheyland & Co., for invitation to an elegant lunch, and to certain fair ones who added so much to the pleasure of our stay at the capitol city.

MISREPRESENTED.

Many highly colored stories concerning the conduct of our students have gone out in the State. We all regret this of course, but have always felt consoled by knowing that they were to a great extent untrue. Some little act of our students has been magnified into a great thing, and spread abroad as the usual action of the whole student body. Some thoughtless, ill-considered speech, carelessly uttered, has been made the subject of many a tirade against us, as though each and every one of us constantly gave expression to and acted upon whatever sentiment it conveyed. We have, we repeat, been aided in bearing these stigmas by the knowledge that they were greatly exaggerated. But alas! there come to us reports known positively to be true. What now is to mitigate the feeling of shame that we must feel?

We are sorry to know it, but it is true, that some of our students have, on one or two occasions of late, shocked every instinct of refinement. One of these times it was the loud and coarse profanity

used at the post office, under the very ears of ladies. No man who is addicted to such a useless and degrading habit has the right to shock the ears of gentlemen, much less ladies, with his language. Further than this, songs of the very coarsest vulgarity were sung within twenty feet of a room in which was a lady. Gentlemen, what are we coming to? Shall we permit such things to exist right here in the University, which ought to be a pattern to others, and thus verify the charge of "plantation manners" brought against us? In the name of decency we insist that those students who will be profane and vulgar shall not break every principle of refinement and gentlemanly conduct by such exhibitions. Do these men realize the reflection they are casting upon their mother and sisters? What poor reparation it is for a mother's long years of care and concern to be requited by such conduct!

There is one other thing we wish to mention. We were loth to believe it, but it has been stated to the writer as having actually occurred. Ladies passing through the Campus have been actually insulted. Remarks were made criticizing their appearance in tones loud enough for them to hear, and in another instance a student was heard to use language not often used by men to each

other. Shame! Shame!! We regret to know that there is any man, we will not call him a gentleman, for he is not, who will not only forget all the characteristics of a gentleman, but even slander his mother and sisters by publishing to the world that they can send out such a miserable and degraded wretch. We are sorry, grieved, that any such man should find a place in the University. I cannot find words to express my contempt, my utter loathing of that man, and I but voice the sentiment of the boys when I say it. He ought not to be allowed to stay among gentlemen.

I desire to say to those who may hear of this, and to say it emphatically, that there are only two or three boys who are thus disgracing us. Those who have the opportunity of knowing know that a large majority of our boys are gentlemen. Boys who so far from making it in the slightest degree unpleasant for a lady to pass through the Campus, would consider it their especial duty and privilege to protect her while in it. Nothing would pain us more than to know that ladies were compelled to leave the Campus because of such conduct. It is the desire of us all that they shall feel free to pass through the Campus and buildings at all times.

It is hard to say such things as

I have against students, but it seems to me a duty we owe ourselves not to let the whole body of students suffer for the acts of two or three. In the case last referred to, I might say that one man should bring reproach upon us. For if these things were said, I believe the man who said them is the only one in college so utterly pitiable.

THE EXPOSITION.

The attention of our people in all parts of the State has been turned toward the State Exposition. Even politics seemed for the time to be of secondary importance. Many a person has talked or written about the exposition, the crowded trains, and the dusty roads.

On the appointed day (Oct. 1,) the exposition was formally opened. Twenty-three companies of the State Guard were present; but on account of the excessive heat and dust the review of the troops which it was announced would take place was not attempted. There were some two thousand people on the grounds. Senator Hawley of Connecticut, (a native born North Carolinian) delivered the opening address,—an address nearly two hours long, which dealt with the rise and progress of Fairs and Expositions, local, national and international, our own State Exposition and our

own State's history and resources,—an address full of facts and suggestions but which did not prove to be entertaining to all of a mixed popular audience.

On the opening day very few of the exhibits were in order. For several days after the first the number of visitors hardly averaged five hundred per day. But after that time the arrangement of the exhibits were completed, and the number of visitors went up to many thousands per day.

As to the character of the exhibits at the exposition we hear the highest praise. Persons coming from other States, and visitors from different portions of our own State were alike surprised as to the extent and variety of the exhibits. They join in praise and commendation; and this praise and commendation in the opinion of the MAGAZINE is well deserved. No single State in the Union has ever brought together so extensive and varied an exhibit of its natural resources as was brought together from different parts of our own State, and as was to be seen at our own exposition.

It would be useless to attempt to point out all the advantages that may result directly and indirectly from the exposition; but one, and by no means the least important, is the educational feature. The people of the State

possess as a rule a better supply of words than of facts concerning the State's natural resources. But at the exposition every one could see for himself specimens from the different sections of the State which represent the woods, timbers and manufactured products, the building stones, the gems, the ores, coal, marls, phosphate rocks, &c., found within her borders. It is to be hoped, too, that some of our citizens may be stimulated to look more carefully about them for the discovery of something new, or to work more vigorously what they have already discovered.

The exposition was gotten up under great disadvantages—the shortness of the time, the political excitement, dry dusty season and poor crops, the general business depression over the country, &c., but it was a remarkable success. The State should be proud of it. The men who worked it up deserve the congratulations and thanks of the people.

Soiree Musicale, Alumnae Exercises.

The MAGAZINE returns thanks for an invitation to be present at the exercises given by the young ladies of this worthy institution during the Exposition. It was a *recherche* affair and immensely enjoyed. The music was exceptionally fine. Miss Jennie Simpson recited the history of the Asso-

ciation in beautiful style. Its composition was elegant and her elocution admirable. The prophet of the class, Miss Mattie Fuller, unveiled the destiny of her classmates in the most pleasing manner. Many were the encomiums bestowed upon her.

Miss Frank Faison was the poet, and evidently had been visited by the muses. Her production was received with great applause.

The reception given by the Alumnae was the occasion of great enjoyment, and will be remembered with feelings of peculiar interest and pleasure.

TWO EXHIBITS.

It was not our purpose to do more than mention the Exposition in a general way, as we have done in an editorial, but certain fair ones were so very kind in the Peace and Chatham exhibits that we shall make special mention of some things we saw there.

In the Peace display we noticed a specimen of beautiful tapestry called the Dana of the Harem; some excellent work in pastel, entitled The Girl I Know; an elegant panel, intended, we presume, as a part of a screen on which were painted most perfect roses of cream and crimson. The *re-pouse* work, and fired slate-top tables exhibited much skill on the part of teacher and pupil.

The practical uses of designing were beautifully illustrated, showing to the world that the young ladies educated at Peace are taught to be useful as well as ornamental.

We are indebted to the entertaining and accomplished Miss Jennie Faison for courtesies.

AT THE CHATHAM EXHIBIT the numerous and wonderful specimens of skillful work by fair hands were explained in a charming manner by Misses Daisy Denson and Carrie Jackson.

In our limited space we can mention but a few of the many wonderful things to be seen.

The lambrequin, beautifully hand-painted by Mrs. H. A. London, the Cabinet in scroll work, by Miss Sallie Hill, lovely paper flowers by Mrs. C. B. Denson, skillfully pressed grasses with the lines

"From Home
When not a leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams,"

by Miss Carrie Jackson, and Mrs. Horn's birds were specially attractive.

Mrs. Jackson's map of the country made from native mosses was one of the wonders of the Exposition, and the MAGAZINE rejoices that a special medal was awarded Mrs. Jackson.

THE PEACE RECEPTION.

On the evening of the 24th of Oct. the friends and acquaintances of the young ladies of Peace Institute had the pleasure of again

enjoying the reception annually given by that well and favorably known institution. Upon being ushered in we found ourselves in the very presence of beauty, vivacity and intelligence. The chattering of merry voices with now and then a low silvery laugh rising above it, the sparkling eyes and the beautiful faces illumined with smiles: all this and more intoxicated us; and we were soon lost among the gay throng of promenaders. Here and there were to be observed couples, who, separated from the throng, were whispering words "sweet" and low. Later in the evening ample refreshments were served in the large dining hall. From what we have seen and learned we would say that Cupid never did more effective work. Ah! "Could our pleasures ever flow, could our joys no longer know; the world could have no greater charm." But, alas! the sound of the bell warned us that the hours were as fleeting as they were happy; and then hands were pressed and hasty "good-byes" were said, and the reception of '84 existed only in the memory of the happy participants. In behalf of those who attended from the University we tender our warmest thanks for the many kindnesses shown us, and ask in return the pleasure and privilege of welcoming the young ladies of Peace here at our next Commencement.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE MAGAZINES.

If asked what gives the *Atlantic Monthly* the foremost place among American Magazines, we would answer, the character of its contributors. Oliver Wendell Holmes having just completed the life of Emerson, will write frequently for this Magazine during the year 1885. Among the serial stories of this year will be "The Princess Casamassima," by Henry James, "A Novel of Modern English Life," by Mrs. Oliphant, "The Prophet of the Great Smokey Mountains," by C. E. Craddock, Poems, Essays, and papers on Scientific, literary, and social topics will be contributed by such eminent writers as Whittier, Howells, White, Warner, Preston, Lathrop, Aldrich, and many others of national fame. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Subscription price \$4.00.

Education.—A Bi-monthly Magazine devoted to the science, art, philosophy, and literature of Education, is now in its fifth volume. It has in its short history made a record for itself as well as for the progress of education, that the best and oldest journals may well envy. We notice in the last issue an essay by Dr. Cur-

ry on "Citizenship and Education," and one by Horace H. Morgan, on "Our Most Pressing Need." These, as are the whole dozen of its contributions, are of a very practical character. Small minds cannot fail to grasp very large thoughts as presented in this Magazine. Its subscription price is \$4.00 a year, but by special arrangements made by us with the publishers we are prepared to furnish *Education* and UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE both for the price of one, namely \$4.00.

Christian at Work.—It is known already to many of our readers that the *Continent* has been discontinued, owing to heavy losses in the effort to give the country a *Weekly* illustrated magazine at the price of the *Monthlies* not at all superior to it in merit. Subscribers to the *Continent* will receive instead *The Christian at Work*, a most excellent paper containing one-half more reading matter than the *Continent* contained. The services of Judge Tourgee have been transferred to it, and under the head of "Migma" will be found those bold and sprightly little articles that gave the *Continent* so much character and individuality. We hope the

Continent may yet be revived; if it should be, this episode will have a good result, it will widen the circulation of *The Christian at Work*, and make two papers the house-hold idol instead of one. For sample copy apply to J. N. Hallock, 216 Broadway, N. Y.

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The October number of *The Book Buyer* is unusually full of literary matter, a large part of which is readings from the newest books and criticism on the same. The two most remarkable books, perhaps, of the season are Frowd's *Carlyle* and *Holmes's, Emerson*. If great subjects and great authors contribute anything to the merit of a book, these can certainly lay claim to great merit.

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Shakespeariana for September counts among its contents "Bacon's Studies of the History of the Winds Reflected in the Play of the Tempest," "Cressida, Daughter to Calchas," "Ode to Neptune," "The Signs of Approaching Death Illustrated from Shakespeare," "The Portraits of Shakespeare," &c. This literary review will complete its first volume with next number. The writings of no other man have ever been counted of sufficient importance to justify the publication of a review devoted exclusively to their critical study. What he wrote of another applies only to himself:

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."

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Few publishers are doing more for the cause of education than the New England Pub. Co., 16 Hawley St., Boston. Both *Education*, which we have mentioned above, and *The American Teacher*, issue from their office. This last publication offers more hints and suggestions to teachers than any other paper in our knowing. It and the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE can be had together for \$1.75 a year.

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We are indebted to Jno. B. Alden, 393 Pearle Street, N. Y., for continuous copies of the *Irving Library* and *Choice Literature*. In the October number of *Choice Literature* we notice the following articles:

The Women of Chaucer, by Alfred Ainger; Longer Life, *Cornhill Magazine*; Mohammedan Mahdis, II, by Prof. W. Robertson Smith; Jacob's Answer to Asau's Cry, by Brooke Lambert; The Steppes of Tartary, II, by Rev. Henry Lansdell, D. D.; About Old and New Novels, by Karl Hildebrand; Greece in 1884, by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy; Afoot Across St. Gothard, by James Baker; The Conflict with the Lords, by Goldwin Smith; Dynamite, *Cornhill Magazine*; Beaumarchais, *Cornhill Magazine*.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A large number of very recent books on *Questions of the Day* have just been issued by G. P.

Putnam's Sons, N. Y. The volume before us is entitled *The True Issue*, by E. J. Donnell. It assigns the cause of industrial depression and political corruption to tariff monopolies, and advocates reform in the interest of the manufacturers, farmers and workingmen. It is a very bold exposition of political facts and offers many arguments that cannot be controverted successfully by the ablest advocates of high protective tariff.

Hand-book of American Authors.—Oscar Fay Adams, (also author of *A Brief Hand-book of English Authors*) supplies a want long felt by the book buyer and student of American literature. It is a vol. of about 200 pp., and gives the names of all the American authors, the times and places of their births and deaths, the names of their works and publishers of same. It is the most convenient and perfect reference book of our literature yet published, and should be in the hands of all literary people. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 11 E. 7th St., New York. Price 75 cents.

Captains of Industry, a book for young Americans, is without doubt one of the best books of the season. It is by James Parton, the well known author of the lives of Franklin, Jefferson, Burr, Jackson, Greeley, and Voltaire. Its merits are so well told in the

Book Buyer that we clip the following:

Mr. Parton says his volume is "a book for young Americans," and calls attention to the fact that his sketches which it contains are of "men of business who did something besides making money;" under the apprehension, doubtless, that the rising generation are in danger of regarding the making of money as the one object in life. But aside from the lessons of thrift and industry that the lives of these men teach who shed lustre on ordinary pursuits, the sketches will be found to be in themselves notably interesting and valuable. They cover almost every branch of industrial life, and are written with great condensation and discrimination; one might almost say that there is not a superfluous paragraph in the volume. While Mr. Parton does not dwell upon the advantages of acquiring wealth, yet he writes in his preface a note to assure his readers that he does not underestimate the great benefits to be derived from a liberal bank account. "It is flattering," he says, "to the self-love of those who drive along Bellevue Avenue, Newport, in a shabby hired vehicle, to be told that they are personages of much more consequence than the heavy capitalist who swings by in a splendid curricule, drawn by two matched and matchless steeds in a six-hundred-dollar harness. Perhaps they are; but I advise young men who aspire to serve their generation effectively not to undervalue the importance of the gentleman in the curricule." Though the men whose careers he describes are not all capitalists, yet the "curricule" order are conspicuously numerous. How wide is the range of Mr. Parton's subject may be judged from a few of his chapter headings. He begins with the story of David Maydale, who acquired fame and fortune by the excellencies of the hammer he manufactured; he follows with sketches of the lives of Ichabod Washburn, the wire-maker; Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith; Michael Reynolds, engine-driver; Peter Faneuil, of Boston; Robert Owen, cotton manufacturer; Sir Henry Bessemer, John Bright, Horace Greeley, the elder Bennett, of the New York *Herald*; the three John Walters, successive own-

ers of the London *Times*; Sir Rowland Hill, William B. Astor, and some forty other representative men. A number of excellently engraved portraits accompany the text. [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25.]

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OTHER COLLEGES.

— The University of Edinburgh had 3,341 students during the session of 83-84.

— Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London Universities have opened their doors to women.

— Wake Forest and Trinity have each 36 freshmen, a remarkable coincidence.

— The attendance at some of the leading colleges for the current year is as follows: Michigan University stands at the head with 1,554 students; Harvard, 1,522; Columbia, 1,520; University of Pennsylvania, 1,044; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 561; Princeton, 527.

— Bishop Otey and Bishop Green of the Episcopal Church, and Bishop Payne of the M. E. Church, South, all attended the University of North Carolina at the same time, and studied together around the same tallow candle.

— The Freshman class at Yale is the smallest since the war.

— There is one college to every 100 miles of territory in the United States.

— In the past eleven years Yale has graduated 945 free traders and 341 protectionists.

— The average salary of all college professors in the United States is \$1,530.

— There are one hundred and four college graduates in the present House of Representatives.

There are sixteen fraternities represented in the University of Va., the largest number of any one college in the country.

— The following is the number of volumes of some of the largest college libraries in the U. S.: Harvard, 185,000; Yale, 93,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Brown, 52,000; Princeton, 49,000; Cornell, 40,000; Columbia, 38,000; University of Michigan, 29,000; Williams, 28,000; Colby, 18,000. Northwestern has upwards of 25,000 besides a large number of unbound pamphlets.

— There are 330 colleges and universities in the U. S., of which only 24 have more than 200 students, and only 17 have more than 20 teachers. A large number of these colleges furnish no better an education than can be obtained in a high school of the first class. One "university" in this country has 3 professors and 12 students; another has 2 professors and 18 students. These professors can take the college home with them

at night, and thus prevent it from getting into mischief.

— A cheerful advertisement is this: Try our coffins. You will never use any other.

“Tell me this,” he softly murmured,

“Do you love me true?”

And she answered, shyly blushing,

“Love you? yes I do.”

Turning then his glance upon her,

Solemnly and slow:

“Thanks,” he answered, absently,

“I only wished to know.”

—*Exchange.*

—Yale won the Harvard-Yale boat-race at New London and also the college base-ball championship.

— The Sophs of Lafayette cremated calculus at their last commencement with imposing ceremonies. Not a bit of use however. He is fire-proof and has put in his usual appearance here, much to the happiness of our Math. devotees.

— The Northern Colleges are politics mad. Cleveland clubs and Blaine clubs are being formed. The enthusiasm seems high and the fuss and uproar immense. They are uniforming, raise campaign funds, join in street parades and do everything but vote. Better tackle your Latin and Math,

boys. This country loses enough flesh and temper over politics anyhow without running the thing into the colleges.

Fresh are in luck this year. They were in the cane rush at Cornell, bruising up some of the Sophs badly, and at Princeton they won too out of three canes. We noticed however, that the valiant Fresh did not stay to do battle at our watermelon treat. In numbers they were mighty, but their staying powers were not great.

THE DUDE.

Richard wore his breeches tight;
Of this he did not think
When he put on the roller skates
To show off at the rink.

His first adventure was the last,
He'll put on skates no more;
He tried to kick the roof all in,
And sat down on the floor.

When Dickie dropped the girls all laugh-
It was an awful fall— [ed,
And when they had their backs all turned
He backed up 'gainst the wall.

He called a friend, took off the skates,
And giving him the wink,
Said; “Jim, lend me that long-tail coat,
I want to leave the rink”—*Ex*

COLLEGE RECORD.

Off for the Exposition! The rattle of the carriages and the yells of the students as they depart for the Exposition disturb the morning slumbers of the midnight lamp-burner, who, hurling maledictions at the wilful breakers of his repose, turns restlessly on his couch and murmurs: They have gone; yes, gone, and left me here to pore and plod. But ah! one cheerful thought comes to me o'er and o'er, soon it will be my time to rouse them from their snore."

The boys are loud in their praises of the Exposition and its attendant pleasures. It seems that their opinion of the excellence of Ford's Opera Company is unanimous. They say that the beautiful faces and fine physiques, rich costumes and exquisitely faultless voices of the actresses were charming; and that the excellent and accurate renditions of the nightly varied programmes were highly entertaining and instructive.

—"Once upon a time" a superstitious belief existed that if thirteen persons sat down to dine together one would be visited ere long by the messenger of death. Whether or not such a belief should ever have been credited or whether it is entirely inap-

plicable to the subject in hand we do not purpose to say; but only that said unlucky number (13) from the University law class applied for their license in October last, and that there was one "poor unfortunate."

—E. S. Allen, we understand, contemplates settling at Wilmington. Heriot Clarkson will continue to pore over the musty tomes of the law at his office in Charlotte. W. T. Dortch, Jr., will enter his father's law office at Goldsboro, where he will apply himself as assiduously as ever. Geo. B. King will hang out his shingle at Greenville. Hubert McClammy will display his oratorical, reasoning and persuasive powers before the jurors of Wilmington and the surrounding country. Robert Ransom—Ex. by means of his thorough knowledge of the legal science will win new laurels for himself in and around Waynesville. T. B. Wilder will be happy to lend his aid and knowledge to the citizens of Louisburg and vicinity. John W. Wood under Prof. Manning will complete the B. L. course, and Bryan Woodson, the champion punster, is going to settle at Kinston, where the people of that district will doubtless run

him for Solicitor in order that the guilty may always be "pun"ished.

—The Mt. Zion Baptist Association met with the church in Chapel Hill on the 7th of October, and continued in session three days. The body is composed of representatives from the Baptist Churches in Orange, Durham and parts of Chatham, Wake and Alamance counties. Rev. J. P. Mason was re-elected Moderator and C. R. Scott, Esq., Clerk. Rev. C. E. Gower, of Graham, preached on Tuesday night the introductory sermon, and on Wednesday night Rev. W. L. Wright, of Hillsboro, preached the Missionary sermon; on Thursday night Rev. C. T. Baily, D. D., of Raleigh, preached. During the morning and evening sessions the subjects of Education, Home and Foreign Missions, Sunday Schools, Church building and Colportage claimed the attention of the body. Prof. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest made a fine speech on Education in general, making special reference to ministerial education; Profs. Stallings of Thomasville, and Hargrove of Oxford, spoke on female education. There was some \$400 raised for ministerial education, besides other amounts for State Missions and Colportage; much larger amounts were reported as having been raised for various benevolent objects, during the year.

The body is in no way legislative but only meets to devise means for advancement of the general cause of religion at home and abroad. Every Baptist church is an independent body.

Many of the delegates and visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the University grounds and buildings; Rev. C. T. Bailey, D. D., of the *Biblical Recorder*, has the following, among other good things, to say about the institution; It is a pleasure to a citizen of North Carolina to visit the University under its present able administration and to see the two hundred polite and orderly young men who are there. *

* * With the wisest college President in the State at its head, and a faculty enthusiastic in their work. Chapel Hill is a gratifying success.

The meeting of the Association was in every respect a success. The next meeting will be held with the Sandy Level Church, five miles east of Durham, October, 1885.

THE SOPHOMORE.

About sixty days ago a communication was received by the Senior Class of this institution from the Senior Class of Yale College asking them to box up a Sophomore and send him to them, as they wish to find out if he was like other people. The request

was not granted. A student here, one who has made the Soph. a study, gives us the following description of those of this day.

The Soph., when he returns from home in the fall, feels that he has been imposed upon, insulted, slighted and neglected. He feels that due deference was not paid to him during the previous session and there is in him a vague desire to get even with somebody. He feels that he is not at liberty to avenge himself on the Juniors who were his oppressors during the past year. His respect for the Seniors is too great for him to wreak his spite on them and as a last resort he turns to the timid and unassuming Freshman. He goes up to the Freshman, who is his younger brother, shakes hands with him, expresses his great pleasure at meeting him and hopes that he is well. He then sits down and asks the Fresh. a few questions, where he is from, how old he is, what class he is going to enter, what studies he has passed on, etc. The Soph. soon finds out how much he knows and is able to predict with tolerable accuracy the standing which he will take in his classes.

After a little while his philanthropic nature is aroused and he fears that his aforesaid brother is studying too hard and is confining himself too closely to his books. He visits his room during the wee

small hours of the night and advises him to take more exercise. This the Fresh generally declines to do, especially at that hour. But the Soph. does not like the idea of abandoning his newly acquired philanthropic principles in so short a time and he has often to resort to an eloquence more persuasive than words before his brother will agree to take this much needed exercise. He wishes no one to thank him for the deeds of philanthropy which are performed during these nocturnal expeditions and to prevent his identity being known and to avoid the many expressions of thanks which would naturally follow, he assumes a false moustache or plays the role of a descendant of Ham.

He forms an important element in the faculty meetings, and when he comes forth from the trying ordeal he becomes the lion of his class. He is seen at prayers occasionally and is an average student, sometimes, however, on Latin he is forced to make the excuse "unprepared *to-day*, Professor."

We also see him on the play ground. He is the best baseball player in the nine and can kick a football farther than any man in college.

He is by no means an unimportant element in the Societies. He thinks that he is not receiving justice and rises to a point of per-

sonal privilege and to a point of order about every two minutes. It takes him ten minutes to answer a charge which any one else could answer in thirty seconds. He comes on debate when he can get a chance and always advises the President to decide the question in his favor. In the library he looks wise and refers others to such and such a place for a certain book with an air that is astonishing to behold and the learned dissertations on Greek and Physiology which he delivers to his Freshman friends draw from them exclamations of admiration and wonder.

But yet, with all his faults, the Sophomore has some good points about him. He is kind and courteous to strangers and manifests much pleasure in showing visitors over the college grounds. He is a regular attendant at church. He can knock croquet, is a great gallant and is always admired by the ladies.

— The charter for the erection of the University was granted by the Legislature in 1790, and the corner stone of the Old East building was laid on the 12th of Oct. 1793. For the purpose of commemorating this important event, the 12th of Oct., University Day, is set apart as an annual holiday and observed with appropriate festivities. This year

the day falling upon Sunday was celebrated on Monday, the 13th, with the usual ceremonies. The ladies of the village, showing their appreciation of the day by their presence, added greatly to the enjoyment of the students. President Battle delivered an exceedingly interesting and entertaining address, consisting chiefly of reminiscences of the University's sons whose names are to be perpetuated upon tablets in the Swain Memorial Hall.

Prof. Jno. Manning, responding to the call of the boys for a speech, spoke feelingly of his recollection of some of the men whose lives had just been reviewed by President Battle.

The University has been exceedingly prolific in producing great men, and the names of some of her sons from almost every profession and calling will be inscribed upon these tablets. The memory of our Governors, Senators, Judges of Supreme and Superior Courts, Ministers to Foreign Countries and Congressmen will thus be kept fresh. Here too the Law, the Clergy, the Medical Profession, the Teacher and the Scientist will be represented. The Confederate Dead, also, will have places. Yet with no view to keep alive sectional hostilities, "for side by side with those who wore the 'gray' will rest those who wore the blue." The Swain Me-

memorial Hall while it will be used as an auditorium for commencement exercises, &c., will in addition keep alive the memory of the University's great and noble sons and incite posterity to emulate their virtues and their greatness.

After the speeches by President Battle and Prof. Manning, and a song by the Glee Club the audience adjourned to the Memorial Hall, where a blue and white flag, a combination of the two society colors, was raised amid the deafening cheers of the students and the approving smiles of the ladies.

—The prizes offered some time ago to the persons obtaining the largest, and the next to largest number of subscribers for the UNIVERSITY MONTHLY have been awarded. The first (\$10.00) to Mr. A. W. Long, Chapel Hill, N. C.; the second (\$5.00) to Mr. E. B. Saunders, of Lilesville, N. C.

—The University Athletic Association, which was the means of so much benefit and amusement—and an occasional holiday last year; we are glad to say, has been revived and reorganized. The following are the officers for the year: President, H. W. Jackson; Vice-Pres., Geo. L. Patrick; Secretary, Wm. H. Carroll; Treasurer, T. Baker.

—Prof. in Physics: Mr. B., what is a fluid?

Mr. B.: "A fluid is any body

that can run." The class smile audibly.

—Maj. Stedman, an alumnus of the University, and the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina passed through Chapel Hill a short time since. The boys gave him a rousing demonstration, and in return received from his remarks some instruction in the art of "curling."

—One of the most potent little factors in increasing the number of associate members of the Y. M. C. A. at the University is the neat and attractive little badge recently introduced by the Association. The Fresh cry for it, the Sophs sigh for it, and all wish to join in order to secure it.

—Football and Lawn Tennis are all the rage.

—The Sophs, some of whom have been repeatedly taken for Freshmen, determined to be no longer mistaken for their innocent but despised brethren of the class of '88 and have adopted a class hat. From the selection of which, however, one would judge that they had not altogether outgrown their Freshman proclivities.

—The first meeting for this session of the Mitchell Scientific Society was held on Saturday, Oct. 18th. According to the new arrangement only members

are admitted to these meetings, affording in this way an opportunity for discussion among the members over any paper which may be read. In fact there are many advantages in the new system, enabling the members and all workers to learn more and get more real benefit from the scientific meetings. There are to be also a series of public meetings to which all are invited. Prof. Winston will deliver the address at the first of these, on Nov. 1st. At the meeting on Oct. 18th the President, Prof. Gore, gave a report of the proceedings of the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science at their recent meetings held at Montreal and Philadelphia respectively. Dr. Venable then read two papers, one on the Yopan leaf and the other on the "transpiration of water by plants," which elicited a good deal of discussion. The meeting, a very pleasant and successful one, was closed by a

paper by Prof. Holmes on the flora of Angola Bay, the professor exhibiting a number of specimens which he had collected in that region during his summer vacation. The society meets again in four weeks.

*
* *

Bishop A. W. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., will deliver the sermon before the graduating class in June next.

*
* *

The sound of the wood-chopper's axe as it rings out in the frosty air reminds us that Winter is approaching, and bids us prepare to give him a warm reception.

*
* *

The work on the Swain Memorial Hall is being pushed forward rapidly. The brick work is completed and the great roof is encased in its cover of slate. Workmen are now busily engaged in ceiling the immense walls and pencilling the brick work.



We do not know, we cannot guess
How much of mirth or happiness
It may be ours to share or give
In all the days we have to live.
We cannot tell if weal or woe
Will be our fate, but this I know:
My heart is not bereft of cheer
If friends go with me through the year.

PERSONALS.

C. D. L. I. •Fall in!!

Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed of Tartary.

It is a wise man who knows unto what party he belongs in College.

Skid classifies Sam Osborn's jokes as follows: 1st. Inducers. 2nd. Reposers. 3rd. Soothers. 4th. Somnambulaters.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" was well demonstrated the other day when Tubby was being shown to Prof. Winston's new recitation room by one of the servants.

Do not be surprised! Sam Smith has obtained his license and is practising law. Sam's fees all told at the latest report amount to fifteen cents, and he is surpassing the wildest expectations of his friends.

The following conversation took place between our two clothiers:

Mc. to L.—I am thinking about closing up shop. (L. laughs in his sleeves.)

L. to Mc.—Oh! don't do that. Competition is the life of trade. Say, what will you sell out for?

Jack Wood is a *changed man*—he has shaved off his moustache.

Skid is well again. Has been to Hillsboro, gained the unenvi-

able reputation of being dead; has seen the exposition, is studying law and quoting poetry and fine sayings generally.

• We fear that Prof. Holmes has applied that noisy *cat(?)* in chapel to his cat-Laboratory.

A freshman is a freshman the whole world over. One exclaimed upon hearing of the reduced fare to the exposition, "Hurrah! only one cent there and back!"

Our business editor has also been elected to that delectable office of fighting editor. Any one feeling himself aggrieved will please be governed accordingly. N. B. All fresh desiring to know when the *daily* edition of the MAGAZINE is to appear, will please oblige the business editor by calling on him.

We had a short letter from friend Dortch the other day. William has at last consented to form a copartnership with his father, and, strange to say, the firm is *W. T. Dortch & Son*.

The following effusion, handed us by "Our Poet," will explain itself. *Please apply restoratives when you finish.*

"I'll go to church, and not alone,
I'll with a maiden blithe and gay."

So with a heart as firm as stone
Merrily he did wend his way.

The service past, with ready zeal,
He adjusts his collar and cravat ;
But so elated does he feel
He altogether forgets his *hat*.

All nude his unhappy head,
A prey to "*skeeters*" and the *gnats* ;
"Beshrew the unhappy day," he said
When I foolishly forgot my *hat*.

But worst of all, ah ! cruel fate,—
Than loss of hat or bitten pate,
"The last *Rose* of summer's gone—
Has vanished and left me—only a
thorn."

We had the pleasure of seeing our old friend "Ped" McIver at the Exposition. "Ped" is teaching school at LaGrange and captivating all the *girls* by his brass buttons. "Ped" has put his shot-off-toe to good service, using the same as a barometer. Patent applied for.

A. W. Allen, Di. Debater's Medalist '82, has obtained his license to practice law. He will settle at Oxford.

John L. Borden, '84, is teaching in the Graded School at Goldsboro.

John W. Hays, Jr., '83, has an agreeable position in the Geological Survey under the United States, and is stationed at Cleveland, Tennessee.

Lee M. Warlick, '83, has given up his position in Charlotte and accepted a place as assistant in

the flourishing school of Fray & Morrison's Academy in Raleigh.

The item in the June issue relating to our former brother pen-pusher, was misleading. Bro. Newman is one of the Principals of a flourishing High School in Suffolk, Va., and is the pastor of a large and influential church in Berkely, Va. He is one of Virginia's rising men.

We have heard of only a few marriages—the brides having forgotten to send us the acceptable compliment of wedding cake. Among them are Ben. C. Sharpe, '80, and Miss Mary Settle, daughter of Judge Settle.

Charles W. Worth was the first member of the class of '82 to become lonely. Last August he was married to Miss Emma Walker, of High Point.

H. G. Osborn, '85, having passed the civil service examination, has been appointed to an office in the Interior Department, Bureau of Indian Affairs, and is pleasantly located at Washington. His desk is next to the chief of the office, and he cordially invites his friends who may visit the capital to call on him.

Of the 28 young men licensed to practice law by the Supreme Court in October 17 are University boys.

W. A. Graham, Geo. H. Mallet,

Alpheus Fields, Luby S. Smith and S. A. Meir—all University boys—are studying medicine at University of Virginia.

Donnell Gilliam, '81, is one of the electors for Cleveland. He has made a brilliant canvass of the 2nd District and has undoubtedly made many converts.

Rufus A. Doughton is running for the House in Alleghany Co.

W.W. Vandiver is an independent candidate for the House in Buncombe County.

Robt. Winborn is Democratic candidate for the Lower House in Hertford County. Rob. has made a fine reputation as Solicitor of the Inferior Court of his county.

J. M. Leach, Jr., is achieving brilliant success as an orator and campaigner—adding fresh laurels to his reputation gained while in college. We append his well-timed remarks in introducing our honored alumnus, Senator M. W. Ransom.

“My countrymen: That kindness is power; that a healthful spirit of nationality carries with it great political influence; that practical statesmanship is the need of the hour; all these truths are strikingly illustrated in the political career of Senator Ransom. Courteous to and beloved by his fellow Senators; liberal and rational in his votes; eminently practical in all the measures he advocates, he has, by means of his

own personal influence, brought more money into North Carolina, by way of appropriations, than *every member of Congress combined has been able to secure for us since the war.* During a stay of six months in Washington city, where I studied law, I had occasion to talk with men from all sections of this great country, and I had opportunity to ascertain the esteem in which Southern Senators are held, and I do assure you that while Bayard is considered better authority on finance; while Lamar may be a better constitutional lawyer, and while Hampton has many of the graces of address which make Mr. Ransom so popular; yet for the ‘just consonance and perfect balance of his whole nature,’ Mr. Ransom is considered the peer of any, while in personal power and *practical influence in the Senate*, he outrivals them all. Like Mr. Gladstone, England’s great political chief, Mr. Ransom has learned that the very genius of political wisdom is conservatism, and that all wise legislation consists in a series of patriotic compromises. I will remember it as one of the pleasures of my life, my countrymen, to have had the honor of introducing to you one of the great Democratic lights of the South, a successful legislator and representative North Carolinian—Senator Ransom.”

E. J. Hill, '77, will again be Senator from Duplin and Wayne. He will most likely be chairman of the Committee on Woman’s Rights.

D. E. McIver, Chief Marshal, '81, was earnestly pressed to run

as Representative from Moore, but declined. Notwithstanding his declination, he came within two votes of receiving the nomination, and had to decline time and time again before his friends would stop voting for him.

Dr. Tanner still continues to breathe famine and desolation in this land of plenty. We suggest that he consult a physician, or he had better take some appetizers ere he becomes a shadow.

We note with especial pleasure that Col. Paul B. Means, who often visits us as a trustee, will in all probability be a Senator from Cabarrus and Stanley.

Richard H. Battle, '54, has the eminent honor of being chairman of the State Executive Committee of the Democratic party.

Wm. L. Saunders, a classmate of chairman Battle, is on the State ticket for Secretary of State.

John S. Henderson, '65, is Democratic nominee for Congress in the Salisbury district, and Thos. D. Johnston, '61, is for the same office in the mountain district.

The Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor are both University boys, Gen. Scales having been one of the illustrious class of '47, and Major Stedman, of the class of '61.

Senator Z. B. Vance, who is

understood to be willing to be re-elected to the high position he holds, was an optional student in 1852.

A. W. Graham, '67, is running for the Senate from Orange, Durham and Person Counties.

Looking abroad we see a University boy, Augustus Van Wyck, '64, as chairman of the Kings County, (N. Y.) Democratic Committee, organizing a grand procession and barbecue in Brooklyn and making a strong speech of welcome to Gov. Cleveland. There are said to have been 70,000 people on the grounds.

MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday night, 1st inst., at the public meeting of this excellent Society, Prof. Winston delivered his promised address to a large audience. His speech was mainly a description of the buried city, Pompeii, its ancient inhabitants and their customs. The city was about as large as Chapel Hill, very compactly, but gorgeously built. It is supposed that only the rich lived there. Some of the buildings were so arranged that one might look down between the shops fronting the street, through open halls, past fountains, into a beautiful flower garden whose wall represented by its paintings one immense landscape stretching away into the dim distance. The

rooms, even sleeping apartments, were decorated with paintings conceived by students in the classics. The floors were done in Mosaic and Arabesque. One floor now existing has a picture of the Nile with its crocodiles and hippopotami.

In the buried city were found all sorts of equipments for war, surgical instruments, and mechanic's tools. It was a city of much commercial importance. "Art there is almost divine, and beauty inconceivable, but they had no noble aspirations. Eat, drink and be merry was their watchword."

The Professor closed his beautiful and instructive address with a delightful account of his reverie on a hill in the midst of the city just after witnessing the wonderful representation of gladiatorial combats and regal exercises by 500 trained actors and 50 gymnasts.

OUR CONGRATULATIONS

To Prof. Venable and his charming Bride.

On Monday afternoon at four o'clock, Prof. F. P. Venable was married to Miss Sallie Manning, daughter of Hon. John Manning, Law professor in the University. The ceremony was performed in the Episcopal Church by Mr. Wilhelm, the Presbyterian minister here. Hon. Mr. Manning presented the bride, and Prof. Holmes was

the groom's best man. The ushers were Messrs. Roberts, Manning, S. Jackson, Headen, London and Neal.

The happy couple goes to Baltimore for a week and then returns by way of Charlottesville, Virginia.

There was a large attendance of students and every one's countenance bespoke good wishes to these two souls made one.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,
Sept. 24th, 1884.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has chosen to remove from this life our friend and fellow member, D. W. Buie, formerly of Robeson county, the Philanthropic Society of the University of North Carolina,

Resolves, 1st. That in his death we have lost a worthy and promising member, and his relatives a true and devoted kinsman.

2nd. That though he was with us but a short time, he endeared himself to all, and his loss is felt most deeply by those of us who knew him best.

3rd. That the community in which he lived has lost a valuable citizen, and the profession of journalism a talented and devoted member.

4th. That we extend our sympathies to his bereaved relations and friends.

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the record of this Society, that a copy be sent to the mother of the deceased, and to the *Robesonian*, the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and Hattiesburg (Miss.) *Herald*, of which he was an editor, with request to publish.

J. F. WEST,	} Committee.
S. L. SCULL,	
H. A. LATHAM,	

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our friend D. S. Waitt, Esq., who at one time was at Chapel Hill, comes to the front this time in a neat "ad." Mr. Waitt is a clever gentleman and reliable merchant. When you go to Raleigh give him a call and examine his well selected stock of hats, shoes, clothing and furnishing goods.

Note the change in Dr. Kluttz

ad. Examine his Xmas tricks to arrive in a few days.

Read all the ads and buy only from those who advertise, as our students do.

Chapel Hill boys will always find good accommodations at moderate rates with Dr. Blacknal at the Tucker House, Raleigh.

FALL OPENING!

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING At D. S. WAITT'S.

Short Sack Diagonal Suits, Four Button Cutaway Suits, White Vests, Fancy Cas. Pants, Nobby Style Walking Suits, Diagonal, Granite and Black Cloth D. B. Coats and Vests, Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, &c.

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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No. 3.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

An ancient barbarian despot ordered lashes and fetters for the Hellespont.

The Republic of Venice decreed the nuptial ring and lover's caress for the Adriatic. The vain, mad, ignorant spirit of Alexis is burning in some hearts that beat today and would condemn to chains and perpetual slavery all the maritime interests of the great American Republic. But unlike the Persian Autocrat disguising its selfishness it forges these chains amid false and vain invocations for protection to American labor.

The serene philosopher who penned the wisest, noblest and bravest political address ever promulgated — our Declaration of Independence — added to that immortal document a worthy supplement in his first inaugural. After describing the happy con-

dition of the country, he said, "with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, which shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities." Among other wise texts of civil instruction he added, "Equal and exact justice to all men; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened."

Now in the blazing light of these

great political truths, where is to be seen the justice of what are called protective duties on imports? Do those who petition for protection really invoke anything that can truly be called protection?

Protection! Against what? Against fraud, oppression and violence? Are they not free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvements? Is anybody attempting to take from their mouths the bread their labor has earned? Oh, no. No complaint is made by them that anyone is disturbed in property or pursuits or defrauded of the proceeds of his industry. Against what then is this protection by government asked? It is against low prices, certain producers complain that unless protective duties are kept up on the articles they make for sale, their neighbors will be able to buy cheaper somewhere else, and they will have to quit their business or suffer serious loss of profits. The evil they complain of is *low prices*. The remedy they ask is that the government shall make *prices higher*. Do they grade prices up to the satisfaction of their cupidity, and ask the passage of laws compelling people to pay those prices?

No. They know that our government, powerful as it is, could scarcely enforce a law so odious and palpably unequal. Do they ask that a tax be laid on the rest

of the community and the proceeds be divided among them to make up for the low prices? No, they are well aware that this direct bounty would be indefensible. They ask that they be assured higher prices by laws putting down competition; by laws virtually imposing taxes on products made for exportation and thereby giving them exclusive control of the market; stripped of all disguise, this is their request, and this they call protection. Protection! Protection!! Call it tribute, levy, exaction, monopoly, plunder, robbery if you please, or if these designations be too harsh, name it forced loan, aid, assistance, charity! *anything* rather than abuse the propriety of language by giving it the honest and benevolent name of protection.

Considered in the milder light of aid or assistance, can the principle be tolerated, that whenever any branch of industry is suffering from depressed prices all others must be called on by law to assist it?

On no better foundation is the structure of protective duties built. And this is simply equalization of income and virtual communism.

But if the principle will not answer when applied to all, is it more just when applied to only a part? Is it fair to give to certain classes

the exclusive advantage of demanding assistance from the rest of the community whenever by conditions or vicissitudes to which all are equally exposed their profits are depressed below the point of remuneration?

This is worse than Communism.

The latter would sequester all property for an equal division of it. It would seize the property of one citizen and transfer it undivided to some other to make his business prosper.

The protective policy is but one of many modes of discrimination against the South. Of the Supreme Court Justices all but one represent Northern States and he *misrepresents* Georgia.

The Southern coast is defenceless and its forts are dismantled and unmanned. After the Northern armies had laid waste our territory; after Sherman had made the infamous march toward the sea, leaving nothing behind him save chimneys that stand as sombre monuments of his heartless cruelty, to cap the climax of all our miseries, while we were not a part of this Union, they passed these laws which for twenty years, have stood as great barriers to our prosperity. I would not utter a word of injustice to any one. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I attempt to speak a word not sustained by facts!

The Southern people ask no fa-

vours, but we do ask, yea, we demand that the congress of that Union, of which we are called a part, shall repeal these laws which are working so disastrously to those interests pledged by the letter and spirit of the Constitution.

Never was scheme devised for legislative robbery of one part of the community for the benefit of another, however unjust or oppressive, but plausible reasons are found to justify it. To excuse this so-called protection, it is said the competition excluded is that of foreigners.

They say the fight is between home and foreign industry. Impossible! There can be no competition of a home industry with a foreign industry, except through some other home industry.

It is not the imports, but the exported articles exchanged for them; that in reality cause the competition. The real competition is with that home industry which produces the articles for export, which carries them abroad and brings back something in exchange for them. The right of exchange is sacred as the right of property. When the exporter has made his exchange and put his property into an article on which there is a protective duty in order to have the poor privilege of bringing his property home he must pay an unequal share of the

burden of taxation. If he tries to escape this unrighteous imposition, and sells his exports for money, then when he wants to buy the protected article at home he must pay a bounty to the home producer. So in fact the fight is between the non-exporting industries and those in league with them, against the exporting industries and those associated with them. And it is at last our own home labor painfully and laboriously extracting from our fields, forests and waters, the immense surplus that we send abroad and exchange for the productions of other people's that is stigmatized as foreign industry. And our own home laborers employed in these export industries are by this vicious system made vassals of protection lords.

No rational man opposes any of the protected industries. The objection is to a mistaken, unjust and pernicious plan of bettering their condition.

To be healthy and long lived they must be able to compete with the world, and have the world for a market. The longer a man draws a pension the longer he needs to draw it. The greater the support given by the Government to any industry, the less ability it will develop to take care of itself.

This bad system is injurious in its effects on public morals. Du-

ties are so laid that the richest portion of the community are not only exempt from their proper share of taxation but actually in many instances get bounties at the expense of their poorer fellow citizens.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

As surely as the truth, there is a just God, and that his justice cannot sleep forever, this sowing of the wind will some-day produce the harvest of the whirlwind!

The beneficiaries of protection are now strong and defiant. They have also powerful allies. That mysterious fraternity of mendicants and thieves known as the "lobby" is their friend. They know too that they will always have the help of that active, vigilant, numerous, well trained and constantly increasing corps of mercenaries that live on the government or expect to live on it, that prospers most when the revenue is greatest, the treasury fullest and the expenditures the most profuse, and who therefore are to a man the firm and faithful supporters of whatever system extracts most from the pockets of the rest of the community to be emptied into theirs. Contemptuous as they all are of opposition now, justice will yet overtake them, and when she comes in the storm of her wrath, the rocks and the mountains will not be able

to hide them from her vengeance.

The mailed Philistine of McNoply will yet be laid low by the simple sling and smooth stone of some shepherd boy of the people.

The great republic of the west has safely passed all danger from foreign foes. It will never perish by external violence. God grant it may live as long as time shall last. If it is ever to die the fatal day will come when diseases engendered in its own system shall have destroyed the vital principle of its existence. Equal and exact justice to all men!" Equality before equal laws and equal opportunity to all citizens, states and sections. *these*, THESE are the symbols of permanent union and everlasting political life! And in response to this demand of justice will go forth the decree that all taxation be *advalorem* on property and income.

I read a constitutional amendment of the not very distant future:

No import or export duties shall ever be levied by the Congress of the United States. Our ships must cut the waves as free as the ocean birds.

With all our people free, all equal under equal laws impartially administered; with free speech, free labor, *free trade* and *free seas*, we will in truth have no sections; but in their stead will stand a great political fraternity, embracing by gradual and peaceful union and assimilation, the whole North American continent, and fulfilling in its mission the brightest hopes that ever inspired the prophets of humanity. Then indeed would we realize on the grandest scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles.

Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand and poured the ocean round,
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge and bound the whole.

E. W. POU, JR.

Phi. Rep. '84.

INFLUENCE OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

Of the various secular professions which influence and mould society, none stands more prominent and powerful for good or evil than the Legal Profession; to none other is there a broader and more varied field. Its principles were given to man from the fiery summit of Sinai hand in

hand with the eternal truths of religion, and together they have shaped the social destinies of man in all ages.

The true object of the profession is to secure justice and protect human rights: it is now, as always designed to be, the science of justice—the science which defines

and guarantees the sacred rights of life, liberty and reputation. It protects the weak, the poor, and the ignorant from the impositions of the strong, the rich, and the learned; and dispenses even-handed justice to all. Such is the profession, its objects and principles; as pursued by men like Hale, Marshall, Clay and Gaston; and as such it must be pursued by all its followers who win the reputation of being truly great lawyers.

The legal profession springs from man's necessities as a social being. Without it society would be but a name. Men will ever differ in opinion as to their rights and duties even when without prejudices; and when blinded by passion and interest will differ more: thus the profession is necessary to the existence of all true civilization, and may be entered upon with the purest intentions and in obedience to the most honorable impulses. Injured innocence, oppressed weakness, calumniated reputation, endangered liberty, and threatened life, all appeal to it for protection and vindication. The claims of both sides must be clearly presented, that the course of justice may be defined, that the penalty may not exceed the offence, and that society may be protected from outrages. Of course justice itself demands that a lawyer shall not

sacrifice truth and honesty for his client, let him use every means consistent with *right* and *equity*;—"thus far and no farther."

The gravest charges ever made against the profession were provoked by the practice of indiscriminating and unscrupulous advocacy. It alienates the confidence of the people, and is the basis of the severe opinion that the whole profession is a useless and unhealthy excrescence on the body politic; itself a greater evil than all that it pretends to cure. A man who enters the legal profession with low motives and a false idea of its duties and responsibilities, is apt to strengthen the worst conceptions ever formed of it. With fees for his object, cunning and misrepresentation as his chief reliance, he spreads the meshes of the law, and, waiting for the entrance of the unwary, darts upon them like an eagle upon its unsuspecting prey. When thus pursued, it narrows the mind, chills the heart, and corrupts the whole moral nature. Of this fact Chillingworth, once great among the great, stands as a terrible warning to all those who are to follow him in the profession. We would utter our condemnation against only those members of the profession who pursue it in the wrong way and with ignoble purposes; who prostitute their talent for money, and seek to defeat the

ends of justice at the sacrifice of truth, right and honesty. It is against such members that outraged society *revolts*. Their pernicious influence gives Lynch Law its apology, and produces such horrors as the Cincinnati riots. Society will not always tamely suffer impositions. When it despairs of securing justice and self-protection through the channel of law, such horrors will naturally occur. The unworthy members of the profession who create pretexts for the violence of inflamed public opinion deserve all the reproach that is hurled upon them; but those who enter it and prosecute it with pure and lofty motives, challenge the admiration and gratitude of all good citizens. The profession binds the elements of society together and holds in place its discordant materials. In its loftiest character, it is a triumph of civilization, the enthronement of reason and justice where passion and violence once reigned supreme. It follows surely in the wake of civilization; and wherever we find civilized man, we will find legal tribunals. There is an inherent principle in the profession which inclines its followers to resist revolution and anarchy, and to array themselves on the side of law and order. De Toqueville says: "The influence of the legal profession on society will be for good, while it is allowed to oc-

cupy that high position in a community to which it naturally belongs." A peculiar cause of evil influence often exerted on society by the profession is seen in the neglect of thorough preparation on the part of those who enter it. This is especially true in our own country where too often the apprentice, yet at the instructor's desk, becomes the arbiter of the precious interests of people, and boldly meddles with matters of which he is entirely ignorant. Thus he plunges into active business before his mind has become imbued with the true principles of his profession, and too often its influence is "forestalled and counteracted by the winds and waves of party politics."

Still, its followers, with few exceptions, will ever be found on the side of liberty and order; opposed to violence and oppression. This was true in all revolutions of past ages, when the true spirit of the profession was properly understood and appreciated: and it would be an imperishable monument to the memory of lawyers if such were true of all popular disturbances. There is but one tribunal to whose dictation the legal profession bows, and to whose power it yields—*Public Opinion*. This is our great social and moral regulator, our High Court of last resort. It prescribes the rules of our social government

and modifies or reverses them at pleasure: by its judgments our laws and customs stand or fall; it dictates the course of assemblies, gives force to their actions, or nullifies them at will. In its decisions there is no regard for consistency of action, its edicts of to-day are reversed by those of to-morrow without hesitancy; but until this is done those edicts stand as the supreme law. When urged on by ignorant passion, or impelled by blind fanaticism, the course of public opinion is marked by the terrific violence of the tornado; but when influenced by educated reason, and controlled by sound morality, it moves with the gentleness of the zephyr. Thus it is by seeking to restrain, control and direct *Public Opinion* that the legal profession exerts its greatest influence. The important official positions which its members are chosen to occupy furnish conclusive proof of the confidence reposed in them by the people. How great then are their responsibilities! How jealously should they guard their trust! How careful should they be not to abuse their confidence! Its members are now at the helm of

our "ship of state," and whether she shall sail on in future as triumphant as she has sailed for nearly a century past, the wonder and admiration of the civilized world, or sink amid the billows of political strife and sectional animosity, will depend on the faithfulness with which the duties entrusted to them are discharged.

The liberties and destinies of fifty millions of people are entrusted to their keeping. The preservation or ruin of the nation is in their hands. Their past is filled with the images of their distinguished predecessors, who have long since passed from the busy scenes of life, but who have left their deeds of philanthropy and mercy still to shine in their full splendor, while the pulsations of the American heart go on.

One has said: "Before them is their mission, their destiny; not without perils, but with the lamp of experience and the light of the past to guide them, they may march proudly onward to hail others of their kind—

"Whose pious toils
Sacred to law, liberty and right,
Through every age divinely bright—
Shall shine, the boast and wonder of mankind."

HAMER.

Little Rock, S. C.

Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies."
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

—Young.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE HIGHLANDS AND EDINBURGH.

No. 3.

BY K. E. Y.

It was on Friday morning after our arrival in Glasgow that we set out for a jaunt over the lakes and in the neighboring highlands. A short trip in a compartment of one of the English railway carriages brought us to the little town of Balloch, situated at the southern extremity of Loch Lomond. Here the lake lay out before us like a sheet of glass, dotted here and there with many a picturesque island and having as a background the mountains beyond. On its bosom rested a little steamer, boasting in the name of the "Prince of Wales," and designed to transport us the length of the lake, twenty-three miles. We embarked and moved up the lake. The trip is one of rare beauty. The banks are green and wooded. The water, darkly clear, is so placid that it is an absolute mirror. Sky and mountains, sun and islands have their exact counterparts in the water beneath. So clearly are they reflected that one can scarce discern object from image, and the water line is only distinguished by the fact of its being the line of symmetry. The whole lake is flanked from the water's edge with green and lofty mountains and studded with beautiful emerald isles, little gems of ever varying shape, while august Ben Lomond stands sentinel over this quiet picture of beauty. Among the boat's company were some highlanders in their country's dress, bare knees and tartan plaid, skirt and scarf and bonnet; some provided with fishing tackle, others bent on other pursuits. As we survey old Ben Lomond in passing we observe that his summit consists of two peaks, one over-topping the other, and both covered here and there with patches of the poetic Highland heather, now of a sombre brown, but soon to be glorious in its bloom of lilac. As we proceed up the lake the boat now and then puts in at its several piers along the shore, each belonging to some finely kept hotel buried up there in magnificent *quiet*. The air is so pure and bracing, the mountains so high and impressive, the lake so calm and beautiful, that one cannot but long for the power to transport all his friends and relatives from their down-country homes in

Carolina and suddenly put them down on the bosom of Loch Lomond, that he may watch their pleased surprise! How pleasant it must be to spend a summer in one of those splendid hotels that nestle, so beautiful and quiet and cool, in the highlands along Loch Lomond's shores! And, too, to the tourists the country is fraught with historic and poetic associations. Here in their struggle for liberty the valiant Scots hid among their native hills, and sallied forth from their natural strong holds to drive back the encroaching tyrant. Here is the land of romance and of poetry, the home of Rob Roy and of Ellen Douglas, and that about which Burns loved so to sing. And, again, in history through these hills the valiant Wallace led his victorious followers, and the sturdy Bruce returned to claim his crown!

At the Inversnaid, where a pretty hotel at the farther end, where a little stream tumbles into the lake in a picturesque cascade, we disembark and take a coach overland to Stronachlachar at the head of Loch Katrine. In our ride we pass in full view of Ben Venue and Ben Ledi, and skirt the little lake Arklet, on whose banks, Scott tells us, the daring Rob Roy was born. While this author doubtless invested his hero with much of his glory, such an outlaw as Rob Roy really ex-

isted, and there was pointed out to us the house said to have been inhabited by him. It was a little stone hut with only one window, and covered with a thick thatch of straw, rather picturesque and very highlandish withall.

At Stronachar, which is simply a name for another hotel, we leave the coach and again take a steamer down Loch Katrine, another little "gem in the crown of nature," but neither so long nor so wide as Loch Lomond. In places it is quite narrow and in length only about eight miles. Its brown, yet crystal clear water furnishes the city of Glasgow. The beauty of our surroundings on Katrine differs little from that on Lomond. Beautiful little islands pass on the right and on the left, until finally we skirt quite close to famous Ellen's Isle. We are now in the very heart of romance. It was here, all will remember, that Scott tells us in the "Lady of the Lake," Ellen Douglas first spied Fitz James. Our boat glides along in this atmosphere of sentiment until it pulls up at the Trossach's pier and our ride on lake Katrine is over. The "Trossach" is a stretch of most beautiful wooded country lying between lake Katrine and the town of Callander. The road through the Trossach, which we followed by coach, is one of the prettiest drives in all Scotland, now winding through

over-arching foliage and again skirting along the lake's shore. At a certain point the curve that this path makes as it skirts the shore of lake Katrine has furnished a subject for a very pretty picture in Scotland, generally termed "the path by the lake," and one which the authorities of one of the most prosperous railroads in our State have boldly adapted to represent, in a catalogue setting forth the beauties and attractions of their line, "McDowell's Hill," Western North Carolina!

After stopping for dinner at the Trossachs' Hotel, we mount our coach again in a shower of rain and resume our ride. It was here that we met four jolly personages whom, by their "walk and conversation" we immediately spotted as representative subjects of Uncle Sam. It took us not long to form their acquaintance and to ascertain that they hailed from Dayton, Ohio. We had the good fortune to meet them several different times subsequently and to enjoy their pleasant company at several different places, both here and on the continent.

After winding around Ben Ledi and crossing Coilamtogle ford where Roderick Dhu and Fitz James held their memorable encounter, we arrive in course of time at the town of Callander. From the window of our railway carriage, as we journey by rail

from Collander back to Glasgow, we see as we pass Sterling, famous old Sterling castle and tall monument erected to commemorate the valor and patriotism of William Wallace, whose memory is so dear to the Scotsman. Soon we roll into the depot at Glasgow and our jaunt in the highlands is at an end.

It was about at six o'clock P. M., that we took the express from Glasgow for Edinburgh. A ride of about one hour and a quarter brought us to Scotland's beautiful capital.

Edinburgh, so famous in history and in romance, is one of the prettiest cities in all Europe. Princes street has few superiors anywhere in point of beauty, and the contrast afforded by the Old Town and the New, together with the natural surroundings of the city, render it a place altogether attractive. She may be said to sit upon three hills, the New Town occupying one, the castle and High Street another, and the south side of Cowgate a third. For hundreds of years after her foundation she covered only the central hill, and it was only about 854. A. D., that she began to be spoken of as a village of importance, and it was sometime in the thirteenth century that by order of Alexander II a Parliament was held in Edinburgh for the first time.

Princes street and the Gardens may be said to divide the Old Town from the New, the latter more handsome and ornamental, the former more interesting, so fraught with historic association are its narrow streets and antiquated houses. Our hotel commanded a view in front of Princes street Gardens and of the Castle beyond, perched on the summit of a high and, to the force of ancient arms, inaccessible rock. The rare beauty of the Gardens, is unfortunately somewhat marred by the passage of the railroad through their midst, although this is not such a drawback as it might be did it run through on level ground instead of in the depression or sort of ravine, that it does.

A recital in detail of all the places of interest and beauty that entice the sight-seer in this attractive city, would be tedious as well as unnecessary. One should not fail to follow Princes Street, and passing on through Waterloo Place, mount Cotton Hill. On this eminence he will find the Royal Observatory, and the incomplete and desolate looking National Monument, which, as a memorial to the heroes of Waterloo and on an exact model of the Parthenon at Athens, was founded in 1822 but, when patriotic ardor cooled, was abandoned and is now perhaps the more picturesque for its incompleteness. Here, too

besides numerous smaller statues and monuments, is the tall monument to Nelson from the top of which, as well as from the monument to Walter Scott on Princes Street—which, I will note, in passing, is one of the most magnificent memorials in the world,—can be obtained one of the best views of Edinburgh and vicinity. At your feet is the city, while westward and northward the whole Frith of Forth lies spread before you, with the island of Nick Keith, the piers of Leith and the Lomond hills and Ochils in the background. According to romantic Pennant it was in descending Calton Hill by a daring feat of horsemanship that Bothwell first impressed the passionate nature of Queen Mary.

The same attractive view is obtained from another stand-point by ascending Arthur's seat, a hill just without the city, which, by a faithful stretch of the imagination, is supposed to resemble an immense chair or couch for the giants, and displays to view the well-kept Queen's Drive, winding around its base. You should not omit a walk on High street and see the historic Canongate, the Canongate Tolbooth, or prison of centuries ago, and the quaint architecture of John Knox's old house. In the new town also the handsome equestrian statue to the Prince Consort opposite St.

George's church, and the church itself, a miniature St. Paul's, are worthy of a visit. Of course every one will go to famous Edinburgh castle. One can scarcely imagine a more perfect stronghold, one so greatly fortified by nature and position. The immense rock on which it stands is so tall and precipitous that it is inaccessible save on one side alone, and was impregnable to ancient warfare. It is claimed that it was used as a fort by the aboriginal tribes before the conquest of the country by the Romans.

In the castle we saw the famous Scottish regalia, crown, sceptre, sword, and necklace, which the Scotch still cling to with patriotic devotion; Queen Margaret's Chapel, the smallest as well as the oldest in Scotland; and the bedroom of Mary Queen of Scots, no larger than an ordinary closet and in which James I of England (Sixth of Scotland) was born. Picturesque, too, is the garrison of the castle, in their highland costume.

To any one, for whom the checkered life and sad fate of the beautiful Queen of Scots possesses the same degree of melancholy interest and attraction as it does for the writer, Holyrood Palace is the first object of interest in Edinburgh. To this historic structure you may gain access every day on payment of sixpence, except on

Saturday, when admission is free. The guides are paid by the government. The north-west tower, containing Mary's apartments, is the only portion of the present palace possessing much antiquity, it being erected by James V. We are all familiar with the history of the unfortunate Queen, of her fondness for her favorite and secretary, Rizzio, of his murder before her eyes, of her connivance in the murder of her husband Lord Darnley, and subsequent marriage with his murderer, and of the enmity and jealousy between her and England's Queen which resulted in the sad fate of the guilty yet unfortunate Mary and rendered her palace a place to-day used for the reception of Elizabeth's successor when she visits the Scottish capitol. We visited Lord Darnley's rooms below containing a portrait of him when a boy, and saw the secret stair, covered with old tapestry, by which Darnley and the other assassins ascended to Mary's room to take Rizzio's life. We ascended to the Queen's bedroom containing the old bed on which she slept, magnificent in its time, and were shown what was said to be her old work box. Opening on one side we saw her audience chamber and also adjoining, on the opposite side, the little supper room in which she supped with Rizzio and where he was attacked and stabbed a dozen times

by Ruthven, Douglas and others as Darnley held her. The unfortunate man, after he had received his many wounds, was dragged out of the supper room, through bed-room and audience chamber and left dying at the entrance to the latter. Here his body remained all night, the tale goes, and here we were shown a curious discoloration on the wooden floor, which the guide seemed firmly to believe, was the stain of Rizzio's blood.

The audience room, like the other rooms, was decorated with tapestry and handsome oak panelled ceiling. Here Mary used to hold her quarrels with her despised opponent, John Knox. Here, we read, it was that she demanded of the Reformer, "Think you that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?" and received the bold reply, "If princes exceed their bounds, Madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power." And again, when Mary in a fit of anger rejected the counsels of her faithful monitor, Knox, always watchful of an opportunity, turned and addressed the maids of honor in this wise, "O fair ladies, how pleasing were this lyfe of yours, if it would always abyde,

and then, in the end, we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fye upon that knave, Death, that will come, wheddir we will or not."

From the palace we visited the Chapel, now roofless and in ruins, all that remains of the original abbey. Here are many old graves and quaint tombstones, somewhere among which, Rizzio found a resting place though buried first in the royal vault and afterwards moved to avoid scandal. In this Chapel, we are told, Charles I was crowned King of Scotland, James II, James III and Mary and Darnley were married, and the Papal Legate from Pope Julius II presented the Sword of State to James IV, which is now preserved among the Regalia of Scotland.

Before leaving Edinburgh one should see Burn's Monument, Wellington's Monument, the hospitals and more prominent museums, and especially her celebrated University and other institutions of learning. One might write on to quite a volume about Edinburgh, but my narrative, like my trip, must be a flying one, and hasten on towards the metropolis of the world.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

OLD TIMES IN CHAPEL HILL.

No. 5.

BY MRS. SPENCER.

To those who look critically into the record of life at the University fifty years ago, I think it will be apparent that a vigorous and healthful intellectual growth had at least begun. Dr. Caldwell was himself a student, and he was a man of active character. He was not a book-worm. He liked to see work going on all around him—improvement—results. He was by no means satisfied to be doing only as the fathers had done, to be moving in old ruts. One of his earliest aims at Chapel Hill was to have a good Library started and kept growing, so as to provide the workers on the University with the best tools. He projected and started in 1830 a weekly newspaper, the first ever published here, which, being controlled and edited by the Faculty, should be an organ for them, a medium of communication with the literary and scientific world. I have heard in later years, those who were well qualified to judge, say of this paper, "*The Harbinger*," that it was while it lived, much the best paper in the State. No file of it is in existence, but any stray copy which may be picked up here and

there will show that it took and maintained an elevated and dignified stand. The publisher of "*The Harbinger*" was Isaac C. Patridge of Newbern, now deceased for many years.

Dr. Caldwell was in some important respects singularly ahead of his generation. He thought for posterity, and had some far-seeing plans for the Internal Improvement of North Carolina, which even yet we have scarcely reached up to. It has been now twenty-five or thirty years since I saw Gov. Swain with a copy of Dr. Caldwell's "Carlton Letters" in his hand, letters written fifty years ago and addressed to the people of the State on the advantage and importance of Railroads. Gov. Swain loved to speak of them and point out their excellencies. There is in them a homely humor and force of illustration, a plain way of putting things, and such evidence of sagacious observation of the common people, their ways and their wants, as are rarely seen in a close student and man of Letters. In those points they are not unlike Sydney Smith's admirable lectures to the people of his parish.

The melancholy side of such efforts is that nobody minded them. The people for whom Dr. C. wrote, never read the "Letters."

A dozen or two of the gentlemen then prominent in the State did read, did admire and applaud, but no action was taken in consequence. How many farmers read the papers in 1830? As I have pointed out before, the general population of North Carolina was rude and uncultured in the early years of the century, and among the better classes the leaven of infidelity which the French Revolution had made fashionable, prevailed largely. Earnestness, thoughtfulness, studiousness, enthusiasm in any good work were things unknown to the large majority, and were too often objects of scorn and incredulity, and targets for wit among the educated minority.

Still, admitting all this, I firmly believe that the University of North Carolina was in those early days a bright light in a dark place. Dr. Caldwell and his colleagues earned and retained the respect and confidence of the educated minority and they laid those foundations of morality, of reverence for the Christian Religion, of respect for education and literary eminence without which all other efforts for the advancement of a commonwealth prove worthless and short-lived. This kind of

work is not apt to be productive of any immediate, startling results. But *it tells* on the character of a people, in the long run.

That the leading men of the State, the educated minority, who were almost without exception, Trustees of the University, were men of liberal views, of intelligence and foresight, is evidenced by the one fact that in 1824 they requested Dr. Caldwell to visit Europe, for the purpose of purchasing books for the University Library, and in order that he might superintend in person the construction of a Philosophical apparatus. This was sixty years ago. Would the Trustees of this day venture to send President Battle to Europe, and on such an errand? Would't they be afraid of losing popularity in the State by such unbounded extravagance, and of thereby jeopardizing some chance for office? North Carolina is a good deal richer than she was in 1824. Is she much wiser? Is she more liberally disposed towards Letters? If she is, it is largely owing to the influence of this very University, especially its influence as exerted since its revival under the guidance of President Battle. He too has been a President who did not desire to run in ruts, and who has been on the look-out for the best that is going in the present day. In my mind the present Trustees of the

University could not do a better thing for this Institution now than to emulate the example of their fathers and send its President abroad to gather what a cultivated, ripened and enthusiastic mind could not fail to find appropriate to our needs in the academies of Europe

Sixty years ago a voyage across the Atlantic was a serious business. One likes to imagine Dr. Caldwell's feelings on undertaking it. After a short stay in London, he proceeded to the Continent, passing through Paris and Lyons to the lower Alps and thence down the Rhine to Frankfurt. Returning to England, he visited Scotland, and finally returned to America after an absence of ten months, having been entirely successful in all the objects of his journey. The excellence of the instruments he provided, and the value of the books then added to our University Library, attest the fidelity and skill with which he discharged the trust committed to him. The most interesting result of this visit was the strong feeling excited in his mind on the subject of internal improvements—a subject which perhaps engrossed more of his thoughts during his last years than anything else connected with this world. Then appeared the Carleton Letters, before alluded to. He brought with him

from London a small model of a locomotive engine, and a circular railway, which I suppose was looked upon in those days as nothing more than a very ingenious toy. The Dr. however saw its future development and capabilities, and what the invention was to do for this continent. And he was never tired of bringing the subject before the public, or enlarging on it in conversation with his friends. Dr. Caldwell's house was a most hospitable one. His table was well spread and generous. Every New Year's Day there was a grand dining for the members of the Faculty and their families, enlivened by all that wit and wine can do to cheer.

The first attack of that disease which finally brought Dr. Caldwell's life to a close occurred in 1828, after which he never was in the enjoyment of good health. Nearly the whole of the six or seven years that elapsed before his death was a period of unremitting suffering. He was often the victim of excruciating pain, but seldom alluded to it, even to his most intimate friends. Exerting all his powers of self-control, he endured to the last, maintaining an air of serenity, and attending to the duties of his office even when racked with pain and worn and wasted by sleepless and tortured nights. Nothing could impair his devotion to the interests

of the institution which he had fostered so long; nothing could induce him to relax from his labors.

"Sepulchri, immemor struit domos."

On the Saturday previous to his death, he retired from the lecture-room to his bed, from which he never rose again, but under the impulse of his mortal agonies.

He preached his last sermon in the village meeting-house, during the winter vacation of '34-'35. I remember the day. It was gloomy and bitter cold. There were no stoves in Chapel Hill then, and the congregation was small. Dr. Caldwell took the whole of the 23d Psalm, ("The Lord is my shepherd,") for the ground of his discourse. I was one of two or three little children who sat shivering among their elders, looking up at the benignant, strongly-marked countenance, which we then saw for the last time. The "rod and staff" of which he spoke were soon to support his own footsteps through the dark valley.

On the evening of the 24th of Jan'y, 1835, his terrible disease made its last ferocious assault with such violence that he knew his hour of release was come. And he hailed it. He was well furnished for the last conflict, and his affairs having been long set in order, he gladly withdrew his thoughts from all earthly objects and calmly looked upon that futurity to

whose verge he was come. His religious character was not the formation of a day, nor the hasty and imperfect work of a dying hour. The inestimable consolations of his faith became brighter and stronger as death drew nearer, and though his hope was modestly and humbly expressed, yet it was also confident.

For three days the struggle was protracted with such intensity of suffering that his vigorous and well-balanced mind at last sank under the contest. His old friend, Dr. Webb, of Hillsboro, one of the most skillful and widely known physicians of the day, was with him, and he breathed his last surrounded by all the members of the Faculty. He died in the parlor of his own residence, which, being purchased by the University after Dr. Hooper left Chapel Hill, was occupied afterward by Bishop Green, and subsequently, for eighteen years, by Gov. Swain, who, thirty-three years after Dr. Caldwell, breathed his last in the room on the opposite side of the hall.

That ample and old fashioned parlor has been the scene of many an interesting assembly. There I have seen funerals, and stately weddings, and as lovely brides as the sun ever shone on. There for years Bishop Ives administered the rites of confirmation, and of communion, and of baptism, while

parlor, hall and piazza were crowded. This was in the day, after Dr. Caldwell's when the Episcopal Church was not yet built, and Dr. Green held the Church services on Sunday night at his own house. Those venerable oaks have shaded three generations of as unique a society, have waved over the coming and going of as remarkable assemblages as could be found elsewhere in all the country. Two Presidents of the United States have been received there, on the grand old Commencement days, when the good and great, and the young and beautiful gathered around to do honor to our graduates, but the scene has never been so impressive, the presence never so august, as when Death held his court there, and, at the interval of thirty-three years, I saw the first and second Presidents of the University lying there in state.

The News of Dr. Caldwell's death was received with universal and heartfelt sorrow throughout the State. Men of all classes felt that a public benefactor was gone, and wondered where a successor could be found. Dr. McPheeters, of Raleigh, was to have preached the funeral discourse, but he not arriving in time, Dr. Mitchell officiated. Dr. Caldwell was buried in a grave which he had himself prepared when he laid out the village graveyard. It was a square,

brick-lined vault, in the exact centre of the yard. The following November his remains were exhumed in order that a plaster-cast of his features might be obtained. This was done successfully, and the bust is now in the Philanthropic Library Room, of which Society he was a member. There is also an oil painting of him taken in early life.

After she became a widow, Mrs. Caldwell removed to Hillsboro'. Returning to Chapel Hill on one occasion, in 1846, to visit her relatives, she was suddenly taken ill, and after a few days illness died. A monument had, by this time, been erected to Dr. Caldwell in the College grounds, and as it seemed proper that his remains should rest under it, with his wife's, he was again disinterred and the husband and wife placed side by side. After some years a monument of white marble more worthy of him was erected by public subscription in another part of the grounds. But there seemed to be a natural reluctance to disturb his remains again, and he still rests under the old monument. After another generation passes away it will be forgotten where this venerable pair repose. Few of those who are growing up are aware of it even now.

The number of students, under Dr. Caldwell, never exceeded 165. At the time of his death, in

1835, it was not much over 100.

I do not know that *numbers* should always be taken as an evidence of what a college is doing, or be considered as the best index of its usefulness. There is some vulgarity in the idea.

Let a college be so amply endowed that the salaries of its officers shall be not only entirely independent of the tuition fees, but shall be so liberal as to command the highest class of teachers, and let the facilities and apparatus of instruction in all departments be absolutely unrivalled. Let the teaching of 125 young men be of the best grade, the temptations to vice and folly be few and far between, and let the personal influence of the Faculty be exerted so as to touch every individual student. Then will not these 125 be better trained, better educated, better fitted for their work in life every way, than the 400, 500, 600 of the great Universities who point to their annual catalogues as proof of their superiority to the "one-horse" Colleges?

The choice of a successor to Dr. Caldwell was a matter of deepest importance, and a question that was discussed with no little anxiety and apprehension. The President of a University is like the Captain of a ship. All depends on him. The Trustees of fifty years ago were fully aware

of this fact, and they deliberated like men who felt their responsibility. Many candidates were proposed. There were one or two among the Professors whose claims to succeed Dr. Caldwell seemed superior to any others that could be urged. It was probably because they could not decide among conflicting claims and urgent friends so near at home, that the Trustees turned in an entirely different direction. Their choice fell, singularly as it seemed to those who looked on, fortunately as it proved in the issue, upon a man who was not regularly college-bred, nor had ever made any pretensions to the character of a scholar, a self-made man who had passed his life so far among men of the world, who had won his own way from the backwoods of Buncombe, through the various degrees of a lawyer's career, to the Governor's Chair in Raleigh, and who had perhaps never once turned his ambitious eye upon any office in the University as likely to be within his reach, or even desirable.

When Gov. Swain came to Chapel Hill to take his seat as head of the University; there was no little curiosity felt to see him, and some disappointment when he arrived. In appearance he was the very reverse of Dr. Caldwell. Though pleasant and accessible, there was wanting the old school

touch of quiet and dignified courtesy and grace—the old *prestige* of scholarly association and name which people had so long revered and deferred to. There were not wanting those who said Governor Swain was a mere politician, and one sarcasm especially was levelled at him to the effect that North Carolina had always done a great deal for David L. Swain, and now she had sent him to the University to get an education.

Governor Swain, however, was one to hold his own wherever he went. He soon made himself felt as a remarkable man, second to none in sagacity, prudence and administrative ability. As to his scholarship, those who doubted it were soon silenced, and obliged to confess that at any rate he knew how to use what he had. I have heard Dr. Phillips tell with great *gusto* the effect produced when, on one occasion, there being a considerable company assembled at Dr. Mitchell's, in the course of the conversation, Gov. Swain picked up a small edition of the Iliad lying near, and turning to a certain page, translated fluently and elegantly a dozen or two lines having a very happy application to the matter under discussion. No man knew better than Gov. Swain the effect such an incident would be likely to produce.

He told me once that on his first coming to Chapel Hill he received

many a hit from the college boys, many a fling from the walls of his recitation room or Person Hall. That he made it a rule never to notice these things, any further than to take any hint they might afford him. That he always revised himself and reformed, if needful, in whatever direction the jibe or the caricature pointed. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, he added with a merry twinkle of the eye. To this wise and masterly forbearance Gov. Swain owed much of his success in life. He who can control himself may be trusted to control others.

HIS POLICY.

That Governor Swain did not believe in the above theory, concerning small and select colleges, may be inferred at once from the enlargement that in a few years took place in every department at the University under his control. His first step was to put himself *en rapport* with the Board of Trustees, so as to feel quite sure of their support in all cases. He next secured the entire control for himself and his colleagues of the domestic management and discipline of the Institution. Such was the confidence felt in him, in his ability and his profound good sense, that the Board of Trustees, by degrees, committed everything to his administration. He demanded, among other things, that no man should be appointed

to any chair in the Faculty except with his full concurrence, (and that of his colleagues.) The venerable Duncan Cameron rose and seconded him, saying that the Captain of a vessel ought to be allowed to pick his own crew.

In 1838 the Faculty numbered nine. The students were 164. Below this they never fell again, but advanced steadily till the Faculty numbered sixteen, and the students were 450.

The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward: everything presses on toward eternity; from the birth of Time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that intermenable ocean. Meanwhile Heaven is attaching to it-

self whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious folds whatever is pure, permanent, and divine.

The best judges of pleasure are the best judges of virtue.

The *love of praise*, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart.
The *proud*, to obtain it, toils on toils endure,
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harrangues in Senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Nor ends with *life*; but nods its sable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

—*Young*.

Celestial Happiness! where'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the Goddess finds.
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend.
Where heart meets heart,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., DEC. 1, 1884.

In the resignation of Mr. H. A. Latham, the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has lost the most efficient editor that has served on the new series. To his indefatigable energies more than to any other cause is due the improvement that has been made during the last two years. The manner in which he conducted the editorials and advertisements speaks for itself to all concerned; but only they who have been associated with him in the critical periods of our history can know to what an extent his active mind shaped and sustained other departments than his own. It must be a regret to every friend of our MAGAZINE, but to us who know that the loss is irreparable, his resignation seems a calamity. We cannot believe that the devotion to our cause which his active services in the past have evinced, will fail to insure us his counsel in the future.

OUR LIBRARIES.

Of the many avenues of knowledge open to the student at the University, none surpasses the libraries of the two Literary Societies. Containing together about 16,000 volumes of all varieties of books,

they offer advantages seldom met with by any one.

But, notwithstanding all this, the non-appreciation shown by many of the students, by the nature of the literature they read, is astonishing.

If a stranger were to look through the Librarian's books, and examine the lists under each member's name, he would doubtless be shocked to find about two-thirds of the whole number to be novels and other light reading matter. The books on Scientific subjects, and other works of solid reading are scarcely ever taken from the shelves, except by a few. There seems to be very little interest taken in such works, and with this explanation, a visitor could tell these volumes even though he did not look at the names, for the alcoves containing them are as trim and orderly arranged as if the books were placed there simply to please the eye by their beautiful binding.

Many students look upon the Libraries simply as affording the means of passing away time pleasantly; but, while they do afford great pleasure, the true and higher object is to afford an unbounded

source of knowledge. Those who spend their time reading only light matter, will find in their latter college days that they have strayed from the right path, and will feel seriously the want of the information they might have gotten.

It is well known that the student who uses the Libraries as they are intended to be used, receives a pretty fair education, outside of his regular college education, and is generally well informed on almost any subject.

It is true that the Libraries are not as well stocked with books of reference as they might be, but those having charge of the Libraries, realizing the need, are exerting themselves to supply it, and even now the Libraries are becoming better and better supplied with books and periodicals which will satisfy the literary appetites of any one, and there will soon be no excuse except ignorance, for the man who says the Libraries do not meet the demands of the readers.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

Among the many old and curious books in our libraries there are perhaps few, if any, older than one belonging to the Phi. Society. It was presented by the Rev. J. H. Hutchens, of Austin, Texas, who was a member of the class of 1835. It contains on its title page: "*Facis Historicæ Compen-*

dium Ex-Justi Lipsii Operibus Summo studio coucinnatum, &c.," and at the bottom, the date: MDCXXIX. It is a 48 mo., and has on it the original binding of buckskin. The edges are colored black, The paper has become somewhat dingy, but the letters are still distinctly visible. It is printed in Latin and contains five books "De Militia Romana," five "De Machinis," one "De Amphitheatio," two "De Gladiatoribus," five "De Magnitudine Romana" and three "De Cruce," besides shorter articles on other subjects. It has about 750 pages and is in an excellent state of preservation.

Another curiosity belonging to the same Society is an old Arithmetic. It came from Bertie county and contains on the title page: "Elizabeth Ryan, her cyphering book, March 28th, 1780." All the work was done with a pen; there is not a printed word in it. The work is on paper the size of foolscap and the pages have wide borders and are ornamented by drawings of ships, snakes, houses, persons and flowers. The borders were made with inks of different colors, but by reason of age they have all assumed a brownish or a yellowish tint. The headings have many flourishes, some are in imitation of scrip and others of printed type. It has about 100 pages, and there is not a single blot upon it. It

contains the Lord's prayer written on a space about as large as a nickel, and yet so plain that it is entirely legible. The last date in it is March 21, 1781. It contains many expressions of hatred for the British and has some verses in praise of provincial prowess upon the seas. All of the original cover is now gone and the several parts are separated from one another. It takes up the different rules of arithmetic in order and gives examples and explanations under every one. The hand-writing is very good and the book is certainly a monument of the patience of the lady who made it. It was given to the Society by Mr. Jesse C. Jacobs, of Perquimans county, N. C.

OUR BOYS, and HOW THEY DIFFER.

The writer applies some of the opinions of the *Autocrat*.

The class we will first notice are those with a large excess of vitality; they are great feeders, great laughers, great story-tellers, great noise generators, who come sweeping over those around them with a huge tidal wave of animal (sometimes other kinds, too,) spirits and boisterous merriment. One would think they never had a sober thought in their lives. They often figure prominently at Faculty meetings. We hear vague rumors of expulsion, (then they quiet down a little). Next we

hear that it's only a pledge, and next we hear that it has all resulted in to—a monstrous nothing. (Then they develope into their full-blown, most original selves again.) This class generally has a goodly amount of money and some talent—enough to make them think themselves the only *gentlemen* in college. Now we have pretty good spirits ourselves, and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but we are oppressed and extinguished by these great, lusty, noisy creatures, and feel (at all times, but especially at the dinner-table) as if we were mutes at a funeral when they get into full blast.

We often grow anxious about some members of this class, fearing that all these strange signs predict sudden death or some greater calamity. But we are assured by one who should know (a young Medical student who has made this peculiar phenomenon of college complaints a speciality,) that it is only an excess of the *Capsulæ ænea linguæ suprarenales*. So we quiet our gloomy fears and look upon them more with a kind of dread than either pity or hatred. Aboo-Ben-Aben may thy tribes grow less!

The next class we will notice, are those whose vitality falls short as much as that of the others is in excess. To look at one of this class makes us wish that we had life enough for two. They seem

to have a totally perverted idea of what is meant by the line, "Life is the time to serve the Lord." We hope the Y. M. C. A. authorities will set them aright, for it is by no means enlivening to meet a fellow-creature whose expression and accents say, "you are the hair that breaks the camel's back of my endurance, you are the last drop that makes my cup of woe run over."

Though we are assured that this class of languid and drooping non-entities among us are entirely harmless, yet we can't get along with them much better than with the others.

There is another class whose style does not captivate us. They attempt the lacadaisical in manner and the grandiloquent in conversation, and seem to be proud of some old family tradition of wealth or distinction, which has survived all the advantages that used to set it off. But they are of no special importance, socially or otherwise. They seem to have forgotten that we are now living in an age in which there is no aristocracy but that of the intellect, and that he has any true merit, is too distinguished to find it necessary to put on airs. But we will leave them here, for they will soon be lost in the rubbish of the past.

Our hearts do not warm as they should, probably, towards another

class, whom Dickens would characterize as the "extremely intimate young men." They are always *too* glad to see us when we meet by accident, and discover, all at once, that they have a vast deal about themselves to unbosom to us. They are always calling us off to one side to confide to us, (after cautioning us a dozen times not to tell it,) some profound secret about nothing. Against this class we have no special ill will, except that they often make themselves a nuisance.

There is another class of innocent fellow-creatures, otherwise inoffensive to us, except that they will come in our rooms to see us too often, and stay entirely too long. This class of persons we cannot love, though we have no special excuse for hating them. No doubt some one of these blameless creatures will be victorious in the election for *borer's medal*, though we fear that he will have strong opposition from some of the members of one of the above classes.

There is still another class, we are glad to say. (Be patient, dear reader, we are nearly through—it always takes longer to remove the rubbish than to show the gem we are looking for.)

The students who form this class make *themselves less* conspicuous while in college, but the *people* make them *more* conspicuous in

after life. They look upon college life, not as an *end*, but as a *means*. They recognize the fact that they have a mission to perform in this world, that there is a position of honor and trust awaiting them, if they will only make themselves worthy to fill it. So they commence here to prepare themselves for it by thorough and systematic training and study.

This class is small and always has been, but yet it shapes the future of State and nation, and controls the destiny of the world.

COUNTY BENEFICIARIES.

Our legislature, endeavoring to carry out the spirit and letter of the Constitution by providing free education as far as possible for the boys of North Carolina, have enacted that each county shall be allowed to send one student to the University free from all charges for tuition and room-rent. They have also wisely endeavored to protect this from abuse, by requiring from every applicant for such position, and also from some citizen knowing the applicant, an affidavit that neither he, his parents, nor guardian is able to defray these expenses. These affidavits are made upon oath before a proper officer. So far, so good. Perhaps the only objection any one would urge against this part of the law, is that it does not, as it should, embrace every boy in the

State. Its beneficence, and the good likely to be accomplished must strike us as very apparent.

But there is a provision in the law which strikes the writer as being very objectionable. It is the part requiring each boy receiving this tuition to bind himself to teach in the public schools of the State for a period equal to half the length of time he may receive free tuition. The evident object is, to so arrange it that the people shall receive some return for this indulgence. For this free tuition comes from the pockets of the people at last. Let us see what objection there is to this. The State gives a boy an education, and then, instead of letting him use it for his permanent advantage, interferes, and compels him to direct his efforts in a channel which may in the first place be totally foreign to his tastes, and in the second place may keep him from some sphere in which he might be useful to himself and the State. She thus robs both herself, and him she has sought to aid. If he desires to teach after graduating, why, he will in all probability do some good; if he does not desire to teach, he will certainly not make a success at it. It must be perfectly clear to every one, that teachers who are forced by pledge to teach are not the men we need in our public schools. North Carolina needs men who desire to

teach, who take a pleasure in it, and who thus can and will bring their energies to the work. It really seems as though our law-makers had supposed teaching to be the only field from which the people could obtain a return for favor bestowed upon these students. Suppose one of the graduates develops a taste for agricultural pursuits? Shall he not be allowed to follow it? "No, he must teach," say our legislators. This department of industry, which so sadly needs North Carolina's best talent and energy, is right here dealt a serious blow, and the school system at the same time receives a drawback. The same example might be supposed of a student desiring to be a chemist, or an engineer, or any other of the callings. These are not merely imaginary cases, they will be only too real, unless this proviso is repealed. Do you not see that this portion of the law is a positive injury to every vocation which such a student may desire to follow?

But its advocates may say that these young men need not fulfill this promise immediately after graduating. They can continue their studies at other colleges, or enter real life if they wish. This would only make the matter worse. The idea of taking a man from his settled work, where he is probably succeeding, and put-

ting him in a school house! It is mere nonsense. He is doing the State more good in his vocation than he could ever possibly do in the school house. The mere fact of his having forgotten, or at least become rusty in his text-books would render his teaching very unsatisfactory.

We respectfully, but most earnestly ask our members of the next legislature to consider this matter. It is of great importance. If we reflect that it is every year seriously affecting the life interests of two or three men, by forcing them away from their respective callings, its evil will be palpable.

A GYMNASIUM WANTED.

A gymnasium is an acknowledged want of the University, and one which has been felt for a long time. The students have no systematic method of taking exercise, and can take none whatever during rainy weather. A large number, not caring to go on the ball ground, or to take a walk, spend their time in their rooms and return from supper feeling languid and dull, and are unfit for work. Some take an idle stroll around the village and depend on this to keep them in good health and in a condition for study, while others are satisfied with being spectators of those who do exercise.

Base ball and foot ball, it is

true, are kept up nearly all the time, but these games do not please all, and we seldom see more than half of the students on the ground. They are good enough as far as they go, but we want a greater variety, so that all can be suited. We need a well arranged gymnasium and a regular course of gymnastics should be taught. Every student ought to be required to take the course, so that no one could come here, and after four years, leave with his constitution broken down by hard study.

The Greeks were the finest sculptors the world ever saw, and this was because they had the finest models to imitate. These models were formed by the constant training which was given in the Olympic and other national games. The greatest orators, statesmen, poets and warriors of the Greeks were all renowned for their strength, and it seems that mental and physical strength, in many cases, and especially in college students, go hand in hand.

The organization of the University Athletic Association was a step in the right direction, but the great interest which was manifested at first has become very slack of late and one is now tempted to consider it a thing of the past. This question was discussed here last spring. It has been discussed again and again

and this is all. Can nothing be obtained from the General Assembly of the State? If this honorable body would place a few thousand dollars in the hands of our trustees the gymnasium would soon be erected and then mingling mental and physical culture together we should reach a higher standard of excellence than was reached by former students, even when the University was in her palmyest days.

The "Old Boy's" Name and How He Got it.

We are told that words are "fossil history," and it is true that very often in our commonest words we will find a very important fact of history. Now for the benefit of those who are interested in the study of words the following etymology of "Old Boy" is given.

At our schools and colleges, an old boy is simply one who has been at the institution one or more years. Now it is a well recognized fact that a school boy or a college student, and especially an old boy is not a very amiable object, and at times seems even to be possessed of the evil spirit. The old boy being so much like the Prince of Darkness at times, "Old Boy" and Devil become interchangeable; and to-day we have "Old Boy" as a well recognized name of the Evil One.

So in days to come long after the barbarous practice of *hazing*

has ceased, this name will serve to perpetuate the history of the days when the old boy was an Evil Spirit in the land. Thus it will tell to our posterity the follies of their ancestors.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE MAGAZINES.

Although the December numbers of the magazines often confine their brightness to the promises made for the ensuing year, the *Atlantic* attains its usual high degree of interest. "Poe's Legendary Years"—a paper giving for the first time a satisfactory account of the more obscure passages in Poe's life—is perhaps the most important article in the number. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's serial, "In War Time," is finished. Two short stories entitled "Penelope's Suitors," by E. L. Bynner, and "An American Flirtation," by Grace Denio Litchfield, are excellent reading. The first is founded on a romantic incident in Massachusetts colonial history; the other is an interesting study of life in a foreign pension. Stuart Chis olm gives an account of experiences in South America in "Over the Andes," and another very interesting paper is added to the series on "The Lakes of Upper Italy." A nicely discriminative sketch of Francois Coppee, and a clever article by George Patsons Lathrop

on "Combination Novels," form the more distinctly prose literary features. For poetry there are H. H.'s "Two Harvests," and E. R. Sill's "Among the Redwoods." The usual departments of the Contributors and Books of the Month complete a number of substantial value. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

* * *

The Christmas number of *The Brooklyn Magazine*, which will be ready December 1st, will be increased in size and be unusually interesting. Among the contributions which will appear in this number are a Christmas poem by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, a Christmas story, "Singing in the Snow," by "Marion Harlan," an article on "Irrepressible Music," by Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, a paper on "Christmas Lore," by Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, "Transforming a Chapel," by "Hope Ledyard," an article by Rev. John W. Chadwick, and poems and articles by Maud Prescott, George Birdseye, Mark J. Bendall and Cecil Hampden Howard.

John B. Alden's *Literary Revolution*, though, possibly, not making so large a "noise" in the world as three or four years ago when its remarkable work was *new* to the public, is really making more substantial progress than ever before. A noticeable item is the improved quality of the books issued. Guizot's famous "History of France," not sold, till recently, for much less than \$50.00, is put forth in eight small octavo volumes, ranking with the handsomest ever issued from American printing presses, including the 426 full page original illustrations, and is sold for \$7.00. Rawlinson's celebrated "Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World," is produced in elegant form, with all the maps and illustrations, reduced in price from \$18.00 to \$2.75. These are bad representatives of an immense list of standard works ranging in price from *two cents* to nearly \$20.00, which are set forth in a descriptive catalogue of 100 pages, and which is sent free to every applicant. It certainly is worth the cost of a postal card to the publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

* * *

The initial article of the series of papers on the Civil War is commenced in the November *Century* by General Beauregard's description of "The Battle of Bull Run." The Confederate General em-

braces this opportunity to relate his personal relations with Jefferson Davis. The illustrations which embellish this article are superb, and were made, many of them, from photographs taken during the war, thus adding to their value and interest.

* * *

The November number of *Electra* is replete with the most charming literature. The articles are so numerous and varied that none can fail to find something of interest in its pages. Old thoughts are represented in the most attractive manner. Under Editorials appear a summary of current history and recent events. Those who have not the time and inclination to read the endless communications written for no other purpose than to fill the columns of our newspapers may find here all they want crowded on a few pages. The motto seems to be:

"If thou wouldst be an author sage,
Think a volume, write a page,
And from every page of thine,
Publish but a single line."

* * *

The last issue of *Southern Historical Society Papers* contains July, August and September numbers. It is very full, not of printed matter merely, irrespective of merit, but of the most valuable reminiscences of the late war. Those who are interested in "The Battles of the Late War," written by the Generals who fought them,

now being published in the *Century* will find Southern Historical Society Papers a valuable help to their study.

* *

The *Phrenological Journal* published by Fowler & Wells, N. Y., in its November number contains a sketch of the Statue of Liberty and its author, illustrated by steel engravings of Bartholdi, the Statue of Lafayette on Union Square, N. Y., the Torch of Liberty, and the Statue of Liberty as it is to be when completed. This noble monument lifts the pointed diadem of electric light that encircles its head, and the torch that streams from its out-stretched hand, two hundred and seventy-five feet above the water. Far grander and nobler is this than the Statue of the Goddess Minerva who guarded so long the liberties of Athens. Presented to us by the Republic of France it reminds us that liberty is prized not only in our own country, but also in that strange land where for centuries despotism knew no opposition.

* *

The Book Worm, a unique, handsome, and delightfully readable little monthly magazine, containing for the year over 300 pages and many fine pictures, all for 25 cents a year, is a recent characteristic product of *The Literary Revolution*. Each number contains attractive selections from

some noted book—the last presents Prescott's famous chapter on the "Spanish Inquisition." What will interest a vast number of book-buyers will be the regular monthly news of the *Revolution's* progress—an enterprise that has wrought wonders in the book world. A specimen copy of *The Book Worm* will be sent free to any address. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, N. Y.

* *

The *Princeton Review*, well known as an ably edited periodical, has been discontinued. It is the greatest loss periodical literature has suffered since a similar fate of the *International Review*.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

We are the happy recipients of *A Brief Hand Book of English Authors* by Oscar Fay Adams. It gives the names of all eminent English authors, the time they lived, the names of their works and publishers of the same. It is the handiest book of reference that the book-buyer can possibly find. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 11 E. 7th st., N. Y. Price 75 cents.

The latest Southern romance is "Thorns in the Flesh," a historical novel by N. J. Floyd, Lynchburg, Va. Mr. Floyd is a near relative of Gen. Jno. B. Floyd, Sec'y of War in Buchanan's cabinet, and is thoroughly Southern in

his convictions. These are the Thorns:

SLAVERY—a thorn, grown into the very flesh and blood of the country and society.

ABOLITIONISM—a thorn in the side of Southern love for the Union.

THE "HIGHER LAW" DOCTRINE—a thorn in the heart of the Southern hope for peace and fair play.

WAR—a crown of thorns, which conferred upon the brow of the South a regal majesty—a fathomless woe.

RECONSTRUCTION—a path of thorns, over which Carpet-baggers—unfitted for such authority—led the captive South

PARTISAN ANIMOSITY—the hidden thorns that crippled the South in her march toward social peace, political harmony, and material restoration.

MISREPRESENTATIONS—the little thorns that exasperated those who honestly desired peace and unity.

* *

"*The New South*," by Col. M. B. Hillyard, is an accurate and comprehensive description of the Southern States, noting each State separately, and giving its distinctive features and most salient characteristics; presenting a vivid and vigorous picture of their resources and attractions, their present condition and vast possibilities. It should be read by every body interested in Southern development. Price 75 cents, paper; \$1.25, cloth. Published by The Manufacturer's Record, Baltimore, Maryland.

It is proper that we acknowledge here the reception of a superb lithograph of New York Cotton Exchange. Retail price \$5.00 It bears the compliments of the Insurance Co. of North America.

The assets of this reliable corporation are \$9,071,696.33. Surplus as regards policy holders \$6,211,964.65. Chas. Platt, President, Philadelphia.

Ex-Governor Holden proposes to write a political history of North Carolina from 1860 to 1885. In our judgment he is the proper man to write this much needed book.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—Prof. Chas. E. Taylor has been elected President of Wake Forest College—an honorable position conferred upon a worthy man.

—W. H. Vanderbilt has given a half a million to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

—The Cornell freshman class *embraces* twenty girls this year.

—One hundred and ninety college papers are published in the United States.

—Iceland, with a population of about 80,000, is to have a university.

—Illinois has twenty-eight universities and colleges. She stands second in the list of states for the number of such institutions.

—In the Legislature of Michigan there are one hundred and four college graduates.

—At Amherst and Kenyon, students who obtain an average

rank of 75 per cent. are excused from examination on that subject at the end of the term.

—Harvard has at present one hundred and seven teachers and fifteen hundred and twenty students. It has a library of two hundred thousand volumes. The first class was organized in the year 1638.

—The oldest University student at Berlin, and probably in the world, is sixty-nine years of age. The oldest at Notre Dame University is fifty-five.

—The whole number of students in the collegiate departments of the colleges in the United States is thirty-two thousand.

—Free trade is taught at Williams, Yale, Harvard, Amherst. Protection, at the University of Pennsylvania, while Princeton is undecided which to teach.—*Ex.*

—The richest university in the world is that of Leyden, in Holland. It has real estate alone worth \$4,000,000.

—The well known astronomer, Prof. Simon Newcomb, has been elected professor of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University.

—The attendance at Ann Arbor last year was 1,554; at Harvard, 1,522; at Oberlin, 1,474; at

Yale, 1,070; at University of Pennsylvania, 1044.

—It is estimated by the commissioner of education that the total value of the "grounds, buildings and apparatus of the 375 colleges in the United States will reach \$43,500,000.

—It is said that only three men in the United States have received the three degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Literature. They are President Barnard, of Columbia; President McCosh, of Princeton, and Professor Wilson, of Cornell.

—The Memorial Hall at Chapel Hill is going to be a magnificent building. It is of brick, an irregular hexagon in shape, with an inclined floor, and high arched ceiling and central sky-light. The outside is completed. It is expected to cost some \$25,000 or \$30,000. It stands near the present chapel, with which it makes a most violent contrast.—*Wake Forest Student.*

—"The only fraternity which limits its membership to students of law is the Phi Delta Psi. It was founded at University of Michigan in 1870 by some students acting upon the advice of Judge Thos. Cooley, of the State Supreme Court. Five fraternities were founded at Union: Kappa Alpha, Sigma Phi, Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon and Chi Psi. Three at

Miami University: Beta Theta Pi, Phi Delta Theta and Sigma Chi. Two at Washington and Jefferson: Phi Gamma Delta and Phi Kappa Psi. Two at the Virginia Military Institute: Alpha Tau Omega and Sigma Nu. Two at the University of Virginia: Kappa Sigma and Phi Kappa Alpha. The Delta Kappa Epsilon originated at Yale: Zeta Psi at New York University, and the Chi Phi at Princeton."—*Ex.* The above is a mistake; the Alpha Tau Omega was founded at Richmond, Va.

In the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is a very fine article from the pen of Prof. Winston on the subject of "the three great races," the Greek, the Roman and the German; by the latter being meant those German tribes called by the Romans barbarians that in subsequent times have occupied Germany, England and the United States.

Prof. Winston has brought to his subject much erudition, and he has prepared a paper which is full of learning, replete with sparkling gems of thought and no less interesting than instructive. We thank him for the pleasure he has given us.—*News and Observer.*

North Carolina UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for November is possibly the best number of this monthly of the new series. Prof.

Winston has an enjoyable and thoughtful paper on the "The Greek, the Roman and the Teuton." The editorials are numerous. The Magazine is well printed and altogether is a creditable and deserving publication. Price \$1.00 a year. The old friends of the University ought to support it.—*Wilmington Star.*

SHARPS AND FLATS.

—Butler men are organizing microscopical clubs, to find where their votes have gone.

—Mosquitos are the biggest duns in the world. They are constantly presenting their bills.

—When a fellow is well heeled, it is unnecessary for him to be towed. He can run himself.

Her father's foot fall made him start, She gently murmured, "Dust thou, Art." And Arthur dusted.

—A brilliant Sophomore, speak of the ocean cable, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh.—*Sibyl*

—"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Tecumseh, Neb., lawyer last week, "there were just thirty-six hogs in the drove. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury box, gentlemen."—*Ex.*

"What do you think of Fielding!" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, it's important of course, but it don't amount to any thing without good batting."—*Ex.*

—Student, (translating) “And er—then—er—he—er—went—er—and—er” Professor: “Don’t laugh, gentlemen, to err is human.”—*Ex.*

—A skilled vocalist thus rendered “Wait Till the Clouds Roll By:”

“Wah tah the claw raw baw Jawy.
Wah tah ahe claw raw baw.
Jawy, ma ow traw law haw.
Wa tah the claw raw baw.”

To the Freshmen.

—Don’t attempt to graduate this year.

—Don’t recite your lessons at the dinner table.

—Don’t be too liberal with your advice to the faculty.

—Don’t get mashed on everything that wears dresses.

—Don’t think you can do a term’s work the evening before examinations.

—Don’t pronounce a final judgment on the value of classical studies.

—Don’t tell us any more about George Washington, unless you happen to have been personally acquainted with him.

—Don’t spend more than an hour a day in wondering how much a Senior knows.

—Don’t devote too much time in talking politics. It might injure your future prospect.

—Don’t imagine your entrance has made a new epoch in the history of the University.

—Don’t forget to knock when you enter a student’s room. You might find him washing his feet.

—Don’t remain more than two hours in any man’s room. You might get your boom started for the borer’s medal.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its carressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that Woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

—*Washington Irving.*

COLLEGE RECORD.

REJOICING.

The result of the last election, both in regard to the State and national tickets, was very gratifying to us all. The boys, in order to make manifest their unfeigned joy at the election of Cleveland to the presidency of the United States, and Scales to the governorship of North Carolina, had a grand parade by torchlight, a big bonfire and a pyrotechnic display on Saturday night, Nov. 8.

Torches were made beforehand in great abundance, and a committee especially appointed for that purpose took up a collection for fire-works. This collection was further increased by a present of twenty dollars from Mr. J. S. Carr, of Durham. Marshals were appointed, and everything was conducted with the best order.

The parade was organized in front of Gerrard Hall, and contained about two hundred students besides a large number of gentlemen from the village. It first proceeded down Cameron Avenue as far as the residence of Dr. Harris; thence across to Franklin street. After a halt at the hotel, it passed by Dr. Mangum's and heard from him. Prof. Winston was next visited, a semicircle was formed and the Professor put

in the centre. He spoke in his usual pleasing style, and the parade moved on, but soon stopped to hear speeches from Dr. Phillips and Prof. Manning. Shouts rent the air while the parade was passing Prof. Hooper's, and Dr. Battle and Prof. Gore were visited on the home stretch. Every one carried a torch or a banner with an appropriate inscription.

After the parade had returned to the Campus, all gathered on the square in front of the South Building, and preparations for the bonfire began. Dry boxes were collected and piled high upon one another and saturated with oil. The whole pile was then set on fire and the display of fire-works began at the same time. This was simply elegant and a number of ladies who witnessed it were much pleased. Among the banners carried was one in the form of a coffin, bearing on one side the words, "J. G. Blaine," and on the other, "Tyre York;" this was placed on the top of the pile, and as it went down amid flame and smoke, a sincere wish went up that they, unlike the fabled phoenix of old, might never again rise from their mighty defeat.

As the flames began to die down, a knot of students gathered

around the well and some one called on Mr. Strayhorn, our "silver tongued orator," for a speech. He responded, and other calls were made and answered until about twenty had made extempore speeches celebrating our great victory. After this, as it was growing late, all quietly dispersed to their rooms and silence once more reigned supreme.

There was a parade and bonfire on the night previous, also. During both nights everything passed off with the greatest eclat—no accident occurred and no damage was done beyond that of *waking a few babies*.

The thanks of the students are due to Messrs. Roberts, Morehead and Weill for their efficient management of the parade and for the zeal with which they entered into the work of collecting money for the fire-works.

—The Rev. Dr. J. W. Williams, of Baltimore, Md., preached a highly interesting and instructive sermon to a large and appreciative congregation in the Baptist church, on Sunday, Nov. 16th. He compared the various forms of religion in the world: Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity. Brahmanism is polytheistic, and numbers millions among its worshippers. It holds that after death there is an inextinguishable transmigratory state, a changing from one form of being

into another until final absorption by Brahma. It offers no light for the present; no hope for the future. Buddhism is a relapse from Brahmanism and like all relapses from error is still more erratic. Mohammedanism is a relapse from Christianity; and, although it admits the inspiration of the Bible, it claims that the Koran is a later revelation, and that Mahomet being the last of prophet, is the only one. The bliss of its future existence is the most intensified sensuality. Christianity is beautiful and beneficent and alone offers comfort and hope to mankind.

—Among the many bridal presents received by Prof. Venable was a handsome silver pitcher, presented by his Chemistry classes. On his return home from the North, the Prof. expressed his high appreciation for this souvenir of esteem from his classes of '84 and '85.

—A few days after it became definitely known that the National Democratic ticket was elected, we were favored by a speech from Mr. Thos. Dixon, of Shelby, N. C., in which he rejoiced with us at the termination of Republican "misrule." Mr. Dixon, who, we believe has the honor to be the youngest member of the House in the next Legislature, is a fluent and forcible speaker, and his remarks were well-timed and to the point. He has a peculiar delivery

—rather dramatic we think. Still there is a fiery earnestness about him that is almost irresistible and we feel sure that he will reflect credit upon the county of Cleveland, which he is to represent.

—Lawn-tennis and base-ball, deposed by winter's cold breath, have given way to that violent, but health-giving and man-developing exercise, foot-ball. On Saturday, the 13th ult., a match game was played between the Sophs. and Juniors on one side, and the Seniors and Freshmen on the other. After a close and exciting contest it resulted in a victory for the Sophs. and Juniors, by a score of 2 to 1.

—The University has received some specimens of wood and minerals which were on exhibition at the Exposition at Raleigh.

SERMON BEFORE THE Y. M. C. A.

It has been the custom of the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, since the re-opening of the University, to invite some minister to deliver an annual sermon before them. This year the choice fell on Dr. Mangum. It is usually preached in the College Chapel, but owing to various reasons it was delivered this year at the Methodist church, on November 23.

Dr. Mangum took his texts from Psalms, 57th chap. and 7th verse, 56-12 and 55-22, and applied these passages to the "Dying Scene of Robert Bruce and His Request to the Lord Douglas." He gave a brief sketch of the life of the Scottish hero, showing why the request was made, and said it was a subject full of rich instruction for all who wish honor, love and success. He drew from it the lessons that one must always beware of impetuosity and rash conduct in youth; of delusion where one's interests are involved; of false trusts; of procrastination; of partial consecration in life, and of bigotry. He said that the absence of bigotry was the distinguishing feature of these associations, and that while the different churches were like the stars of the heavens, these meetings, where sectarianism never appeared, were like the firmament around them. There were many students in the congregation, and the sermon was deep and instructive.

This association was first organized here in May, 1860. The first president was James Kelly, of Moore county. Its object was "the extension of Christian sympathy and religious influence through the community." Its meetings were held monthly, and no duty was imposed upon a member without his consent. In the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for

June, 1860, there is a card requesting parents and others who send young men to the University to give them a letter of introduction to the committee on membership, whose names were signed to the card, and farther stating that they would introduce such young men to the pious students in college and to the pastors of their respective churches.

It is not recorded how long it continued in operation, but it was closed six years after that time and remained so until after the re-opening. In September, 1876, it was re-organized and Arthur Arrington was the first president under the new regime. The meetings were then held on Sunday evenings, now they are held every evening, except on Fridays and Sundays.

—The latest phenomenon—in beans. President Battle has in his possession some Mexican jumping beans sent to him from California. When placed upon a table they can be seen to move, and if held between the thumb and fingers, a throbbing is felt. The President says that this ability to move is a wise provision of nature by which the seed can secure a suitable place in which to germinate.

—Thanks to the liberality of Mr. Paul C. Cameron the Memorial Hall will soon be finished.

Nobly coming to the relief of the University when \$8,000 was needed to complete this building he loaned the requisite amount. Thus giving another proof of that sincere love, which has never failed to manifest itself for the University in time of need. The people of North Carolina, especially those who have been connected with the University, should ever remember with kindest feelings the conferrer of this inestimable benefit.

—“Now is the winter of our discontent!” for that infallible test of one’s application during the session is soon to be applied. Now the midnight oil must burn, and the neglectful student “cram.” Yea, verily, must “cram,” for the examinations are here.

—Thoughts of Xmas holidays: of a sight of the dear ones at home; of hops and sociables and of tables groaning beneath the weight of good things fill the minds of the students and nerve them to pass through the examination ordeal.

—The Philanthropic Society has determined to publish a new catalogue of its members. The last one was issued in 1852. Messrs. R. Ransom, Weeks and Munroe have been appointed as a committee to manage the publication, and they will be under many obligations to any one who will

furnish them with information in regard to honors or deaths of former members. Address the Committee at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Thanksgiving Day was observed here as a general holiday. Religious services were held at the Presbyterian church, and the students attended in large numbers. The boarding houses exerted themselves to their utmost, and many were the good things that titillated our palates.

The Faculty have decided that only ten seniors shall speak at commencement. Out of this number one will deliver the valedictory; and one from each of the three courses; C. Phb., Sc., (provided his average is not below 90) will be entitled to speak on scholarship. The others will be decided by competitive orations at the Senior. Speaking to be held sometime in the early spring.

PERSONALS.

Examinations!

Examinations! Examinations!!

The *Fresh* are scared.

The *Soph.* are indifferent.

The *Junior* is taking it easy.

The *Senior* is at work systematically.

All quiet along the Potomac.

The "club of the War Path" are keeping the negroes straight. When will the town jail assume a position of unstable equilibrium?

"Leap year!" last month, maidens, you know. Who has had a proposal! Boys, don't all speak at once.

Two members of the Chemistry class on the eve of examination went to the chemical post-gradu-

ate and attempted to *pump* some chemistry from him, but they say that they only got *gas—laughing gas*.

A member of the class of '88, when on the foot-ball ground for the first time, exclaimed to his chum, "I say, Sam, aint that a big *base ball*."

A Freshman was hunting over the library. He found a copy of the Bible and took it to the librarian with the remark: "I will take this out, mister, as I have never seen the work before."

When the *Sophs.* and *Juniors* played their match game of foot ball with the *Fresh* and *Seniors*, they put *Fumbo* in the goal to block it up.

Winders, of Warsaw, who was with us last year, is now resting from his labors and is contemplating matrimony.

J. C. Perry, medical class of '83, is now studying medicine at the University of Maryland.

University Boys---where they are and what they are Doing.

Wm. L. Saunders, is Secretary of State, W. P. Batchelor, is Chief Clerk, Thos. S. Kenan, is Attorney General, Chas. M. Roberts is Keeper of the Capitol.

Montford McGehee, has command of Agriculture. P. M. Wilson is Secretary and Treasurer.

R. S. Tucker, is President of Board of Directors of Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. John G. B. Grimes is Steward.

Dr. E. Burk Haywood is President of Board of Directors of the Insane Asylum. Wm. S. Mason, Richard H. Smith, Wm. S. Battle, are Directors.

Major James W. Wilson is Director of Insane Asylum at Morganton.

Henry S. Bryan is Director of State Penitentiary.

Hon. Thos. S. Ashe is Supreme Court Judge.

Of the Superior Court Judges, the following are Chapel Hill (University) boys: Hon. A. C. Avery, Hon. Fred. Phillips, Hon. A. A. McCoy, Hon. John. A. Gilmer.

Hon. R. P. Dick is Judge of United States Circuit Court.

Of the Present Congress:

Senate—Hon. Z. B. Vance and Hon. M. W. Ransom.

House—Hon. A. M. Scales and Hon. Clem. Dowd.

Of the recently elected officers:

Governor—A. M. Scales,

Lt. Gov.—C. M. Stedman,

Sec'y of State—W. L. Saunders.

Members of Congress—Thos. D. Johnston and John S. Henderson.

We have not a complete list of members of the Legislature, but among the University boys, are the following:

State Senators—Thos. W. Mason, Northampton Co.; E. J. Hill, Duplin; D. S. Cowan, Columbus; John Gatlin, Wake; A. W. Graham, Orange; R. W. Winston, Granville; M. S. Robbins, Randolph; W. I. Everett, Richmond; James A. Leak, Anson; Paul B. Means, Cabarrus; S. B. Alexander, Mecklenburg; Geo. F. Bason, Gaston; and perhaps others.

Representatives—(partial list) Thos. M. Holt, Alamance Co.; S. McD. Tate, Burke; George W. Thompson, Caswell; James A. Alston, Chatham; A. D. Burton and David Bell, Halifax; R. W. Winborne, Hertford; J. H. Exum, Nash; Chas. W. Johnson, Orange; John M. Galloway, Rockingham; C. M. Busbee, Wake; Hamilton McMillan, Robeson.

Of the Electors: Donnell Gillian, Chas. W. McClammy.

And quite a number have been elected in other states. In short, wherever we go we find University boys, and they are doing well, filling positions of honor and trust from a "J. P." up to the helm of State.

We will mention one special case, however, for the benefit of those who expect to visit Brooklyn during the next fourteen years, that is, if you should happen to be greeted *too* friendly by the police force at that place, you will have the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of an old University boy, in the person of Hon. Augustus Van Wyck, City Judge, who was elected recently to that position by a most flattering vote, the next highest on the ticket. His salary is \$10,000

Just after the train "had blewn" yesterday we heard from our old friend "ex." Ransom, who is now in Washington, D. C. He always writes to us "of a Tewsdays."

Hamer, '84. (*that* high, white-headed man) is teaching in Horner's school at Oxford.

Dr.! What about *them melces*?

We have been greatly pleased to hear good words from our old friends H. Horace Williams, Thos. R. Ransom and Jas. A. Bryan. Horace Williams is amusing him-

self with the brassy Yankee dudes and dudees at Yale College, and by way of variety occasionally glances at the Greek and Hebrew verbs. Tom Ransom is studying like a good fellow at Georgetown (D. C.) College. He will graduate in June next with high honors. Tom says those Georgetown fellows are not at all like our boys, and that he has learned them a thing or two about college politics.

Jim Bryan is managing his real estate affairs in South Carolina and tries his hand occasionally at political speech-making. He made a rattling speech the other day, we are told, at a big Cleveland and Hendricks jubilee. He expects to return to the University of North Carolina in January and finish his course with the class of '85.

We were glad to see the smiling countenance of our old friend J. N. Numan (alias Dr. Tanner) in the Chapel a few mornings since. He has been conducting a flourishing school in Waverly, Va., since he left us two years since. He says he has returned to finish his course, and cast his fortunes with the class of '85.

News comes from the "Land of Flowers" that L. Vann has his Law license, and will return to the University at Xmas to get his diplomas with the class of '85, (and probably to solve the problem $v+kt=?$)

We are sorry to learn that our old friend F. S. Spruill, while too eagerly chasing *Brer* Fox last week, had the sad misfortune to break his leg.

VEGETABLE WONDER.

Judge Samuel Ashe Holmes, of Fresno City, California, has sent President Battle some specimens of the wonderful "Mexican Jumping Beans."

They are like coffee beans in size and shape. If placed on a smooth surface on the flatter part they soon begin to jump forward, sometimes making in one leap half their distance. They evidently leap clear of the surface, making a slight noise as they move. Placed on the rounded surface they seem to struggle to turn over, sometimes succeeding.

This extraordinary power of traveling was evidently given by nature for the purpose of enabling them to find a suitable habitat for germination.

Sometimes two beans will go

towards each other and cling together. We suppose this is due to the different genders. How the motion is effected we will explain hereafter.

Prof. of Latin wrote upon the blackboard:

Give principal parts verb, *Amo* }
ditto *Facio* }

The knowing Fresh wrote:

Amo, Amare, Amavi, Amatum
ditto, dittare, dittavi, dittatum
&c.

The Fresh fell on examination, but he says he don't see how it was, for he knows that he gave the principal parts of *ditto* right.

A few evenings since on the foot-ball ground a Fresh kicked at the ball with a No. 13 foot, but missing the ball hit a Soph. with his canoe. The air grew dense with exclamation points and when it cleared away the offending Fresh was not to be found by the enraged Soph.

We part for Xmas festivities. A merry Xmas and a happy New Year to all our friends.

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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No. 4.

COLD WATER.

A POEM BY REV. N. B. COBB.

Come, weary, thirsty mortals,
Who 'neath life's burdens sink;
Come, try this sparkling nectar,
And ask your friends to drink.

'Tis not from sim'ring still-worm
Where, over smoking fires,
'Mid stifling, pois'nous vapors,
The bruised grain expires.

'Tis not from sickening odors
Of putrefying corn,
And rye and wheat and barley
This beverage is born.

But up in lofty mountains,
Where mighty rivers rise,
In leaping, laughing rivulets,
Just born of humid skies;

Where storm-clouds brood, and thunder
And lightnings leap and flash,
And glistening granite boulders
Fall headlong in the crash;

Or where the red deer wander
O'er grassy glen and glade,
And rippling rills meander,
This beverage was made.

'Twas brewed in grand old ocean,
Whese tossing sea-gulls scream,
When hurricanes are howling
And livid lightnings gleam,

When waves are surging wildly,
The sea in anger roars,
And wrecks and shells and sea-weeds
Are dashed upon the shores.

From clouds upon the mountains,
From mists of lowly fens,
From froth of briny billows,
From rills amid the glens,

From all the mighty rivers,
From every glassy lake,
From every dew and rain drop
That falls upon the brake,

From every foggy hill-top,
From every dewy plain
OUR MAKER is distilling
This beverage for man.

It glistens in the rain-drops,
It dances on the hills,
It laughs amid the rivulets
And sings along the rills,

Then, creeping through the meadows,
It glides into the brooks,
Where lazily it lingers
In many boggy nooks,

Then meeting other waters
It rushes on its way,
Till as the mighty river
It reaches to the sea.

Then rising from the ocean,
'Tis blown o'er hill and plain
To feed again the mountain springs
And water man's domain.

No poison from it bubble;
No head-aches from it comes;
It starves no wives and children;
It desolates no homes.

But, shining in the ice-gem,
Or sparkling on the grain,
Gleaming in the glacier,
Or singing in the rain,

Sleeping in the dew-drop,
Or dancing in the hail,
Or dressing up the wintry woods
In sleety coats of mail;

Sporting in the cataract,
Or sinking 'neath the sod,
It *every where, in every form*
Reflects THE LOVE OF GOD.

For the University Magazine.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM WIRT.

Judge Sharwood in his preface to Blackstone's Commentaries declares that no desire is so generally prevalent among mankind as the desire for post-humous fame.

To be remembered, appreciated and affectionately cherished after the grave has closed upon mortal hopes and aspirations is, indeed, a rich compensation for every struggle and all the toils of life.

The history of our great public men is full of instances, and remarkable instances, of success and the formation of honorable character, which left its impress upon the age in which they lived.

But among the great names of our American Commonwealth, there is none which affords a richer theme for the panegyrist, or a character, which more justly merits praise and imitation, than the name and character of that distinguished lawyer, William Wirt.

Born in 1772, four years before the stormy revolutionary period, his life is a short, but comprehensive story of the eventful times of our early days of freedom and republican government.

Living in the times of Burr and Hamilton, Madison and Jefferson, he was intimately associated with those men of note, and for one of them, Thomas Jefferson, he enter-

tained the highest esteem and friendship.

Starting on his career with the invincible resolution of making his chosen profession, the Law, his absolute mistress, Wirt never suffered himself to deviate from his course by any entreaties or solicitations of warm friends.

He was a lawyer pre-eminently during his whole life, and, from the date of his first appearance at the bar, gradually rose in reputation and in public estimation.

He was made finally Attorney General of the United States, and, in that high station, served his country faithfully, and with the zeal and ardor which he felt for his profession.

While Attorney General he accepted the nomination for the presidency of the United States at the hands of the Anti-Masonic party. This he did, we are indulgent enough to believe, through a sincere desire to deter the power which secret organizations often seem to have over the public welfare and the very lives of private citizens,

The Anti-Masonic party was the result of a burst of popular indignation throughout the Union, caused by the alleged kidnapping and slaughter of Morgan by the

Masons, because he had divulged the secrets of their order.

Once before this Wirt had been seduced into public life by the invitation to become a candidate for the House of Burgesses in Virginia, for which office he was beaten by a most worthy and excellent gentleman, twenty years his senior, Col. Carrington, by name.

Wirt was no politician. The noise, the stir and bustle of political existence, the chicanery and trickery of professed politicians and the wire pulling of a party caucus, were not congenial to his spirit.

He could not breathe in such an atmosphere. He was a straightforward, kindly man, of a deeply affectionate nature, as his whole life and correspondence evinces.

His letters and life history can be found in the *Memoirs of Wirt*, edited by John P. Kennedy, of the Baltimore bar, a volume which well deserves perusal for its entertaining and instructive pages.

From it we gather that Wirt was born in the little village of Bladensburg, Maryland, and it was there he formed some early acquaintances and associations which influenced and biased his future course.

His parents came from Switzerland, and died shortly after their arrival in America. Wirt was left in charge of an honest and culti-

vated man, Benjamin Edwards, of whom he speaks in his letters in kindest language and to whose influence he ascribes his subsequent career and indisputable success.

Kennedy gives some sketches from an autobiography written by Mr. Wirt for his children's amusement, in which are some ludicrous accounts of the village magnates of Bladensburg. Upon Edwards, however, his thoughts dwell and to him he ascribes a rising ambition.

When about twenty-one years of age, Wirt moved into Virginia and began the practice of law in the county courts of Albemarle and Culpepper counties.

Here he made many friends and spent a happy portion of his life. His great friend and admirer was Dabney Carr, a young lawyer, who afterwards became Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

He, with Carr and other members of the legal profession, rode from court to court; and, when the business of the day's court was over, many were the Attic nights they spent around some huge Virginia fire-place, recounting the day's adventures and the scenes of the court room.

"They spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine ;

But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy."

Wirt was the life and soul of the

party. He fairly sparkled with wit, humor and information.

From the description of him, he was at this period of splendid appearance, tall and large of frame, with blue eyes and a broad brow.

His manners and personal appearance were so engaging that he soon won the affection of Mildred Gilmer, the daughter of a distinguished Virginia family, a woman possessed of every attraction and "lovely beyond her sex."

This marriage brought him in sympathy and relationship with the Gilmers, and he made his abode with them at their earnest entreaty. His wife died in 1799, four years after his marriage, and he was thus deprived of the delights of home and that sweet companionship under the genial influence of which his mind and talents were ripening and flourishing as fruit beneath the summer's sun.

He moved to Richmond, became Clerk of the House of Burgesses, and practiced his profession.

He rose rapidly in public esteem and became a Chancellor.

He was modest, yet withal popular and successful. He devoted his efforts not to seeking political distinction, but to his profession.

His happiest dreams were of a time, when having acquired by his industry, moderate wealth, and by the practice of the law, a fortunate fame and position, he

might retire to some peaceful estate in Virginia and there devote his closing days to literary work. In the intervals of the excitement of an extensive practice, he was an inveterate letter writer. He wrote, also, at Jefferson's request, some political pamphlets, which bear the impress of genius; a *Life of Patrick Henry*; and *The British Spy*, containing descriptions of Virginia scenery and Virginia men, and which is well worthy of perusal.

In Richmond, Wirt again married, this time a daughter of Col. Gamble.

About the same time, at the solicitation of friends, he resigned the Chancellorship, and settled in Norfolk, where his reputation secured him a large practice at once. Here he was associated with some of the most eminent luminaries of the Virginia bar.

He was now thirty-six years of age, when he was brought fully before the nation and introduced into a wider circle of the profession by means of the trial of Aaron Burr for treason, in which he was retained as one of the prosecuting counsel by his friend Jefferson.

He became an object of universal regard and attention.

His speech upon the trial contains a most pathetic and beautiful appeal for Blennerhasset, whom Burr endeavored through his counsel to make principal to the

charge of treason, claiming himself to be an accessory only.

His speech gives us an idea of his eloquence. After giving a description of Blennerhasset and "the lovely and tender partner of his bosom," in their Paradise upon the island in the Ohio river, he represents Burr as the serpent entering that Paradise, winding himself into the recesses of an unsuspecting heart, by the elegance of his demeanor and fascination of his manners, tempting his friend into his schemes of ambition and turning that Paradise into a hell.

Said Wirt, "By degrees Burr infuses into the heart of Blennerhasset the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring, desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises and all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life.

"In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished.

"No more he enjoys the tranquil scene, it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubby blooms and sheds its fragrance on the air in vain.

"His ear no longer drinks in the rich melody of music. It longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar.

"Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer delights

him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy unspeakable, is unseen and unfelt, greater objects have taken possession of his soul.

"His imagination has been dazzled by visions of stars and garters and titles of nobility. Soon his enchanted island is a wilderness, and we find that beloved wife shivering at midnight on the banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents which froze as they fell." * * *

"Yet this unfortunate man is to be regarded as principal while Aaron Burr is a mere accessory!

"Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity?

"Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd, so shocking to the soul, so revolting to justice."

There follows a logical, legal argument upon treason. The whole speech was well conceived and executed.

Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, presided at the trial.

Burr was finally acquitted.

Upon being appointed Attorney General of the United States, Wirt moved to Baltimore, where he practiced his profession and attended to his official duties in Washington. As Attorney General he was engaged in some of

the most important constitutional and leading questions of the day. Among others, in the famous New York steamboat case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, which involved the question of State Sovereignty.

Daniel Webster appeared on the same side with him in this

case, opposing the right of a State to regulate commerce with other States.

Mr. Wirt died after a life of usefulness, universally esteemed as an able and eloquent lawyer and a christian gentleman.

T.

THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM.

It is but natural that every young man who has received a liberal education, should desire at least to occupy an honorable position among men. After he has decided what his aim in life is, he must answer the question, "what shall my vocation be?" This is probably the turning-point in every man's career.

Many and various are the pursuits that are offered to men. There is one profession that is sadly neglected—the Field of Journalism. It is to this that I ask attention. In contemplating it for the first time, without the proper study and thought, it is possible that we may not be impressed with the vastness of the subject. But, upon greater consideration, we can but admit, that while this calling probably does not seem so alluring as some others, yet it does hold a most respectable position among the foremost professions of the enlightened civilizations of the pres-

ent time. While with the other professions the one great trouble is too much competition, we see this fine profession languishing for the want of talents. While other fields are crowded and cannot support their numbers, we find here a broad and fertile field that is thinly settled and with gates open to welcome all who are worthy and capable. There can be, I think, no better opening for the energetic and talented youths of our land. It is, indeed, astonishing that so few enter this inviting field of labor, where merit is sure to receive its just reward, and where energy and ability, rather than folly and treachery, receive applause.

It is a fatal mistake to think that fame can be won upon only two fields in life. Most people seem to think that only two men can be truly great. The one, he who has been called to some high official position by the voice of the majority; the other, he whose

sword has been stained on victorious battle-grounds. These kinds of fame may equal but do not excel the fame won in any other department of human effort. I cannot conceive of a fame more sublime than that achieved by an editor, who by dint of application of his pen, has written himself great. The distinguished gentleman who was to address us at the last commencement is an illustrious example of this type of man-hood. It is folly to believe that a journalist cannot be a great man because his reputation cannot enter the lowly homes of the ignorant masses. It is the educated of a higher sphere who look upon and admire his excellent qualities. There are many and very different kinds of reputations; if the honest and educated honor a man, he is famous; if the ignorant and degraded pay him homage, then his fame approaches notoriety.

Especially in the South do we need men to conduct good newspapers. It is a lamentable fact that in searching the great history of the Southern past, in vain do we seek to find a single instance of an editor who seems to have had much influence or reputation. But I am thankful to say that times have changed in the South. The dawn of a new era is upon us. The young men who go out from these walls now, will

live in a practical age—an age in which a man will be considered honorable when he achieves eminence in any of the practical pursuits of life. The future of newspaper men in the South indeed seems bright; the way is open and yet it seems that so few will take advantage of the offer to enter a profession where a man can speak out his opinions openly and boldly.

It is not our purpose to tell you the benefits of the press, for the world knows the old story by heart. Our attempt is to hold up in its true light, journalism as a profession. It has many advantages as a profession. It affords excellent opportunities for its members to enter the literary world, and it fits them equally as well to move in any other sphere. But still it offers many inducements to those who are willing to give the best years of their lives to its service. The editors of the country have great power. Show me a man who has received some education and who takes only one newspaper, and I will show you the man who moulds his opinions and the man who rules him. In the majority of cases it will be the editor of his paper.

It has been well said, that at some periods in English History, the "*London Times*," the greatest paper that the world has yet seen, had more influence than the Cabi-

net and Crown. The time has been in the United States when the renowned Thurlow Weed had more influence than any other man in the Republic. Yet he was an editor who steadily refused to accept offices of high honor. Horace Greeley once had great reputation as an editor, but he deserted and went into politics, lost his influence and popularity and died broken-hearted. It is our duty to honor our editors even more than we do, for no set of men more de-

serve the respect and support of the people.

The Old North State has never had a truly great editor, but I trust that some one will go forth from her University who will do well in this great work. If the young men of the land, who are suitable, will go into this business and properly exercise their God-given powers for writing, the day is not far distant when the editors will be looked upon as the great men of the times. NOEL.

MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON MILTON.

Macaulay takes advantage of the interest attaching to Milton—transient as it is—by the recovery, in 1823, of his long-lost "Essay on the Doctrine of Christianity," to speak of the great poet's life, works, and character. He shows throughout this essay that he brings a loving heart to the task. He was born and bred a strong Whig; and as the Whig party of Macaulay's day was the direct outgrowth of the Puritan party of Milton's day, it was but natural that the ardent young Whig should have defended so warmly the great champion of the principles to which the Whigs were so closely wedded.

This essay on Milton appeared in the *Edinburg Review* when

Macaulay was only twenty-five years of age. It was the first of his long series of essays and reviews to that famous magazine, and it immediately gave its author fame throughout England.

Some critics have sharply criticised him for writing his essays on dry, historical subjects, instead of discussing the live topics of the day; but most readers, we are convinced, feel grateful to him for the life and grace he has thrown around the figures of the half-forgotten past. People will read what any dull and prosy writer may have to say of things of near interest. It is the subject, and not any beauty of style or freshness of thought, that engages their attention. On the contrary,

it takes a master to invest the past with living interest. This Macaulay has done. When we read this sketch of Milton, we imagine ourselves a contemporary of the great poet and patriot. We seem to be a spectator of the great conflict between the Puritans and the Cavaliers—of religious fanaticism coupled with a desire for popular liberty on the one hand, and cringing conservatism and bigoted tyranny on the other. We hear the tramp of Cromwell's Ironsides and see Rupert's gallant cavaliers dashed to pieces on Marston Moor and Naseby Plain. We see the head of Charles roll from the block at Whitehall and the accession of Cromwell to the Protectorate. The Puritans carry the day. Ship load after ship load of persecuted Cavaliers seek a home in the wilds of America. But the Puritans have gone a step too far. They have endeavored to set up on earth a visible kingdom of God, but they have failed. Their wild fanaticism has executed the proudest of the Stuarts, banished his house from England, but its force recoils on itself with redoubled vigor. Cromwell, the great pillar of Puritanism, dies. Bereft of his controlling hand, the Puritan cause oscillates for a time and then falls with a crash. The son of Charles is re-called to the throne of his fathers amid the shouts of an enthusiastic populace.

Then begins that state of debauchery and sensuality which so distinctly marks the era of the Restoration. The Cavaliers are now in the ascendancy. The Puritans are made the butts of unmeasured ridicule; their austere manners and peculiar accents are caricatured by both press and stage; the body of Cromwell is dug up and hung in effigy, while the people jeer and shout.

During all these changing scenes, Macaulay holds Milton up as an unrivalled poet, a consistent patriot, a high-minded statesman, the unselfish champion of human rights. He espoused the cause of Cromwell because it was the cause of civil and religious liberty; but he broke with the Puritans when he saw the excesses to which they were carried by their wild enthusiasm. He never joined the Royalists because he hated tyranny with an undying hatred. So in his last years he was left without a party. He gave the prime of his manhood to the cause of Puritanism, but he had outlived the life of his party. Blind, bent with age, ill-used by his relations, satirized by the licentious wits of the Restoration, he spent his last days in secluded literary labor. It was now that the great work of his life was performed. It was in these days of gloom that he wrote "Paradise Lost." This grand poem the his-

torian Green fitly calls the great "Epic of Puritanism." With his lofty ambition chastened by adversity, his daily life secluded from the turmoil of political strife, he was indeed in a fit state of mind to produce a work which should give him undying fame.

We of this advanced and enlightened age cannot fail to see Milton was wrong in advocating the execution of Charles I. Judged by the light of to-day, some of his religious opinions are far from orthodox, while his advocacy of divorce and polygamy is altogether blamable.

The floridness of the style of this essay on Milton has called forth unfavorable comment from critics. With perhaps one or two passages excepted, we do not think this criticism just. It is natural, however, that the buoyancy and vivid imagination so natural in youth should have led him into some extravagances. Take some examples. Speaking of Milton's choruses, he says that "he seems to cry exultingly, to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the Elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky winds of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides." Again, in speaking of Dante, he says that "the gloom of his character discolours all the passions

of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne." These are faults, however, which can easily be overlooked. All through the essay we find gems of thought over which we love to linger and ponder. He says that Milton's "poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairyland, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche." He further says that Milton's "conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside."

The cleverness with which he defends Milton's poetry from unfriendly critics is interesting as well as instructive. He alleges that some have endeavored to detract from the poet's greatness by saying that he lived in an enlightened age, enjoyed the benefits of a classical education, and hence deserves little credit for his fine and finished productions. Macaulay holds that these seeming advantages were but hindrances. He thinks that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. For, says he, "nations, like individuals, first perceive, and

then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence, the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilized people is poetical." He claims that, as man's mental view is broadened, he makes better theories and worse poems. He claims that a learned man must first become as a child, and unlearn many things that he has learned, in order to be a great poet. Reasoning thus, he claims that Milton deserves great credit for being a great poet *in spite* of all these hindrances.

Macaulay does not discuss Milton's religious opinions and teachings. He considers them as unimportant when compared to his

patriotism, genius, and the spotless purity of his public and private life.

Macaulay's charming diction, his well-balanced antitheses, his warm sympathy for his subject, the wonderful power of his memory, useful which throws a flood of information around every point he touches,—all combine to make this essay one of the classics of the English tongue. That his style has defects, it is useless to deny; but the hold which Macaulay has everywhere on the hearts of English readers, is sure proof that his fame will survive all the fault-findings of critics and the cavils of his detractors.

A. W. L.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The passing century has been a remarkable era in our history. It has been marked by rapid progress and widespread development in almost everything that goes to make a rich and prosperous people. It has witnessed our growth from a scanty population of five million people into a vigorous nation of fifty million souls. It has seen our governmental institutions tested in the severe crucible of fierce civil war and their indestructibility triumphantly proven to our jealous neighbors across the Atlantic. And in its last quarter

it sees the two formerly hostile sections of our Union "shake hands across the bloody chasm," in token of peace and reconciliation. But while we have had so much prosperity, an issue of serious import has been developing itself; the rapid increase of our population has forced upon us a most difficult problem for solution — the race problem in the United States.

The founders of our government apparently did not foresee the dangers that menace us in having a population of diverse races.

They made constitutional provisions for negro slavery, but did not anticipate his rapid increase, his final emancipation, and the results that would of necessity follow. The freedom of the negro did not result in all the good that the abolitionists fondly hoped. It brought with it conditions potent for evils of greater magnitude to our institutions than slavery produced. And the question now is—and the question that has agitated the minds of our earnest and patriotic statesmen for the last twenty years is—what is best to be done, having regard both to the rights of the negro and the highest interests of the white people of this country?

So long as peaceful relations subsist between the two races, the negro must remain with us. Brought here against his will, and having served faithfully as a slave so long a time, he has acquired a right to a home on American soil. *When* his fetters were scarcely removed he was, again without his consent, because without his knowledge, armed with that mighty thunderbolt of political power, the ballot, and turned loose to wreak vengeance on his former master. How he succeeded is too well known for repetition. Ignorant, easily duped and universally characterized by his non-progressiveness, he must forever be classed with the substratum of Ameri-

can society. His presence among us must ever prove detrimental to the development of our civilization: because no two people can live together without each affecting the other. In the same proportion that the one is elevated by the contact the other is degraded.

The amalgamation of the negro and Caucasian in the country is not to be feared, because the race prejudices are too great. It took centuries for the Norman and Saxon to assimilate though of the same blood. Then is there any likelihood that we, in whose veins circulates the blood of the same vigorous conservative race as the Norman and Saxon, will ever form an alloy with the dusky sons and daughters of Africa? The negro will ever be a distinct race among us. In spite of attempts on the part of some to disprove it, the colored population in the South is increasing at a much more rapid rate than the white population aided by immigration; and illiteracy among them is increasing in the same ratio. The education of the negro will accomplish much good in that it will lessen the hold of the demagogue on him, and make him more capable of exercising the rights of citizenship. But his education will tend to widen the gulf that exists between him and his white neighbor. The white people instead of entertaining to-

wards him a mingled feeling of pity and contempt will become jealous of him. The negro will demand at least a fair share in the government. He has in his hand the ballot and will enforce his claims at the polls by voting for men of his own color in opposition to the dictates of the Northern demagogue. Then will the sham love of the Yankee for him die a natural death; and the people of the South dispising him and at the same time dreading his power, the people of the South, the offspring of the flower of European chivalry, will rise up in their might and with one voice will say,—if the power lie within us, *the negro shall not rule us.*" A race war will be the outcome, but the *issue* we need not declare. If the integrity of our republican institutions is to be maintained the Caucasian element in our population must predominate. A people to be great and powerful must be *homogeneous*. We have been able to assimilate all Europeans who have sought homes within our borders and make them true Americans. A stable representative government is only possible when the people are united by a common tradition, a common interest and a common aim.

Rome, while she remained conservative and was ruled by Romans, was the mistress of the

world; but when Roman citizenship was extended to the people of her provinces, people who cared nothing for Roman traditions and Roman glory, her republican institutions went down into eternal night. Representative England, embracing an island scarcely larger in area than one State of this broad Union, to-day rules one hundred and forty millions people in her distant provinces, and is one of the most powerful nations on earth; but should England extend the right of representation to all the people she rules, her greatness as a nation and her strength as a government would depart from her forever.

The danger that threatens us in the future lies in our having a population of mixed races. The negro question we have already discussed.

The part that the Chinaman is to play in our social and political history is difficult to predict, for the simple reason that we do not know what proportions his immigration to this country in the future will assume. Laws have been recently passed by Congress restricting his immigration for the next ten years; and when that time expires it is to be hoped that still more stringent measures will be taken. If all the barriers to his coming to this country were thrown down, his completely over-running our territory and

supplanting the present inhabitants would only be a question of time; he would supplant us for the same reason that the European supplanted the American Indian. He has greater facilities for obtaining food than we have; he can live on less, and hence does not require as much territory, consequently he can live under conditions that would be fatal to us. The civilization of the European enabled him to live on less soil than the Indian; and the civilization of the Chinaman enables him to live on less than the Caucasian, hence the conclusion that must follow. But suppose we take a less extreme view of the matter; his contact with our people cannot fail to demoralize and degrade them.

He clings to the vicious customs and practices of his ancestors with a pertinacity that astonishes all highly civilized nations. He is not fit to be invested with the rights of citizenship, and hence is an undesirable addition to our population. He knows nothing of our institutions, and, if possible, cares still less. We want no class of people among us who are incapable of being elevated into competent republican citizens. And in deciding who shall come among us, our statesmen should be guided by no false ideas of

"universal brotherhood," and the cant of our foolish humanitarians, who would do justice to all people but our own. The law of self-preservation applies to nations as well as to individuals, and if we do not take advantage of it we commit an unpardonable offence against our posterity and the cause of civilization. The real wealth of a nation does not consist in the extent and fertility of the soil it occupies, or the number of human beings it embraces; but in the manhood, virtue and intelligence of its people: and to have these our race blood must be kept pure and our people free from contact with degenerate races. Then let us educate the negro, if possible, and make him intelligent, and leave time to decide his fate. Let Congress make strict laws to protect us from the immigration of the Chinese and other undesirable people; and, above all, let the masses be taught what their duties are as citizens.

This country is fitted to be, and ought to be, the seat of Caucasian civilization. It has been bought with Caucasian blood, and if need be, will be re-bought with the same noble blood. The white man *must*, the white man *will* rule.

L. M. W.

THE MORMON'S DREAM.

In every age man has been inspired, and his immortal longings warmed into life, by the bright vision and fascinating dreams of a peaceful future. Though "the golden bridge of life from gloom emerged and on shadows rest;" yet Pandora's box has been rent asunder, and hope, bright-pinioned, has taught to the human soul the lesson of immortality. During the centuries religious enthusiasm has thrilled the masses with the holy resolution to win the prize which lies beyond the events of time. Nor could the fury of persecution or the shrieking cries of martyrs abate the brave and enduring ardor with which they toiled onward, hoping at last to rest from life's labors and conflicts in the Celestial City. Such are the puissant motives which are impelling the thousands who are marshalled under the banners of Mormonism to-day. The masses of this mighty host have been gathered from every source. Advantage has been taken of ignorance, and the mean and degraded and ignorant of every land have been lured by the promises and prospects of shining gold. Foreign paupers are beginning to bear heavily upon our land. They come from the lowest classes. A vast majority of them are soon

Mormonised, because the dogmas of Mormonism are in harmony with their low customs and debased appetites.

Joseph Smith became the leader and founder of the Mormon Church; he appealed fervidly to the panting masses, pandered to their passions, painted in glowing colors present and future pleasures and enjoyments, and told them in dreamy accents of dominion and empire.

From Palmyra, in New York, this little band of "Latter-day Saints" moved from one place to another till they landed on the far-off wilderness toward the setting sun. Varying were the scenes and incidents during this tedious exodus. They increased in numbers as they journeyed. Frequent collisions occurred between them and their opponents, and many lives were sacrificed. At one time some of the fiery spirits openly defied Missouri and threatened to lay St. Louis in ashes; the consequence of which was the heartless expulsion of twelve thousand Mormons—young and old, frail women and babes, the sick and infirm—during the bleak days of November, '38. They then built in Illinois, Nauvoo, the City of Beauty. But there was to be no rest. Tales of polygamy, theft,

debauchery, and murder were noised among the people. Apostle Smith was murdered by the hand of violence. Brigham Young then appears upon the scene. All recognize in him a master-hand. The wilderness at once begins to burst into bloom. But the mutterings of another storm of persecution were heard. Internal dissensions were doing the work of destruction. With moistened eyes and swelling hearts, in '46, during the storms and frosts of autumn and winter, this Mormon host bade farewell to their beautiful city and turned their faces toward the purple vapors of the fiery sunset. Never since the exodus of Israel from Egypt has a spectacle so full of interest been witnessed. At last they chose the valley of the great Salt Lake for an "everlasting habitation." With ecstatic vision in mid Summer of '47, from the top of the Wasatch mountain, they beheld the placid Salt Lake glittering in the beams of the glowing sunset. O, what dreams of peace and contentment spread out before them in this lovely Valley of Promise! To these toil-worn pilgrims this mountain-top was a veritable Pisgah, it was indeed the splendid realization of the Mormon's dream.

But here the picture changes. this mighty host now become one hundred and fifty thousand strong,

we are driven to cry aloud, and demand of the sentinels on the watch towers of the Republic, "Watchmen, what of the night." Is the land of Washington safe? Are the pillars of the Republic firm, sound enough to withstand the onslaught of this Mormon host? With emphasis, I answer you, No!

Seriously, there hangs upon the Western horizon a dark and tempestuous cloud, which threatens the safety of the Republic itself. These are no idle dreams, they are no stupid fancies. I would that America's statesmen might rouse from their slumbers—slumbers of ignorance and carelessness, and get at a solution. This solution society asks, and this solution public virtue and the enlightenment of the age must and will have. Some cry, "let them alone;" time will mellow the knotty problem. The black, angry cloud will roll from the heavens, and the sun of truth will shine forth in triumphant splendor. But others demand angrily, the surgery of the Lord," "the caustic of gunpowder." Equally and glaringly mistaken are the extremists on both sides. The adoption of either view would be a fearfully and cruelly sad day for the Republic. We have no sympathy with either. Persecute the Mormons, and you simply strengthen them. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed

of the church." Let them alone, and you but butcher the Republic.

But we wish to present a better way, the one way that must eventually obtain in order that this festering excrescence may be severed from the fair body of our native land. We voice in stentorian thunders the sentiment of the millions of American citizens, men who are devoted to social purity and stainless republicanism—men who love the Federal Constitution with a love stronger than death—men who know of the sweet and gentle influence of the fireside made holy by the Christian Religion, when we declare it to be the duty of our National Congress to surround this feculent and deathful wave of libertinism with the strong and ponderous shackles of the law.

In Utah their power is absolute; in Idaho and Arizona they hold the balance of power, and are actively peopling Washington, Wyoming, Montana and Colorado. Permit this progress of Mormonism to sweep on unchecked, and in the near future they will erect an absolute ecclesiastical government from the Great Rockies to the Pacific ocean, a country as large as all the States East of the Mississippi. There they will rule with unlimited sway, a government within a government. This indeed will be the deplorable consummation of the Mormon's

dream of Mormonistic freedom and Empire.

It is well to "take time by the forelock" and strike this Mormon monster a deadly blow. Disturb not the Mormon's dream. Let him be true to his convictions. Hamper not a man's belief in murder, arson, or even anything in the black catalogue of crime; but when he attempts to kill your wife, or to burn your house, check with brawny arms his impious design. Forbid not the Mormon's belief in the propriety of having two or forty wives; but stop him when he attempts to put his theory into action. Forbid not his belief in social, religious and political independence of all the world; forbid not his belief in universal dominion, temporal and spiritual; forbid not his belief that purpose in his cause is commendable and that the earth rightfully belongs to him; but restrain him when he attempts to enforce his belief. Curb him when he clutches at the throat of the Constitution with the declaration that it has no binding force on him. Purify the courts and legislature of Utah vigorously and inexorably enforce the stringent and iron handed enactments of Congress, and see that every man conforms rigidly to the laws. If these requirements are executed, and Polygamy, the key-stone of modern depravity, still survives, let the withering

hand of martial law be heavily applied; and the sooner it is done the less will be the conflict. Shall this stupendous heresy be suffered to crush all freedom of thought and suffer every expression of individuality, without which no free government can survive? Shall this deadly malaria be permitted further to smite the nation and blight the fondest hopes of our people? "Watchman, what of

the night?" rings through the chambers of the temple of liberty. Guard with sacred love the land of our fathers and hope of our posterity. Throttle every attempt made at its life. "Never may its trunk be riven by the lightning; nor its branches crash each other in the maddening storm; nor its beauty wither; nor its roots decay."

ZEB. B. WALSER.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Man likes to read the future. Our lives are spent in the vain effort to pierce the misty veil that dims the beauties of the years to come, or else we peer like frightened children into the dark and conjure up hobgoblins from our fears. We all do bull or bear the market in the stock exchange of destiny. One takes council from his hopes, another from his fears, and unfortunately the latter class has recently become especially prominent. The class of chronic croakers, however, like Callano, the harpy, sing only of evil. They tell us that a panic is impending, we don't believe it. Let us hide from our mental vision the supposed malignant demons who crouch grinning along the pathway of coming years, and rather

look for the dawning of a brighter day—an era of prosperity that has not a parallel in history. Let us rub Aladdin's lamp and summons the genii to bear us away over the world. Let us on imagination's swift wings fly past a century's mile-stone. Let us surrender reigns to fancy, and in the buoyant hopefulness of youth, give form and substance to the dim and shadowy events which people the future.

At this point the writer under the influence of these beguiling charmes and fantastic ideas, yielded to Morpheus' potent spell and glided into the realm of dreams. The wild ravine that separates the stern facts of this cold and calculating world from the fairy field of the young child of the

imagination has been crossed. Thus in the dreamland of delirium, the wild flight of fancy, lingering near the great gates between time and eternity, the writer stood by the "big poplar" of the old college campus of Chapel Hill in 1984. The children of this generation had been swept away by unsparing time. Strange faces and forms now took the place of my once well-known associates and peopled the once familiar walls. The descendants of that imaginary being that was known to us only as "the toothless, toeless and hairless man of the future," had just now entered the institution as Freshman.

Where once stood the South Building there now towered a colossal glass and steel concern, thirteen stories high and two underground.

The "Memorial Hall" had been finished in 1921, and was now used as a skating rink for the Preps. of the institution. And in its stead there was now erected a magnificent Chapel, covering an acre of ground and costing half a million, and its flag floating 500 feet above in the blue azure of heaven. The Chemistry Hall, old Chapel and Castle Thunder had been swept from the track of relentless and restless science. One intense, dazzling, electric sun illuminated the campus as if it were mid-day.

The MAGAZINE was issued tri-

weekly, with a circulation of 25,000.

Manners and language and people had changed, and everything was grand, massive and stupendous.

The boisterous Atlantic had been chained by a pontoon railway from New York to Liverpool, while the century was yet in its teens. In 1937 the great Northwest passage had been discovered, the pondrous icebergs had helplessly succumbed to the servantes of resistless man. At the foot of the North pole the submarine branch of the gulf stream threw itself upward in a never-ceasing fountain, chanting the music of eternal spring time.

Briefly the citizens of 1884, (supposed to have long ago gone to rest beneath the shadow of the old Cowpens Morgan Monument) the lectures spoke of the coming age of the 21st century, when these pyramids of grandeur and lofty magnificence would disappear before the paragons of perfection in the gigantic future.

Vast and sweeping changes had altered the face of the world. A one cent stamp carried a letter to the ends of the earth—a cable message around the world at one penny a word.

Spain had followed Italy in the abolition of monarchy in 1901. England and Russia were the last governments to give way to the

age of progress. America was first!

In fact the most wonderful thing about our country is its forwardness in using new inventions and in taking up new ideas, while on the other hand England is equally forward in keeping old things to the front.

The American language was the universal and only one. From New York to London and to Paris the daily mails outstripped the storm-time fifty two hours. Aerial navigation had nearly starved the iron horse, and electricity was the motor of heaven and earth.

San Francisco had five million inhabitants, and Chicago had reached nearly two, but was going backward; powerful rivals in the North-west had crippled and out-ranked her.

National disputes were settled by the World's Congress, and in that Congress the President of the United States sat as the President of Nations. Not an armed soldier stood upon the earth, nor an armed vessel floated upon the sea. There was not a bond of the United States in existence, and there was a thousand millions in its treasury. King credit had long slept in oblivion, and the scene of his destruction was now only guarded by a lone sentinel of the old *time* school, armed with the musty pages of a dead ledger.

The infant child of the great war tariff had long since departed.

It was last seen going down under a great tidal wave of popular indignation and revenge.

The United States, including Canada, Mexico and South America, numbered seven hundred millions, and was called *America*. Navies, armies, debts, credits, gas and steam had gone by forever and belonged to ancient history. Old Father Time traveled no longer the devious mule-paths of an age gone by, but rushes on with ever increasing speed on the high road to eternity. False science had been crushed by the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, and from the mighty ruins arose true science and progress, the laws of our being.

Then truly the millennium—the "golden age"—has arrived, that age which has been the theme of prophets, the dream of poets and the bright anticipation of down-trodden man in most ages of the world.

Presently this grand panorama of the imagination began slowly to move away and vanish in the distance. I looked! I wondered! I was stupefied! and like Rip Van Winkle of old, I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It was gone! Then the celebrated Belden whispered in the ear of his patient, "the crisis has passed," and in a moment I was again back in the semi-civilization of the nineteenth century. NOIRAM RELTUB.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., JAN. 1, 1885.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Prosperity and Happiness to All.

Another twelve-months of our existence has been numbered with the by-gone. It is the season for reviewing the past, taking lessons from examples of experience, and for making anew our vows of fidelity to the charge entrusted to our keeping.

In looking back through the short period of our career as pen-pushers we see many things to sadden our hearts and not a few to cheer us. We have endeavored to place the MAGAZINE on a high plane of morality, literary excellence, and self-respect.

Some have thought the personals too personal, and the editorials too overbearing. To all such we wish to say that were we to try to please all, our success would be much like that of the man in the fable.

It has been our ambition to do what seemed right and best at all times, and for this we make no apology. It is a recognized fact that any one can conduct a paper or a school better than those in charge.

On the other hand we have

been pleased to note that everywhere our MAGAZINE is recognized as being one of the first in the land, by the people as well as the press. Even those who formerly spoke of our sheet in a most indifferent manner now bestow the highest compliments.

As to our financial condition we do not like to speak, as it may seem like boasting. By reference to our books and exchequer we find that we are square with all the world, and have a surplus remaining. Then let students, faculty, and trustees aid us in every possible way, and we promise a MAGAZINE of which they may justly feel proud.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Whether the mind can receive impressions through other channels than the ordinary or universally recognized media of communication, such as light and sound, or those agents that we know affect our sensory nerves, is receiving the attention of some of our most eminent men in science.

Several articles have appeared lately in *Science* on Psychical Research, which show that the subjects of Mesmerism, Mind-reading,

&c, are taken out of the hands of travelling showmen and tricksters, and given a dignity that may claim our attention.

Every form of Spiritualism, as generally understood and practiced, is a very great evil in the world, and is doubtless supported by trickery and deception; yet there may be some hidden and as yet inexplicable psychological process or state as the basis of it. Since the different forms of spiritualism have gained favor to a greater or less extent, it is certainly desirable that their claims and testimony should be investigated by unprejudiced, conscientious persons. To this end a society for Psychical Research was formed in England about two years ago, and lately a similar one in this country. The object of these societies is to study a class of phenomena which are at present shrouded in so much mystery, that to the ignorant are awe-inspiring, and to the educated and thoughtful are simply entertaining or incredible.

Those who have entered this field of research are fully conscious that they may be regarded as invading the domain of the charlatan; yet, they are none the less earnest in their endeavors to unravel the mystery and discover the foundation, if foundation there be, upon which so much that is now regarded as supernatural rests.

The first step in science is to collect facts; so these societies have advertised for "good evidence bearing upon such phenomena as thought-reading, clairvoyance, presentiments, and dreams, noted at the time of their occurrence, and afterwards confirmed; apparitions at the moment of death or otherwise; and of such other abnormal events as may seem to fall under the same categories." After collecting such data and deciding its trustworthiness, it remains to decide whether or not the doctrine of chance would account for them. For instance, if it is thought-reading that is being considered, and some one is able to tell correctly what another is thinking more frequently than could possibly be the result of mere chance guessing; then thought-reading claims attention as a psychological phenomenon.

The reports of the English society contain quite an amount of evidence of a secret means of mind communion, and in favor of other beliefs that most of us shrink from and are disposed to treat with contempt. The most remarkable experiments are those in which an impression of a drawing is conveyed from one mind to another.

The method of experimenting is as follows: The person possessing this power of thought-reading is blind-folded, seated at a table,

and supplied with paper and pencil. In another room a drawing is made at random, a third person goes out and looks at the drawing for a few seconds; he is then led back, with eyes closed and placed behind the thought-reader. After a brief period of intense mental concentration on the part of the person who has seen the drawing, the thought-reader takes up the pencil and reproduces, as nearly as he can, the impression he has received. Sixty pages of drawings and reproductions are given in the reports, and the reproductions are described as rude copies of the drawings, such as a child might make blind-fold of a picture he had just seen; but in every case the resemblance is recognizable, and sometimes very exact.

Many other things are stated as facts which may stagger our faith to believe; yet suffice it to say, the question is raised and being discussed as to whether or not the mind can act upon another mind, and the second mind be influenced by the action of the first in any other way than those universally recognized. This process which the psychists call "telepathy," or "feeling at distance without the intervention of any physical agent," if admitted as a fact, is certainly lacking the faintest attempt of explanation; yet we should not despise the honest la-

bors of pains-taking men because they have within a few years only collected a few facts, when we remember that the manner of the action of the mind on matter, or through physical agents which *all* admit as a fact, is still veiled in obscurity.

To fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Latham mentioned in our last, the Philanthropic Society has elected Mr. A. J. Feild, of Warrenton, N. C. We welcome Mr. Feild to our sanctum and feel confident that if he performs editorial duties as well as he solves the difficult problems in mechanics and calculus he will be a valuable addition to our staff.

COLLEGES AND POLITICS.

The colleges of the land seem to have taken a very lively interest in the late political campaign. Of course every citizen of the United States, great or small, was aroused by the heat of the contest and excited as to its result, but never before, we think, have the colleges taken so active a part in the campaign. Many of the Northern papers, old, conservative, influential sheets, on both sides published results of canvasses among the students of the leading institutions. The Senior class of Harvard would one day be announced as casting its majority vote for Cleveland. On the

next the Junior class would declare in favor of Blaine, and settle upon some peculiar and characteristic garb for its appearance in the Republican parade. And so for Yale and Princeton and the many other seats of learning which cluster so thickly in the Northern States. Blaine clubs and Cleveland clubs were formed at many of these, and campaign funds were raised amounting to many hundreds of dollars—funds which were paid out for parades, uniforms, or the circulation of partisan documents. The feeling ran high and the excitement was in many instances intense. Further South the solidarity feature of Southern politics became apparent. In our own meetings here at the University the shouting was nearly all on one side, though as we all know, a number of the students are of a Republican turn of mind and suffer nothing in the esteem of their fellow students for the peculiarity of their political sentiments. We have heard of no funds being raised for campaign purposes—our stock of ready cash was too heavily drawn upon by the wood chopper and wash woman for any such purpose. Still we venture to say our torchlight procession was the equal of any in noise and enthusiasm, and not the least powerful lungs belonged to the supporters of Blaine who yet turned out with their Cleve-

land friends to help in their frolic. But we are drifting away from our original thought. We started out with this question puzzling us: "Why were the colleges more generally aroused this time, or why did the newspapers take more notice of their opinions and modes of expressing them?" Three reasons, at least, can be assigned, we think. There was probably a greater division of sentiment in the Northern colleges this time than ever before. The very unanimity of opinion in previous presidential contests would have made it tame and monotonous for the news-vender. College boys, however, are beginning to realize their own importance to the country and having a foretaste of the influence they are to wield in the country's destinies. They in their turn will one day be rulers, and their opinions though boyish are of moment, if it is true that "the child is father of the man." Not that they are children by any means, as many of them can emphasize their opinions by their votes. The public press are waking up to this, and several of the leading newspapers publish reports in their columns of all the doings and sayings in the College world. It is strange that this is just growing to be the case. For many years in England it has been the custom to watch closely the debates and discussions in the

Literary clubs of the two great Universities, and many a young fellow has paved the way for an after-successful career in Parliament by his speeches in the famous Union Club, while others by their ultra views expressed on the same stage have had themselves marked as men of dangerous opinions and so have been handicapped in the race of public life. In Germany with their despotic government statesmen have set their spies on student gatherings, and they watch the young tyros of debate as they try their powers, for freedom of speech is not one of the blessings granted the "Vaterland," and the experience gained in attempted and successful revolutions among the people has taught them what a potent factor student opinion can be.

We are a power in the land. Let us lay aside boyishness, that is, the petty tricks and amusements of the school-boy, and assume the responsibility of citizens of the greatest republic on earth. We are, in time, to guide the fortunes of our dear Old State. Let us do nothing now that might ill become those who can look forward to so high a future.

COLLEGE DIPLOMAS.

Our college diplomas are usually written in Latin. Why such is the case is a question that might well be asked. The custom seems

to have come down to us from the days when English was a despised language, when Latin and French were the languages of education and refinement. Such was peculiarly the case in England about the 14th century. Latin was thought to be the casket in which a thing must be put in order to be handed down to posterity. Lord Bacon translated into that his essays to the Duke of Buckingham, saying in the dedication, "I do conceive that the Latin volume of them (being in the universal language) may last as long as the books last." The laws enacted by Parliament were written in both Latin and French long before English became worthy to express them. Such was the superior estimation in which Latin was held and it naturally followed that most important documents were written in that language.

Such was the cause that led to the writing of our college diplomas in Latin, "the universal language." Well, in Bacon's day it might have been universal, but it is very far from being universal now; on the contrary it is becoming very rare; and it bids fair not even to be a required study in our colleges very much longer. A very small proportion of people study Latin at all; and a very few of these few learn to translate intelligently; and still fewer of these few recollect anything about it

five years after they stop studying it. So why should a college give a man a diploma that scarcely any one will be able to read? In Bacon's time Latin was the language that nearly every educated man could speak and read *best*; but now English is what we might call the universal language. Then it was mean and vulgar; now it is such that no one should be ashamed of it. It will express whatever we wish and be far more intelligible than Latin. Then why not write our diplomas in English, our mother-tongue, the tongue of all most sweet to our ears and most dear to our hearts? The language which has in its literature the Declaration of Independence, the language in which Milton and Shakespeare wrote is good enough, is lasting enough, is grand enough to express any document ever penned by the hand of mortal!

If I ask a recommendation from a noted man, I do not ask him to write it in Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew, or Sanskrit; I ask him for plain English. But when I leave college, I must have my recommendation from the faculty written in one of the above named languages. This is strange, yes, very strange, nevertheless it is true.

Now hear the conclusion of the whole matter: It is love of the wonderful. Man admires what he does not understand; there is

beauty in mystery; there is grandeur in the unknown. This is why we like for our diplomas to be written in Latin. Now is this a sufficient reason for sensible men to hold to such a custom? Surely not. Then let us have our diplomas in plain English.

THE "PONY."

The so-called pony takes a prominent part in American high schools and colleges. He is used occasionally by the *freshman*, much more frequently by the *sophomore*, whenever obtained by the *junior*; is intensely admired and seldom obtained by the *senior*.

This popular animal doubtless has a history, but in a great measure an unwritten one. It can be said, however, that he is every year called into service in new fields, and yet is relieved of none of his older territory. He differs from all other victors in that territory once acquired remains his forever. None other seeks to deprive him of his dominions.

It is probable that he was first extensively used by the student of Latin and Greek; that he was then adapted to the wants of the porer over the texts of French, German, and the like. The student, not content with riding over these smoother fields, demanded and has received thorough-bred stock to take him over the rugged hills of mathematics. So that

the situation is such that one can pony nearly all the way through, if he so chooses.

What is to be the effect of this system? Is it to be the case that there will be no good scholars? We think not. But it is quite certain that a small percentage of the scholarship that should be good, is really so. We are not prepared to say that the pony used judiciously would not be a good institution. But who is going to use him judiciously? That is the question. Ninety-nine out of every hundred students that pony at all, pony too freely.

Any man who is acquainted with the animal knows how hard it is at any time afterwards to read a piece of Latin or Greek read with the pony. The text looks stranger, if possible, than if you had never seen it before. Nor is this all the trouble. The great object of education is, not to make a man a bulk of knowledge, but to develop his mind so that he can think. It is not the knowledge a man has when he leaves college, but the ability to acquire

knowledge in whatever direction he may turn his attention, that constitutes him an educated man. Being carried through on the pony's back doesn't give him this ability. His mind, instead of becoming an agent that can go out into new fields to reap the harvests, loses its higher functions, and becomes a machine—a simple machine, to turn out unimproved what is put into it. It lacks that development which the proper exercise alone can give. In the great mental struggle, where there is "the survival of the fittest," the mind thus trained, other things being equal, must take its stand in the rear.

AN APOLOGY.

We must apologize to our readers for the lateness of this issue of the MAGAZINE; but we hope that we will be excused when it is remembered that the Christmas holidays came just in the wrong time for us. However, Christmas comes but once a year, so we hope to be in time hereafter.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE MAGAZINES.

The opening chapters of three serial stories,—Charles Egbert Craddock's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," Sarah Orne Jewett's "A Marsh Island," and Mrs. Oliphant's "A Country Gentleman," render the *Atlantic* for January a remarkable number. The scene of Mr. Craddock's story is laid among the Tennessee mountains. Miss Jewett has never been more felicitous than when describing the dwellers in a Marsh Island, and their guest. As for Mrs. Oliphant, her pictures of English family life are always charming, and her story opens in a manner worthy of her great reputation. Oliver Wendell Holmes begins a series of papers entitled "A New Portfolio," and the first number is full of the old time charm, wit, pathos, and other delightful qualities of the genial Autocrat. Articles of literary interest are a thoughtful study of "Childhood in Greek and Roman Literature," by Horace E. Scudder; "Madame Mohl, her Salon and her Friends," by Kathleen O'Meara, and a paper of curious interest by Richard Grant White on "The H. Malady in England." Two pictures of New England life—"A Salem Dame-School," and

"Winter Days," being selections from Thoreau's Journal, are of interest; and these, with a short story by Frank R. Stockton; critiques on Vedder's drawings to Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat, Vernon Lee's "Euphorion," and other notable books; poetry of a Christmas character, and the usual Contributors' Club, complete a number brimming over with good things. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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The Christmas number of the *Brooklyn Magazine*, the third issue of this new periodical, comes to us considerably enlarged and replete with literary matter appropriate to the season. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster opens the number with a charming poem "Merry Christmas," while "Marion Harland" contributes a Christmas story, "Singing in the Snow," written in her best vein. Rev. T. De Witt Talmage writes an amusing and spicy article on "Irrepressible Music," in which the celebrated divine narrates a laughable story of his experience with an irrepressible music-box in his school-boy days. The various departments of Literature, London Correspondence, Religious Brevities, Home Interests, Woman's Kingdom, Society, Dramatic and

Musical all contain an unusually large variety of interesting matter, and aid in making this number doubly worth the popular price of 10 cents at which it is sold. The Brooklyn Magazine Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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In order to stimulate the study of Shakespeare in our Colleges and Institutions of Learning, as well as in the Home Circle, the Leonard Scott Publishing Company offers Prizes to the value of \$500 for the best original Essays on the following subjects: (Essay to be published in *Shakepearana*.)

One of Shakespeare's Male Characters.

One of Shakespeare's Female Characters.

Shakespeare's Spirits (Ghosts, Witches, Fairies).

Shakespeare's Politics as shown in the Plays.

Shakespeare's Characters of the Kings of England as compared with their Historical Characters.

There are certain rules which can be had by applying to the publishers.

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"*Aldine's Juvenile Gem*"—Is the title of a new illustrated weekly paper for young people, the publication of which begins with the new year. It is a new departure of the prolific "Literary Revolution" and will therefore be examined with particular interest by some hundreds of thousands of readers who have come to look to that enterprise almost exclu-

sively for their reading matter. Its subscription price is only 75 cents a year, though it will rival the high priced magazines in the amount and quality of its attractions. A specimen copy will be sent to any applicant forwarding his address by postal card to the publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York.

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Demorest's Monthly is the World's Model Magazine. The largest in Form, the Largest in Circulation, and the best two dollar family Magazine issued. 1885 will be the twenty-first year of its publication; it is now improved so extensively as to place it in the front rank of family Periodicals, and equal to any magazine. It contains 64 pages, large quarto, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, elegantly printed and fully illustrated, each number having steel engravings, oil picture, or art subjects, published by W. Jennings Demorest, New York.

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"*Chinese Gordon*."—A biography of this remarkable man ought to be interesting reading, especially if written by the famous hero-journalist and veteran war correspondent, Archibald Forbes. It is not, therefore, surprising to see numerous editions of it published. First there was the English edition, of course at a high price, then a reprint at \$1.00 per copy, by an American "high-

priced" publisher; now follows the "*Literary Revolution*" edition, large handsome type, neat cloth binding, for only 50 cents! The publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York, will send a 100-page descriptive catalogue of his publications, covering the entire field of standard literature, free to any applicant.

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The *Electra* has a rich store of good things for the coming year, of which the January number is but a foretaste. Charming sketches of countries and people, stories both serial and short, which will not only interest, but leave some good behind. "Reading Club" and "Current History" continue to grow in interest. The *Electra* by combination has succeeded to the circulation of *At Home and Abroad*, and *Ladies' Pearl*. It is pre-eminently the first of southern periodicals.

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Youth's Companion enters upon its 58th year with the largest circulation of any weekly literary paper in the world.

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Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will henceforth editorially conduct the "Home Interests" Department of *The Brooklyn Magazine*.

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Subscribers to *Phrenological Journal* received as a New Year present a new phrenological chart.

It is a handsome symbolical head on which is located each of the phrenological organs pictorially illustrated in their natural language. It is a very perfect representation and is well worth the dollar which Messrs. Fowler & Wells ask for it.

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Scientific American, of Dec. 27, is filled up with gorgeous illustrations and explanations of the Inter-oceanic Ship Railway. The frontice-piece is a ship in transit, pulled by engines on three tracks laid firmly on one bed. Of the many transillisman projects none but a waterway has ever occurred to any one but Mr. Eads. He has therefore made himself famous for the very boldness of his schemes to say nothing of the practicality.

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The Home and Farm, Louisville, Ky., is publishing a series of articles on "Tobacco." They are prepared with the utmost care and skill by Col. J. B. Killebrew, who is high authority on this subject.

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The Normal Echo, published by the Southern Normal, Lexington, N. C., offers to supply a long-felt want in Southern education. It is, however, devoted specially to the educational interests of N. C. It is bold in venturing upon this new field, and we hope it great success.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"Social Problems," by Henry George has gone the round of the critics, who have left it doubtful to most minds whether it is worth reading or not. To those, we would say, who believe everything they see in print, it had best be left unread. It can hardly be called anything but a piece of right cunning and successful railery at existing institutions. He has a low estimate of the morality of our times. The one leading idea—the reform which, if adopted, he says would effect a most powerful and wholesome revolution is this: Raise all revenue by taxing land only, and by taxing it according to value, irrespective of the improvements. This, he says, will put an end to the monopoly in land, and enable the poor man to get a home. He failed to answer the objection that a man worth \$100—might have to pay more tax than a man worth \$100,000,000.

We noticed in the January number of *North American Review* that a writer questions the propriety of the publication by Fraud of the Letters of Carlyle. To us this seems certainly the most remarkable, and in many respects the most valuable literary work of '84. While every one admits Carlyle to be the greatest genius of his age, yet his real life and

character seems to be a puzzle to the piercing observers of character. These letters with Mr. Fraud's explanations and criticisms upon "The French Revolution," "Cromwell," and "Frederic the Great" furnish the helps by which an average mind may know much of that great and mysterious being—Carlyle.

How to study Character is a new book just published by Fowler & Wells. paper 50 cents, cloth 75 cents. It is a thorough analysis of the science of mind, including a review of Alexander Bain's criticism of the Phrenological System by Thos. A. Hyde. The captions discussed are rich with suggestive thought. Illustrations: Daniel Webster, Demosthenes, Chrysostome, Cicero, Chatham, Mirabeau, Whitfield, H. N. Beecher.

—Gen. Clingman is about to publish a work on his tobacco leaf panacea, which he contends will reduce human suffering ninety per cent.

—Our correspondent at New Orleans writes us a brilliant little letter; we are sorry that space will not admit of its publication.

—Thanks to Mrs. C. P. Spencer for an Address at the Installation of the Law School of the Columbian University, delivered Oct. 8, 1884, by Solicitor-General Phillips. Coming from the ablest lawyer that North Carolina has

produced since the days of Badger, it is what we would naturally expect it to be, able, scholarly, and learned. Gen. Phillips makes a happy allusion to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, when it was composed of Ruffin, Gaston and Daniel. He speaks somewhat at length of Gaston and makes mention of an incident or two in his life that occurred at Chapel Hill.

COLLEGE NEWS AND OLDS.

—A handsome ticket is out announcing the exercises of the fiftieth anniversary of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, Feb. 13, 1885.

—*St. Mary's Muse*, a quarterly magazine, published by the senior class of St. Mary's School, begins its seventh volume with a hundred page issue. Large, neat, readable, it would be creditable to any institution.

—The *State Chronicle* of Jan. 2, contains an article by Dr. A. W. Mangum, showing that North Carolina is behind all other States in its expenditures for higher education.

—The management of Trinity College has been assumed by three gentlemen who pay \$1000 each per year. With this sum and \$2500 coming from the Con-

ference, together with tuition, &c., it is proposed to run the College.

—Sixty Freshmen at Harvard have dropped their Latin, eighty their Greek, and about a hundred their mathematics. They have divided themselves between the two history classes.—*Ex.*

—The State of Ohio is reported to have more colleges and ministers than the whole of Europe.—*Ex.*

—There are 32,000 students in the various colleges in the United States.

—Yale spends \$50,000 on athletic sports.

—There are nineteen Cherokee Indians attending Trinity College, North Carolina. The State is paying for their education.—*Ex—?*

—London, the largest city in the world does not possess a University. Constantinople is the only other capital in Europe that does not possess one of these seats of learning.

—A thousand dollar scholarship has been left to Dartmouth college, upon condition that no student using liquors or tobacco shall receive the benefit of it.—*Ex.*

—The ladies of Elmira college are discussing the question of "higher education for men."

—There are thirty-three general, sixteen local, and seven

ladies' college fraternities in the United States.

—Prof. Gildersleeve, of the American school at Athens, is to be succeeded by Prof. J. C. Van Burschoten.

—After admission for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard, Latin, Greek and, Mathematics are not required.

—Washington, Jackson, Van Buren, Madison, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln and Johnson did not go to college; Grant was educated at West Point; Monroe and Tyler at William and Mary's college; Adams at Princeton; Polk at the University of North Carolina; Pierce at Bowdoin; Hayes at Kenyon college; William and Arthur at Union.—*Ex.*

—Amherst is thinking of devoting itself entirely to classics.

—Eighteen, says President Porter, is the proper age to enter college.

—Maine University, after being closed ten years, is to be re-opened soon.

—At Amherst College, every

member of the faculty is a graduate of the institution.

—An American college is to be established at Shanghai, China.

—Over one thousand students, says an exchange, have been expelled from the University of Kieff, in Russia, and drafted into penitentiary regiments.

—Princeton allows each student twenty-five unexcused absences per term. U. N. C. is behind the times.

—In a certain town in Mexico, forty packages of cigarettes can be bought for one dollar. Good place to start a college—*Ex.*

A doctor : No. A lawyer? No.

A preacher? No-siree!

A farmer? No! A Coachman, though.

Is just the thing for me.

I'll take a course in Wheel and Horse,

And graduate I hope;

For my Degree, I'll take with me,

The daughter and elope.

—*University Press.*

SONG OF THE FRESHMEN.

A tired Freshman, thin and weak,
I sit and tug away at Greek.

My student lamp is burning low

As the weary hours come and go.

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COLLEGE RECORD.

—Mr. A. J. Feild, '85, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Phi. corps of editors, caused by the resignation of Mr. H. A. Latham.

While we exceedingly regret the loss of Mr. Latham, to whose untiring energy the success of the MAGAZINE for the past year and a half has been largely due, we are heartily glad that his mantle falls upon one so well qualified for the position. We welcome Mr. Field to the staff.

—Since our last issue the examinations have come and gone. They came, rousing us from our lethargy, and banishing pleasure, peace and sleep; tamed awhile, "doing deadly work," killing many and wounding more; departed, leaving the injured ones to bitterly lament over the past, and to form (as ever,) good resolutions for the future. But regrets were useless; and as the last echoing footsteps of these unwelcome visitors died out, a joyous shout of unrestraint rent the air. 'Twas the boys leaving for home! To-day, however, the holidays are of the past. The days have steeped themselves in nights, and the nights dreamed themselves away. The boys are back again, and the

New Year is upon us with it its duties and its pleasures. In short now is the time when the mind must be applied with assiduity.

—On the evening of Dec. 5th, the Mitchell Society held its second meeting for the present session. As the examinations were close at hand the meeting was short, the papers presented being mainly reports on work done by the members during the half session just closing.

The Vice-President, Prof. Gore, read an interesting report on certain recent developments in engineering, including a new method of cutting through quick-sands, improvements in projectiles, &c. Dr. Wm. Phillips sent in an account of the analysis of crystals of dog-tooth spar found in the shells on the banks of the Cape Fear river, and of the crust gotten from a salt-boiler used during the Confederacy. Prof. deSchweinitz contributed a report on an examination of a blue deposit from the flues of the Bertha Lime works of South West Virginia. The analysis of a specimen of Specular Iron Ore found near Winston, Forsyth county, by Mr. J. H. Manning was read, and Mr. J. C. Roberts reported on his examination of

the waters of Chapel Hill, with reference to their purity for drinking purposes, comparing his results with the published analysis of waters used in such cities as Washington, Philadelphia, Richmond, &c. The Society then adjourned to meet in January.

HOLIDAY HAPPINESS.

On Xmas night the officers and children of the Baptist Sunday School gave an entertainment, which was attended by quite a large number of people from the village and surrounding country. The entertainment consisted mainly of singing by the members of the school. A dialogue "On Going to Sunday School," by Masters F. Craig and Charlie Robinson, was very good. At the close, confectioneries were liberally distributed which, we imagine was the most enjoyable part of the occasion to the children.

— The students who were so unfortunate (in the opinion of their fellow-students who were to spend their holidays at home) as to have to remain on the "Hill" during the Xmas vacation have sufficient reasons to congratulate themselves upon their pleasant time. All agree that they never spent a more enjoyable Xmas here. Not a single day dragged heavily, but each one passed on swiftest wing. The girls never

were sweeter, more entertaining, or more charming. And their presence of course infinitely increased our enjoyment and made us sadly regret that the "hours were so fleeting." Even the young man, with the "tireless intellect" who had determined to read and study during the holidays was drawn into the gayeties, sociables, leap-year sociables, masque sociables, entertainments of various kinds; and last but not least private *tete-a-tetes* were all the rage.

On the night of the 26th ult. Prof. Venable entertained us in Prof. Holmes' recitation-room with some Magic-Lantern Views. The views which were mostly of an order to incite risibility were very much enjoyed.

To vary the pleasures a little, and also to give the ladies an opportunity to avail themselves of the privileges granted by '84 a Leap Year sociable was given at Prof. Winston's, on the 29th ult. Those who had the good fortune to be escorted thither by the fair sex and a few others spent a pleasant evening under the Prof's hospitable roof. The number of proposals made upon this occasion are unknown, but the bliss it was productive of is inestimable.

On Tuesday night following Capt. Coley's residence was invaded, and several hours pleasantly whiled away with games and social converse. Here too

private *tete-a-tetes* were noticeable. We particularly remember seeing one of our under graduate Professors conversing "sweet and low" at a window, with the moonlight streaming in; and conjecture that he was unburdening himself.

Another variation. At the sociable at Mrs. Thomson's on the 31st ult., the ladies were out *en masques* as well as *en masse* as on previous occasions. Allow us to say right here that the masks and contumes were beautiful. The disguises were excellent, and much speculation was current as to the respective individuals. We know of one gentlemen who knelt for an hour before his sweetheart as he supposed; but afterwards discovered that he had been wearing out the knees of his pants, at the feet of one who for some time yet would not be on the *tapis*. Another friend tells us that he was proposed to by the prettiest girl present; and that the avowal as transported him into realms of of unutterable bliss.

At the last sociable we partook of the hospitality of Dr. Mangum; and we are sure that we never spent a more pleasant. The time passed merrily by. The company was most agreeable, and the good humor general. Ample refreshments were served, and afterwards the hours were whiled away with games until it was time to depart.

— The "Mock Faculty Meeting" presented by the students here during the Xmas holidays of '83 and '84 was so well received as to ensure the success of the rendition of something similar in the future. This Xmas "Mock Recitations" were given as a sequel to the Mock Faculty Meeting of last year, and met with even a more favorable reception. On the night of the 1st inst., the pseudo-profs. and students repaired to Prof. Holmes' recitation room, and they went through the daily college routine before a large and appreciative audience. In order that the sameness and deepness of thought of the recitations might not tire the audience too much, comic dialogues and declamations were rendered between Dunston and Latham, the latter as "Uncle Sam," kept the house convulsed with laughter. The Profs. were impersonated as follows:

Prof. Hooper, Faust; Dr. Mangum, Monroe; Dr. Battle, Latham; Prof. Coble, Smith; Prof. Holmes, Scull; Prof. Venable, West; Prof. Gore, Eller; Prof. Winston, Strayhorn. All of the impersonations were good. The following were excellent: Scull as Prof. Holmes; Strayhorn as Prof. Winston; Eller as Prof. Gore, and Faust as Prof. Hooper. The idiosyncrasies of each Prof., although magnified, were brought

out, and the "Mock Recitations" were a success.

Frank Dixon rendered the "Curse of Regulus" with rare dramatic ability. Mr. J. F. Schenck recited "Carl the Blacksmith" admirably. Both gentlemen held the undivided attention of the audience and deservedly elicited considerable applause. The entertainment afforded amusement for two or three hours, and was enjoyed by all.

—The large and appreciative audience that dared the weather on Monday night, the 5th inst. to witness the performance of the University Minstrel Company in Holmes Hall, were amply repaid for so doing. The first public performance of this amateur company was undoubtedly a success. The caricatures were excellent, the music fine, and the negro wit and jokes kept the audience in an almost continual roar of laughter. We submit a part of the program, the remainder, owing to unavoidable circumstances, was not performed:

Part First—Overture—Messrs. Wood, Hill, Womack, Strayhorn and Schenck.

Jokes by Company—Wood, Grimes, Hill, Womack, Baker, Schenck Manning, Strayhorn, with Weill as Interlocutor.

Part Second—"Ginger Blue" (Song and dance)—J. W. Wood.

Banjo Solo—J. F. Schenck.

"Sidney Ann's Courtship:"—J. F. Schenck.

Sidney Ann: J. F. Schenck. Inkstand: J. W. Wood,

The Courtship was rich, a decided hit. In it a song, "A Warrior Bold," sung by J. W. Wood, was excellent.

Part Third—Formation of Minstrel Troups.

Grand Finale.

Music by Orchestra.

We return thanks to these gentlemen, and those who conducted the entertainment on Friday night the, 2d inst., for the amusement afforded us during the holidays.

And now the amusements are over and the session's work before us.

The following are the officers of the Y. M. C. Association for the Spring Term: President, J. F. West; Vice-President, H. Dixon; Secretary, J. W. Hughes; Cor. Sec. —. The Association is in a flourishing condition, and gives promise of a long continuance of its good work.

Prof. Willoughby Reade, so well and favorably known both as a reader and teacher of elocution, gave an entertainment in Gerrard Hall on the night of the 12th inst; and again on the 13th, with an entire change of programme. The selections were varied and new; and to those who had the pleasure of attending the entertainments, it is entirely unnecessary to say that they were rendered well. Prof. Reade possesses the rare ability of adapting himself

alike to the serious and the humorous, and by this power keeps his audience alternately in tears and laughter. Truly 'tis a great art "to so suit the word to the action the action to the word," as to bring out the full meaning of a piece.

As a reader the Prof. stands almost without a peer, and as a teacher of elocution he has been very successful.

We understand that he wishes to get up a class here; and advise those who are desirous of excelling in this art to avail themselves of the opportunity.

The officers for the Commencement of '85 are as follows:

REPRESENTATIVES

Dialectic Society.—M. McG. Shields, Carthage, N. C.; Gilbert Brown Patterson, Shoe Heel, N. C.; Edward Fountain Strickland, Bliss, N. C.

Philanthropic Society.—James Thom-

as, New Berne, N. C.; Pierre Beauregard Manning, Sunbury, N. C.; Walter Sealon Dunston, Creswell, N. C.

MARSHALS.

Chief.—Oliver Clegg Bynum, Bynum, N. C.

Di. Assistants.—E. B. Saunders, Lilesville, N. C.; S. P. Graves, Mt. Airy, N. C.; H. R. Starbuck, Winston, N. C.; M. L. John, Laurinburg, N. C.

Phi. Assistants.—G. L. Patrick, Kinston, N. C.; W. M. Person, Franklinton, N. C.; L. P. Woodard, Wilson, N. C.; J. W. Hughes, Washington, N. C.

BALL MANAGERS.

Chief.—Frank Pugh, Windsor, N. C.

Dialectic Assistants.—R. N. Hackett, Wilkesboro, N. C.; J. H. Little, Mangum, N. C.

Phi. Assistants.—St. Clair Hester, Kittrells, N. C.; J. H. J. Leigh, Durant's Neck, N. C.

Mr. Sol. C. Weill, orator-elect, has chosen Messrs. Grissom and Womack to act as Marshals at the Washington's Birthday exercises, which will be held on the 23rd of Feb., Sunday being the 22nd.

PERSONALS.

We hope our kind readers will not consider us previous, in wishing one and all, *A Haypy New Year!*

The boys remaining on the "Hill" during the holidays helped to make the "*festibule*" a grand success.

It was *Latham* against the *Feild*. The *feild* won.

Zeb Walser writes that he slept under the dome of the capitol at Washington and dreamed he would one day sit there. 'Twas but a dream!

Mr. R. W. Winston, Mangum medalist of '81, paid a flying visit to his brother Prof. Winston, last week. "Bob" has made a fine reputation as a lawyer and is con-

sidered among the best equipped of our State senators. We may also add that he is the youngest member of the Senate.

The present law class is a happy one. All are in love or engaged. A fine incentive to hard study, but mighty poor prospects for the lucky (?) young ladies.

The ball managers have been elected. On with the dance! But where? Some say Raleigh, while others are mute.

Prof. Monroe is his title, and dignity in proportion.

R. W. Winborne, '81, is said to be one of the handsomest men in the Lower House. We wonder if the "old Trojan" will be able to stand the siege during the session of the Legislature.

The "New Year" fresh. are about as fine looking as fresh usually are. We refuse to accept them as a New Year gift. Too hard looking.

Mr. W. A. Self was the happy recipient of the "Reade Medal" given to the best declaimer in the class. Accept our congratulations for it was a hard fought battle.

We return thanks to the managers for kind invitations to attend "Inaugural Ball" and "Anniversary Exercises" at Wake Forest. The invitations are very handsome.

The following head-lines grace a sheet of note paper: H. A. Latham, Anti-Glee; Geo. L. Patrick, Athlete; C. F. Smith, Glee; J. C. Johnson, "Our Masher"; J. J. Hooker, our Att'y. Hooker has resigned his position, as *various other business engagements* demand all his time.

Two marble tablets have arrived and are soon to be put in Memorial Hall in their niches in the wall of fame.

Mr. S. B. Turrentine, '84, is principal of Union Academy, a very flourishing school in Chatham, Co. He has four lady assistants.

Thos. D. Stokes, '82, of Richmond, Va., is one of the most successful of our boys. He is going to engage in the wholesale hat business on his own hook about March 1st. We hope he may get lots of trade in our State.

The "Kurius Kavorters" have made another hit. Their tragedy of the deepest dye was a grand success. These entertainments by the boys are excellent and greatly vary the monotony of routine work.

One of the Faculty suggests that the affair now used for a chapel be sold to the Raleigh Ice Company. Second the motion.

A friend sends an old copy of the Zeta Psi monthly which contains an address by Hon. Augustus Van Wych, lately elected city Judge of Brooklyn, who became a member at this University in 1863. The address is an earnest, able and eloquent plea for the truth of the following proposition, viz: "Zeta Psi is a practical exponent of the True Philosophy of man and society, and the Promoter of Education, Morality, Honor and Good Fellowship."

The Zeta Psi is one of the Greek Letter Societies which will apply for recognition to the next meeting of the Board of Trustees of this institution.

We are much gratified to learn that the authorities will place four marble slabs each ten feet long in our Memorial Hall, on which will be inscribed the names of all our students who lost their lives in the recent war, the roll of the Confederate Dead of the University of North Carolina. The following is the only complete list ever published, comprising the names of two hundred and sixty officers and soldiers from Lieutenant Gen. Leonidas Polk, through all grades to the private in the ranks. They represent every battle of the war from Gettysburg to Red River. Although their sacrifice was in vain it is none the less fitting to record their names

among the eminent dead of the University, that they may never be forgotten. The gathering together of the facts embodied in this list required much labor of correspondence and enquiry. It was a labor of love with our most worthy Secretary of State, Col. Wm. L. Saunders, who himself was wounded and brought near to death's door while serving under General Lee. If we could count likewise, all the University boys who after gallant service were spared to the country, the number would be a striking proof of the large percentage of the best youth and manhood of the land engaged in that great struggle.

Roll of the Confederate Dead of the University of North Carolina.

1821.

Leonidas Polk, Lieutenant-General.

1832.

Charles G. Nelms, Lieutenant-Colonel.

1834.

William W. Avery, a volunteer.

1835.

Clarke M. Avery, Colonel.

1836.

Lucius J. Johnson, Major.

Oliver H. Prince, Captain.

1837.

Isham W. Garrott, Brigadier-General.

Thomas Ruffin, Colonel.

1838.

Lawrence O'B. Branch, Brigadier-Gen.

Thomas H. Lane, Sergeant.

Gaston Meares, Colonel.

1839.

Clement G. Wright, Lieutenant-Colonel.

1840.

Robin Ap. C. Jones, Captain.

James H. McNeill, Colonel.

1841.

Josiah E. Bryan, Private.

Tristram L. Skinner, Major.

Thomas T. Slade, Captain.

1842.

William L. Johnson, Captain.

1843.

John A. Benbury, Captain.

Edwin L. Dusenbury, Private.

Peter G. Evans, Colonel.

Elias C. Hines, Corporal.

J. Johnston Pettigrew, Brigadier-Gen.

Thomas I. Sharp, Captain.

John H. Stone, Private.

John H. Whitaker, Major.

1844.

James J. Iredell, Major.

Edward M. Scott, Captain.

1845.

George T. Baskerville, Captain.

Edward Mallett, Lieutenant-Colonel.

John A. Whitfield, Captain.

1846.

Joel C. Blake, Captain.

1847.

George B. Anderson, Brigadier-General.

Isaac E. Avery, Colonel.

John A. Avirett, Captain.

James Chalmers, Private.

Benjamin R. Huske, Major.

John R. Waddill, Lieutenant.

1848.

Charles E. Bellamy, Surgeon.

Thomas M. Garrett, Colonel.

John H. McDade, Captain.

Lemon Ruffin, Private.

Milton A. Sullivan, Captain.

William M. Walker, Captain.

1849

James F. Bell, Color Sergeant.

William M. Carrigan, Lieutenant.

Gavin H. Lindsay, Lieutenant

James T. McClennahan, Sergeant.

John Henry Morehead, Colonel

John T. Taylor, Captain.

1850.

Clinton M. Andrews, Colonel

John B. Andrews, Captain.

Jesse Averitt, Sergeant.

D. Whiting Husted, Lieutenant.

J. Glenn Jeffreys, Lieutenant

Leonidas J. Merritt, Lieutenant.

John T. Wheat, Captain.

Carey Whitaker, Captain.

Bryan Whitfield, Captain.

1851.

William L. Alexander, Captain.

William Bailey, Captain.

Henry L. Battle, Private.

Richard Bradford, Captain.

William H. Bunn, Captain.

John S. Chambers, Lieutenant.

Thomas Mewton Crumpler, Major.

James H. Fitts, Private.

John M. Mickle, Captain.

James C. Moore, Lieutenant Colonel.

Theophilus Perry, Major.

Peter P. Scales, Captain.

Maurice T. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Thomas McG. Smith, Major.

Peter E. Spruill, Private.

Owen A. Waddell, Major.

James A. Wright, Captain.

1852

William Adams, Captain.

George A. Baxter, Captain.

Owen N. Brown, Major.

Francis D. Foxhall, Lieutenant.

Robert E. James, Sergeant.

Daniel W. Johnson, Captain.

Daniel McDougald, Captain.

Duncan E. McNair, Captain.

Montford S. McRae, Sergeant.

E. Graham Morrow, Lieutenant.
 William A. Owens, Colonel.
 Stark A. Sutton, Captain.
 James N. Turner, Captain.
 Shubal G. Worth, Captain.

1853.

John Anthony, Corporal.
 Thomas O. Closs, Captain.
 Andrew J. Flanner, Private.
 Hugh W. Gardner, Private.
 James W. Horne, Sergeant.
 John W. Mayfield, Lieutenant.
 George T. Morgan, Private.
 Henry Mullins, Captain.
 John D. Rankin, Sergeant.
 Edwin S. Sanders, Captain.
 William E. Wilson, Private.

1854.

Robert L. Allen, Private.
 John W. Ballard, Captain.
 Jesse S. Barnes, Captain.
 Edward S. J. Bell, Lieutenant.
 Hugh T. Brown, Captain.
 Thomas Cowan, Jr., Captain.
 John L. Fuller, Private.
 William H. Gibson, Lieutenant.
 Frederick H. Jenkins, Captain.
 James B. Jordan, Private.
 William C. Lord, Captain.
 William B. McKinnon, Private.
 Julius A. Robbins, Captain.
 William H. Whitaker, Private.
 David Young, Private.

1855.

Solomon W. Alston, Assistant-Surgeon.
 Robert W. Anderson, Lieutenant.
 Benjamin I. Blount, Lieutenant.
 James G. Bustin, Sergeant.
 Thomas D. Claiborne, Lieutenant-Col.
 John T. Cook, Sergeant.
 Henry R. Daniel, Lieutenant.
 Robert T. Harris, Captain.
 William M. Holt, Lieutenant.
 N. Collin Hughes, Captain.
 George B. Johnston, Captain.

William P. Mangum, Lieutenant.
 James L. McCormic, Captain.
 John G. Purcell, Lieutenant.
 Edward L. Riddick, Private.
 Edward F. Satterfield, Private.
 William W. Sillers, Lieutenant-Colonel.
 Augustine B. Washington, Private.
 Thomas Lowe Watson, Lieutenant.
 David C. Whitaker, Lieutenant.
 Joseph A. Williams, Captain.

1856

Isaac T. Attmore, Private.
 Junius C. Battle, Corporal.
 Sterling H. Brickell, Captain.
 George P. Bryan, Captain.
 Charles Bruce, Jr., Captain.
 Thomas W. Cooper, Lieutenant.
 Addison Harvey, Captain.
 James D. Hunt, Captain.
 Robert H. Lindsay, Private.
 James B. McCallum, Lieutenant.
 Robert J. McEachern, Captain.
 John W. Mebane, Captain.
 Charles B. Murphy, Private.
 William T. Nicholson, Captain.
 Walter C. Y. Parker, Captain.
 James L. Robbins, Private.
 Iowa M. Royster, Lieutenant.
 Edward G. Sterling, Private.
 John D. Tatum, Private.
 James H. Taylor, Private.
 John F. Thompson, Private.
 Samuel P. Weir, Lieutenant.
 William A. Wooster, Lieutenant.

1857.

Lawrence M. Anderson, Lieutenant.
 William H. Austin, Sergeant.
 Henry K. Burgwyn, Jr., Colonel.
 James E. Butt, Lieutenant.
 Thomas Cowan, Private.
 John H. D. Fain, Captain.
 James W. W. Ferebee, Captain.
 Benjamin L. Gill, Lieutenant.
 Thomas S. Hill, Private.
 Joseph V. Jenkins, Private.

H. Francis Jones, Lieutenant.
 John McDonald Land, Private.
 Jarvis B. Lutterloh, Lieutenant.
 George S. Martin, Captain.
 William Whitmel Martin, Major.
 George W. McMillan, Private.
 Stephen D. Pichmond, Lieutenant.
 David W. Simmons, Jr., Lieutenant.
 Thomas Lucius Smith, Lieutenant.
 Massillon F. Taylor, Captain.
 James N. Thompson, Private.
 Nathan B. Whitfield, Captain.
 Henry G. Williams, Ensign.
 John W. Wilson, Lieutenant.
 E. Eldridge Wright, Captain.

1858.

Edward H. Armstrong, Captain.
 Joseph H. Bason, Sergeant.
 Luther R. Bell, Private.
 James J. Cherry, Captain.
 Joseph D. Cherry, Private.
 Weldon E. Davis, Captain.
 John H. Dobbin, Private.
 John C. Gaines, Captain.
 John L. Haughton, Private.
 Thomas C. Holliday, Captain.
 James P. Jenkins, Lieutenant.
 Aurelius C. Jones, Private.
 John T. Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel.
 James S. Knight, Lieutenant.
 Harrison P. Lyon, Lieutenant.
 Richardson Mallett, Lieutenant.
 William T. Nuckolls, Captain.
 Augustus M. Parker, Private.
 Oliver T. Parks, Lieutenant.
 Charles E. Riddick, Lieutenant.
 Jesse G. Ross, Private.
 Jesse W. Siler, Lieutenant.
 Rufus S. Siler, Lieutenant.
 James M. Smith, Private.
 Samuel T. Snow, Lieutenant.
 Reuel A. Stancil, Private.
 Archibald T. Staton, Lieutenant.
 Simon H. Taylor, Private.
 Thomas S. Webb, Captain.

1859.

Archibald H. Arrington, Private.
 Leonard W. Bartlett, Captain.
 W. Lewis Battle, Lieutenant.
 Elias Bunn, Lieutenant.
 Edward J. Chilton, Private.
 John Garlington, Private.
 William M. Gunnels, Private.
 Leonard A. Henderson, Captain.
 John M. Kelly, Major.
 Neill R. Kelly, Lieutenant.
 Nathaniel A. Ogilby, Private.
 George M. Quarles, Private.
 Lawson W. Sykes, Captain.
 Felix Tankersly, Lieutenant.
 William B. Whitfield, Private.

1860.

Joseph H. Adams, Sergeant.
 Edward R. Atkinson, Private.
 DeWitt C. Buck, Private.
 Seaborn W. Chisholm, Private.
 George M. Clark, Major.
 Joseph B. Coggin, Lieutenant.
 Virginius Copeland, Lieutenant.
 Reuben R. DeJarnette, Private.
 Richard M. Footman, Private.
 William P. Gill, Lieutenant.
 Samuel Wiley Gray, Captain.
 John A. Green, Sergeant.
 Neverson C. Maner, Private.
 Clarence D. Martin, Sergeant.
 William R. McKethan, Private.
 William H. H. Mills, Private.
 Edward A. T. Nicholson, Captain.
 Jesse H. Person, Lieutenant.
 Seth B. Speight, Private.
 Charles Vines, Jr., Lieutenant.

1861.

Joseph H. Branch, Private.
 Theophilus H. Holmes, Jr., Lieutenant.
 Robert C. McRee, Sergeant Major.
 Henry C. Miller, Jr., Private.
 Napoleon B. Owens, Private.
 Edward L. Richardson, Private.
 Nathan J. Snead, Private.

1862.

John R. Haughton, Private.
Frederick Nash, private.

1863.

James J. Phillips, Private.

1864.

William H. G. Webb, Lieutenant.

Total—Lt. Gen'ls. 1; Brig. Gen'ls. 4;
Lt. Cols. 8; Cols. 11; Capts. 75; Lieuts.
50; Ensigns 1; Serg'ts. 16; Majors 12;
Volunteers 1; Privates 70; Corporals 3;
Surgeons 2.

Good Money for all and an Elegant Silver
Watch for the most Successful.

Our friend H. A. Latham, for two years an editor of this MAGAZINE, has full control of the general agency in this University for a large Northern House, that is, he wishes to secure the services of working men—none others need apply—to engage in a profitable business during the summer vacation. You can make more at this than you can at teaching or any thing else of which we know, and you may begin the work as soon as you like.

Last year an army of about 300 men in Virginia and North Carolina were engaged.

Mr. S. B. Turrentine, of Chapel Hill, made a profit of four hundred dollars (\$400) in about two months. He won the silver watch of \$30.00 value. The firm offers another watch this year to the most successful man.

From Mr. Latham's success as a representative of a large Raleigh House and as editor of this MAGAZINE we know his business qualifications to be of the first order.

The work is heartily endorsed by Prof. Mangum and Dr. Battle. Last year 30 of the boys engaged in the work; this year he expects fifty. See Mr. Latham before all the places are filled up.

 Up with the times, and still advancing! The well selected stock of G. W. Purefoy & Co., is not to be excelled.

No better to be found; walk in and examine for yourselves.

THE
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITORS:

DL.
A. H. ELLER,
S. C. WEILL,
M. McG. SHIELDS,



PHI.
ALEX. J. FEILD,
J. R. MONROE,
C. T. GRANDY.

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New Series Vol. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 5.

FOUR YEARS AGO.

BY ANNIE E. JOHNS, AUTHOR OF "COOLEEMEE," &C.

Westward, full fifty years ago there lay
A little babe moulded of finest clay.
"Nursling of widowhood," his mother bent
O'er him with tears and smiles together blent,
"Thy father's face thou ne'er wilt know, my boy,
Yet will I train thee up to be the joy,
The love of all thy fellow-men; so fair
Thou'lt grow, blessings shall compass thee like air,
And crown thy sweet young brow with jewels rare—
O, I shall see thee stand beyond compare!"
The wintry winds howled round the widow's door,
And swept the drifted snow o'er step and floor;
Heard in the distance is the wolves' fierce roar,
And close at hand the panther's moaning soar.
And oft she feared her babes would lack for bread,
And oft herself went supperless to bed.
But still she toiled, till fears and dangers past,
Love, patience, faith, won their reward at last.

The baby grew apace. Youngest of four,
His little feet still pattered round the door
And ran his mother's errands; whilst at school,

The others bowed beneath a sterner rule.
From the green shelter of umbrageous boughs,
At morn and eve he led the lowing cows;
Kept up the household fire, and water brought
From the clear spring with health and gladness fraught;
Then played and chattered by his mother's side,
Whilst she content her busy needle plied.
But Oh! his chief delight the weekly mail—
To sit quite still and hear the wondrous tale
Of Harrison and Tyler; with bated breath
To learn of the White House and its First Death;
And all the marvels of newspaper hoard,
Read by his mother round the evening board;
Then kneel beside her at the daily prayer,
And with "Our Father" cast off ev'ry care.

And now to school our little hero goes,
In all the glory of first pair of shoes.
Sure our bright boy a scholar's place will fill—
But never in his life could he be *still*.
The master threatened—coaxed—but all in vain,
And then to the good Mother did complain.
One look from her went straight to the boy's heart,
And to sit still he strove as highest art.
But that quick boy could make no sculptured stone,
And teacher, wiser now let him alone,—
Whilst he read—studied—wrote—all o'er the room,
And bud of knowledge grew to fairest bloom.

Time sped on,—strong and manly grew the boy,
The axe and chisel now his chief employ;
But still he found much time to read and write,
Stretched on the hearth-stone by the dim fire-light;
Till fevered by romance, and song and story,
His young imagination longed for glory.
From where he worked Lake Erie's slaty blue,
Appeared to him a boundless ocean-view,—
And he must see the world—from shore to shore,
There is a hand that beckons him before.

With mother's prayers and dollars few, elate
Our sailor-boy sets out to meet his fate,—
And that same Cleveland where so lately borne
With the world's tears, saw him footsore and worn,
And found no work for eager hand and brain,
Save the tow-path to reach the boundless main;
But on that path the true, grand life began
Which proves "The boy is father to the man."
Not greater at the White House or Long Branch,
With science, art and love all wounds to staunch,
Than the boy-driver at the dead of night,
'Gainst Captain even to stand up for the right;
And in meek silence bear the open sneer,
That his brave act was due alone to fear.
But honor came—as it will come to all,
Who heed the sacred voice of duty's call.
Charged by a big boat-hand he gave the blow,
And hurled the cruel coward far below,
To the boat's bottom midst the copper ore.
"Hurrah for Jim!" cries Captain—"Pound him more!"
But the boy's hand is stayed,—“Captain, not so,
I cannot—will not—strike a *fallen* foe.”

His dreams came true,—soldier and sailor life,
Left far behind in that romantic strife
With elements and men; on that tow-path
Full fourteen times he took his "morning-bath,"
And when we hear of this last crowning feat,
We'll know that his grand work's not yet complete.
Called up one rainy night to take his place,
And guide the boat along the narrow race,
Scarce half-awake he found his way on deck
And grasped the rope; it soon received a check;
He jerked and fell, in the dark waters sank
Mid fishes, slime, and vegetation rank,
Saying his mother's prayer as he went down,
And thinking only of a heavenly crown.
But the rope steadies in that drowning grasp,
And draws him on the deck with eager clasp,
'Tis caught again. Dripping and wet he stands,

And coils and throws it oft with wondering hands,
'Twill catch no more, that miracle is o'er,
What life has Providence for him in store?
And swells his heart up to the seraphim,
"God cares for me—hencoforth I'll live for Him."
We see him next upon a bed of pain,
Curbed by his mother's loving, guiding rein,
Who led him through the green and pleasant ways
Of books; the Bible, Bunyan, Shakespeare's plays.
O, how he reveled in the sacred page
Of Abraham—chosen of God—faithful sage,
Of how young Jacob sought and found a wife,
And Joseph's pure and consecrated life,—
Numbered with kingly Saul his myriads slain,
And fought with David o'er his battles 'gain,—
Looked on great Solomon—the chief of men—
And down with Daniel in the lion's den.
Then with the Pilgrim fought his battles o'er,
And with him crossed to the fair City's shore.
And what fields opened for him in the wild—
Shakespeare—nature's and fancy's darling child;
Wept half-hid tears o'er princely Arthur's death,
And paled with horror o'er blood-stained Macbeth;
On lonely island wrecked with Prospero,
And dreamed of love like that of Romeo;
Laughed at old Falstaff till quite out of breath,
And fought with gallant Henry to the death.
And Scott too threw his bright, historic charm
O'er that sick bed, and did him good not harm,
Sure never boy rejoiced in skates or ball,
As he in highland brae and Scottish hall,
In Ellen—Marmion—Cuddie—Evandale—
The wonders too of brave Crusaders' Tale,—
He climbed with Geirstein's Anne the fearful height,
Which knightly Arthur shrank from in affright;
Chose for *his* Valentine, Fair Maid of Perth—
A mate for kings in her soul's royal birth,
And with Di Vernon rode o'er cliff and brake,
Till halted at the side of mountain lake.

Amid such visions the boy grew in mind,
A blessing to himself and to mankind.

He enters now his Academic course,
With not quite eagles two—his sole resource—
His room unpainted, dark, and shared with two—
Three broken chairs of furniture in lieu,—
A pot and pan, kitchen utensils see,
A mat of straw and breeches worn at knee.
But mind and body grew on work not play,
His was all work even on holiday.

And now there dawned on him a sweeter light
Than ever shed a ray o'er mountain height,
'Tis love, true, gentle, consecrated, pure,
Born to illuminate and to endure.

His Juliet yon lovely, modest girl,
With worth quite hidden as in oyster pearl.
But not *now* can the boy presume to speak,
And all that glows within on language wreak;
Name, fortune, education, must be won
E'er he can turn, sunflower to his sun.

To bring her nuts from forest-covered hill,
And water from the purest running rill,
To carry her school-books,—bold advance,
Met by a timid, shy, but kindly glance,—
And with fresh ardor he himself addressed,
To his life's work as to the goal he pressed.

Onward and upward still his way he goes,
Reaping the seed which he advancing sows;
His corner-stone of learning so well laid,
Symmetrical and strong the structure made;
All finished—graceful column—stately hall—
Spacious dome and tower—cornice—pictured wall,—
From source like this, mark ye, what words can spring—
The thoughts and words which make of men a king.

“Do you not long to know—to do—to dare—
In the great world of thought to have a share—
To hold before you some high object rare—
For strength of arm and mind and purpose fair?

These longings must be heard and gratified,
Or you will pass through life unsatisfied,—
But if your duty calls another course,
To do that duty be your high resource.
We count not time by days and nights on earth,
The soul's renewal is the soul's true birth;
This life is measured by the mind's advance,
The heart's enlargement, and the broad expanse
Wherein it ranges,—till it glows with joy.
And high and holy hope without alloy."*

And now there rose a light on his stern path,
Which shone o'er it through all life's aftermath,
Sunbeam that gilded first his morning way,
And with advancing years a brighter ray,
And brighter still when clouds and darkness reigned,
A Nation sat in sorrow deep—unfeigned—
And softer—sweeter yet on that sad day,
When all his mortal part at Elberon lay,
And brighter grows as Time's revolving years
Brings near the land unknown to pain and tears.

Upward and onward still his course we find,
Scholar, soldier, statesman, in him combined,
Illumined all by better, mightier, greater part,
The husband's, father's, son's, and Christian's heart,
Till on Fame's height he stands above his mates—
The President of these United States!
What fills his thoughts Inauguration-Day,
As that grand, gorgeous scene before him lay?
Thinks he of proud Ambition's loves and hates—
Of party issues—or constructed states?
Not so— but of that *Mother* old and worn,
Who watched through sorrow's night for this fair morn,
And that sweet *Wife*, God-given, true help-meet,
Who helped to make his own grand life complete.
Complete? Yes, he has reached the topmost round
Of Fame's bright ladder, and is now to sound
The depths and shoals with which that way is rife,
And by his fall win more in death than life.

* Letter written by young Garfield.

First he's to watch beside the fearful strife
That near had wrenched from his true heart his wife,—
The nation's head—he bends with noiseless tread
And soothing hand around her suffering bed,—
Unmindful that a Figure dark and ill
At home, park, street, church, lowers o'er him still.
And she is given back to his embrace,
But with so bowed a mien so pale a face,
That even the dark Spirit hov'ring near,
Appalled—abashed—seeks his own proper sphere.
But health smiles on her soon at pure Long Branch—
His ship triumphant now again will launch
O'er storms and tempests and fierce billows roar—
White-winged—exultant—proudly rise once more!

On that bright morn with hope and love elate,
To flee with winged speed to his sweet mate—
Unmindful of the *Shadow* hov'ring near,
To turn that beauteous day to darkness drear,
He starts to fair Elberon,—what sound appalls
Like thunderbolt from sky serene? *He falls.*
While all around in frozen horror dumb—
What are the words of that grand life the sum?
“To go I'm ready, if my time has come,—
But take me not away, my God, before
My work is finished and life's battle's o'er,—
Not *now*—can it be *now* when in the prime
Of life, and all life's glories is *my time*?
When she I feared to lose—my peerless wife—
Has just been given back to bless my life—
Yes, if Thy will, I bow beneath the rod—
Thy will not mine be done, O Father—God.”

Back to the White House he so lately left,
Through the sad city as one man bereft,
By loving friends in long procession borne,
Of wit and gladness, mirth and laughter shorn,—
There laid on lingering, patient bed of pain—
While nations wept and prayed—it seemed in vain.

But Oh! the victim is the conqueror still—
The conqueror vanquished prey to every ill—

One has an armor that no shot can pierce—
The other bare to furies wild and fierce.

And how bore he those eighty days of pain?
Whilst sympathy and love poured round like rain,
E'en from the sovereign Lady 'cross the main,—
And back from Elberon flew that true, sweet wife
On wings of love, to watch beside the strife
'Twixt him and Death,—he fought the battle sore,
'Gainst hundred odds and never gave it o'er,—
The bravest knight that ever threw a lance—
"One chance in hundred"—"We will take that chance."
And wit, religion, love, lit all the way,
Through the dark valley to his life's last day.

And *last* with eager hope life to restore,
They carry him to bright Atlantic's shore;
He feels the fresh delight of Ocean breeze,
And looks again upon the sweet green trees;
Hears the blithe birds repeat their morning tale,
And smells the fragrance borne on evening gale;
Bends with wife—Nation—to the God of right,
And hopes—*till hope and faith are lost in sight.*

Back to yon stately Dome they bring his clay,
And thousands looked and mourned as there he lay,
All troubles ceased in quiet, peaceful calm,
"Earth's fairest flower still his own—the palm."

And then a Nation bore him to his rest,
Honor unknown to wisest, greatest, best,
And through all time he looks on yon fair Lake,
Till at the trump of God he shall awake.

SERVILITY IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY A. H. ELLER, REPRESENTATIVE JUNE 5, 1884.

Our civilization has passed through its purely religious and political epochs. It has entered upon an era of material progress, in which the church and the State, religion and politics, justice and patriotism bow alike in servile submission at the feet of wealth. In this the ninety-sixth year of the constitution we find ourselves face to face with a state of politics of which money is the motive, the means, and the end. Who cannot forecast the consequences of this transition? Look back through the clear glass of history, read the epitaphs on the tombstones of dead nations, and tell me of one instance where decay has not followed in the foot-steps of abused wealth.

To wealth and to party men are slaves. Reckless of their country's honor they stoop to acts of servility that plow deep into the nation's heart. In the scramble for a president eight years ago money did its worst; the ballots of individuals and the votes of States sold as chattels upon the market. But the people looked forward with confident hope for justice, till they appealed to the members of their highest and most august tribunal, and saw cloaked in the spotless ermine the

base and greedy partizan. The tragedy of three years ago the world knows by heart. Guiteau fired the pistol; the lusty, riotous, spoils system instigated the murder of a president. These proceedings yet fresh in our memory and the tumultuous state of affairs now existing in New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia, give us some idea of the work done by the machine, as manipulated by the political "Boss." This fell minion of power, backed by the clanish foreigner at the North and the servile negro at the South, threatens to hold the destinies of this nation tottering on the balance, while, to turn the scale in its own favor, each party loads him with gold.

"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin."

Since the crisis of '65, parties have refused to join issue on questions of living interest. The bloody shirt is flaunted in the face of sectional passion to array a Solid South against a Solid North. For four years we had a Solid South against a Solid North; each side spoke its mind freely out of the cannon's mouth, the declamation was vociferous, the rhetoric was magnificent, the logic was

conclusive. When will men accept this result as final, and turn from these scenes of political madness? When will a party arise that looks to the rising sun, that faces the front and not the rear—a party that can extend its hands to the youngest generation of voters, warm, throbbing with new life and hope? Has the blight of absorbing centralization enervated a citizenship once so proud and free? Have the allied forces of government and monopoly chilled the fervor of our patriotism and awed us into trembling submission? Surely some great change has come over us. We see wealth's favorites linger in the sunshine of executive favor; we know that one promotes the interests of the other; we know that office is bought and sold, and that the people pay the tribute money; we know that our Chief Magistrates have often been the patrons and defenders of thieves; we know that our Capitol has been prostrated to a market house, that it shelters men who barter in office and honor:—what more do we need to know? What is it but the profoundest apathy and the most abject servility that prevents us from rising up and demanding a more decent state of politics? There needs to be rekindled that spirit which touched with fire the tongue of Patrick Henry, and “nerved the

red hand of revolution”—a spirit which misfortune could not quell, which the bayonet could not drive back—a spirit pure as it is brave, that the bribe cannot satiate, nor leagued despotism subdue. There is nothing true, nothing generous, nothing great without it. “Poetry has no inspiration, society no charm, the song no melody, the arts no impulse, eloquence no fire, industry nerve, where this sentiment is weak.” It is for their manly courage rather than for the institution which they sought to perpetuate that we laud those Southern heroes whose feats of chivalry glittered with consummate courage and blazed with flashing valor. True, in the civil strife to which we refer there have been errors, there have been faults, there have been crimes, which fling a shadow across many an honored grave, but far above those errors, those faults, those crimes, there rises a monument of true manliness, pure, bright, imperishable!

Has this spirit which prompted the sons of the Confederacy to act their parts so nobly in the solution of a great problem been finally extinguished? No! deep buried beneath the embers of many a deluded hope it lives on and will live on until the breath of hope shall fan it into activity, and then it will leap upward and onward and defy oppression anew.

In the coming struggles for truth the South must conceive herself not a vassal, but a peer of the North. For the first time since the war her influence was felt in the organization of the forty-eighth Congress. It was *her* action that gave the parties an issue and inspired the country with the hope of revenue reform. But why has this hope perished? What made the party falter? The murmurs of the millionaires drowned the voice of the toiling millions. The political machine refused to work unless lubricated by the hand of capital.

For these evils whence comes the remedy? The press must prescribe the panacea for our ills. An afflicted nation is its patient. It should rise above partisan bondage, and like a star shine through the glamour that makes us see our enemies as our friends. As the head light on the train of human progress, it should not lure men to evil, but shine full and fairly on all the highways to better, nobler living.

The mighty pulse of the modern world is beating in the hearts of the people. Time brings on her restless wings new responsibilities as well as new privileges. Stern questions await us, and stern men must solve them.

The appalling evils of ignorance and race clannishness have called forth from patriotic hearts the

question, Who shall be the citizens of this Republic? Shall we seek safety in educating or disenfranchising these dangerous classes? Shall an over-flowing treasury continue to flood the luxurious channels of ill-gotten wealth, or shall it be turned through the arid regions of ignorance and poverty?

The question of capital and labor is ever thrusting itself upon us for new solutions. The system of land monopoly threatens the laboring classes with a state of vassalage. The tyranny of property domination which borrows its life from concentrated capital with labor-saving machinery cannot much longer be endured. The legalized robbery now carried on under the name of protection to American labor must be put down. The system of spoils and plunder which has grown so potent by the alliance of the government with monopoly must be overthrown, in order that freedom itself may be rescued from the perilous activities quickened into life by its own spirit.

These are the questions that appeal to a rising generation. They must be solved, for they lie directly across the path of human progress. If the gentle agencies of peace will not suffice, then by the crimsoned sword we must cut through those craggy passes a sure way to a glorious future.

Ours is the hugest experiment at self government of which history keeps the record. Poor weaklings cannot bear up this weight of empire. It will fall with fearful ruin, unless supported by the pillars of liberty and intelligence grounded on virtuous, patriotic hearts. If liberty decay the superstructure is doomed. The nations await the crisis in breathless silence. Can it be that English liberty ever so progressive will find its germs of decay in this fresh land? Will the American people become too degenerate to support the government of their fathers? There is no good reason why we should fail. The past has bequeathed to us an endowment of liberty guarded by the examples of ages. Forty centuries look down from the proud battlements of history as the grim arbiter of our fate. Let us accept the warning of the past as a kindly message, and create for the coming struggles a citizenship as proud and as powerful as the crisis may demand.

We are in a state of political anarchy. Two millions of independent voters have asserted that

they will no longer be bound by the empty nomenclature of parties which represent no living ideas. Let the party leaders look to their platforms lest they contain a plank too rotten to bear an honest man's weight. *Servility in American Politics* has been carried to that point beyond which if it passes, the honor of our nation and the integrity of our citizenship cannot be maintained. There are *issues* to be met, and not least among them is the issue between an honest and a corrupt administration of public affairs.

Republicans of the South, Democrats of the South, go to your conventions at Chicago and tell that cowardly conclave of public plunderers that the people demand for their standard-bearer a man of integrity—a man whose hands never gave and whose hands never received the price of infamy; a man who embodies a living principle—no military chieftain whose only title to eminence is the blood he has shed; but a *man* whose majestic character lifts its summit to the heavens in the clear light of peace.

SOME THOUGHTS ON "THE ADELPHI" OF TERENCE.

It may be interesting to the public to know that students do not always look upon the reading of classic literature as an irksome task, especially when studied under the direction of the able and agreeable teachers of the University. The selections in the classical course are very happily chosen, some of them riveting the attention like a work of fiction. Of these selections none are more interesting than the work we now propose to notice.

"The Adelphi," justly considered the finest work of Terence, was written about the middle of the second century B. C. This play, as well as all the Roman literature up to this time, but particularly the dramatic, was more or less a copy of the Grecian. Rome had no literature worthy of the name until the close of the Republic. Livius Andronicus, "the father of the Latin drama," had given an impetus to this branch of literature about a century before.

The soul-inspiring strains of Ennius, "the father of Roman song," had instilled a love for beautiful literature; but all the writers of this class, though patronized by many of the Roman rulers, chief among them being Pompey, yet achieved but poor

success in comparison with modern dramatists.

We must have, however, some standard, either concrete or abstract, by which to determine the merits of any play. It must show some depth or genius of plot; must be in harmony with nature; must have consistency in all its parts; the termination must in general not disappoint the reader; in short, its office is "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature,—to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image," and the age and body of the times their "form and pressure."

The chief of the Grecian comedians were Aristophanes and Menander. Upon the works of the latter the comedies both of Plautus and Terence were based.

The play of Plautus, entitled "Commorientes" was founded upon a play of a contemporary of Menander. Terence, in compounding his drama from these, reinstates the part that relates to stealing the heroine.

But Terence cannot be said to be a mere copyist. For, though the frame work was taken from his Grecian model, yet his delicate pencil drew out shades entirely new to the original. As in comparison of Virgil with Homer the latter was the loftier genius, the

former the better artist;—so our author developed so many new thoughts that he may be said to be original in a high degree,—far more so, at least, than any previous Latin dramatist. For what is *originality* in literature?

Almost the sum total may be embraced in three qualities; new facts from old facts; new relations of old facts; and new expressions of old facts.

The author certainly shows consummate skill in the delineation of characters.

The argument of the play may be stated in a few words as follows: A hard-working, honest old farmer by the name of Demea has two sons, one of whom is adopted by his uncle Micio, who is very rich. Micio gives Æschines, his adopted son, plenty of money, and he soon becomes very dissolute, though he commits no great crime, and eventually shows himself of a much better nature than his brother, who, being kept for a long time in restraint, when the opportunity presented itself, shows himself capable of greater enormities than Æschines.

The characters of Demea and Micio do not seem to be clearly shown in all points.

The main idea developed in the play is that a harsh and overbearing policy, particularly in the education of children, rarely yields anything but reproach and ill-

will from those under subjection.

The austere manner of Demea only disgusted his son with rural life and the restraints which his puritanic father placed upon him, and fostered his natural desire to *be wild*. The result of the other extreme is shown, though somewhat less clearly, in Micio. In giving too free rein to Æschines he caused one who with proper education might have developed an admirable character, to fall into all sorts of vice, while he sustained him in it by furnishing him with the means, and even defending these vices as the necessary outgrowth of his youthful, bouyant nature. It is difficult to determine how far the poet leaned toward either of these opposite extremes, or where according to his idea the "golden mien" lay. But Demea seemed to take a more far-sighted view of human nature than his brother. For in his apparently absurd efforts to become popular he revealed an important weakness of human nature by showing that he too could become popular by judicious use of the "filthy lucre," and that the degraded serfs around them would despise Micio more for his lack of manly strength than they would himself for his austerity. On the other hand Micio shows his placid even temper throughout, and often lulls the fiery, tempestuous outbursts of Demea by a careless air,

which acted more effectively than opposing him on his own grounds.

The humorous feature of the drama is enhanced by the character of Syrus, a slave of Micio. In him we see a picture of cunning and shrewdness, which is amusing in the extreme. Credulous old Demea he handles like a toy. His innuendoes, though mixed with low buffoonery, display a great deal of natural wit. He is called in on all occasions where there is a demand for his *bigarre* remarks. He was always on the alert, and his fertility of resources rarely failed him. In one instance old Demea was so easily ensnared by the slave's flattery that he really anticipated the knave, took the hook before it was baited, and astonished Syrus himself.

The whole play may be denominated a satire upon the severe cruelties which parents and guardians inflicted upon children in Rome. The government, founded originally upon the Patriarchal system, granted to parents at first absolute control over their children. This power was afterwards somewhat abridged, but the Ro-

man father continued essentially the monarch of his family. In this object, as we have before intimated, he was but partially successful since he was not sufficiently positive as to the policy he favored. In regard to the morality of the play, we doubt if it would bear the light of the nineteenth century civilization. Syrus was an unmitigated liar in all his doings. The different parts bring to light scenes that would not be sanctioned at this day. There is not a character fit for a hero. The play wants extensiveness of plot; and a few thrilling or startling incidents ought to have been interspersed to add interest to it. But when we remember that the gifted author had burst the fetters of slavery, and that upon his liberated fancy had dawned the first grey streak of the light that now floods upon us with a noontide of glory, we are ready to yield him his merited place, and to crown him with the chaplet that he wreathed for himself, and which has shed a fragrance into the atmosphere of all subsequent ages.

E. M. FAUST.

SECRECY IS FOR THE HAPPY—
misery, hopeless misery, needs no
veil; under a thousand suns, it
dares act openly.—*Schiller*.

It is the high tide that strands
the loaded vessel, and each indi-
vidual spirit rises in the great
stream of multitudes.—*Schiller*.

The Influence of the Scientific Method of Thought.

It is ever profitable to consider whatever tends to engender pride in our race, and admiration for our state of culture; whether it be by noting the stages passed over, the level reached, or the possible heights to be attained.

As in ascending a mountain we wish frequently to find a point from which we can review the path by which we have come, reckon the elevation attained and try to discern the probable course to the top.

Though in glancing at the way by which knowledge has progressed we may see pit-falls of error into which many have fallen; or pleasant valleys and planes where many more have yielded to the immediate promises of reward and pleasure and given up the pursuit, their ambition and courage not being sufficient to lead them higher, where an ever-widening horizon would give them more exalted thrills of pleasure and far greater reward; though the heights beyond may seem steep and rugged and the path appear indistinct, or the brilliant leap of some meteor awe and dazzle us by the light which illumines the whole intellectual firmament. Yet we should rejoice if we have escaped the snares by the way, renew our courage for the ascent and be fired with am-

bition by the example of the illustrious men who are in the lead.

But *one* molecule can occupy the vertex of a crystal, yet all the others must be in their respective places before the crystal can be crowned by its apex.

The lightning's display of power calls forth undivided admiration, yet, but for the electricity that the various particles of moisture in the cloud contributed to the flash it would not have been. So if we consider more minutely the giants in the realm of thought, we will find that they were not unheralded or unattended. Many were the toilers striving to lengthen a radius of our sphere of knowledge, many were the pioneers seeking a path through the dense wilderness of the untraversed regions of truth; when, finally a discerning mind, a far-seeing eye recognizes that, by inserting a link here or there, already a connected chain is formed which constitutes a universal, eternal truth; grasping which he revolves in an extended sphere, the admiration of the world. Hence every earnest searcher after knowledge aids in preserving, diffusing and even in extending its realm; though he may be an unrecognized factor, yet important.

However it is to the influence

science and the scientific method of thought have had in producing the present state of advanced enlightenment and culture and the part they are to take in the further growth of our race in this respect rather than to the actors in this sphere of intellectuality that you are asked to pause for a while to consider this evening.

As all knowledge is relative, or consists in the perception of differences and relations, we can only form an estimate of the effect of the scientific mode of thought upon the progress of civilization and culture by comparing the present state of enlightenment with some past or earlier form of civilization in which science was an unknown or unimportant factor.

Suppose we look for a moment at the basis of the Greek and Roman culture: Literature, Art, Law, Philosophy and Commerce. The principle of the survival of the fittest operated on their literature a long while before the "art preservative" was invented; hence only the best products were left to the world as an example of their achievements. Their poets sung of the deeds of gods and heroes; the refrains were taken up by pupils who improved and added, so that when fixed in characters they were master pieces of literature. While we may admire their languages as works of art and their literature as products of

imaginative minds, though filled with the error of the philosophy of the time; yet when we think of the inflictions, forms and accentuation, we are forced to the conclusion that their languages are not to be compared to English, German or French in versatility of expression; nor would they answer the demands of the present. Also if literature is measured by the true standard, that of the past three centuries will compare favorably with, or even surpass, the ancient literature.

In architecture they were not deficient, as the public monuments, the temple, forum, aqueduct and highway, show that the Romans had cultivated and developed this art, which marks them as executive and utilitarian in character.

In sculpture the Greeks were masters. They possessed that matchless conception of beauty and grace of the human form, and the art of fixing their conceptions in the solid marble, which characterizes them as peaceful and refined in their taste.

The Roman Law of nations was not international law, but laws pertaining to the different nations. They sought for the first principles, and for them law served the purpose of ending dispute and preserving peace. With us it is for the establishment of justice and equity.

Their mythical philosophy was

mainly a system of error. From it we learn their opinions of the origin and constitution of the universe. The heavenly bodies were set in transparent spheres, all natural phenomena as winds, rain, lightning, earthquakes and volcanoes were subject to the bidding of gods or of demons. But such opinions were the heritage of barbarism.

The growth of metaphysical philosophy, however, was the product of their civilization, constituted mainly of formulated words, barren of truth. It was a time when the unaided mind was considered capable of evolving truth from its own consciousness. The outside world had nothing to do with truth; the laws of thought the infallible guidance of intellect, though the subject of thought, may have been born of ignorance or inherited from superstition, were the only standards by which they measured truth. Fact nor observation entered into the balances. Everything was submitted to the one test:— was it thinkable.

Bacon says of the schoolmen, who followed the example of the ancient philosophers, that they shut themselves up in the cells of monasteries or colleges and “knowing little history, either of nature or time, did out of no great quantity of matter, and infinite agitation of wit, spin out unto us

those laborious webs of learning, which are extant in their books.

“For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it worketh upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.”

Again he says:—“That in the inquisition of nature, they ever left the oracle of God’s works, and adored the deceiving and deformed images, which the unequal mirror of their own minds or a few received authors or principles, did represent unto them.”

We do not now study their philosophy to learn truth, but simply as a historical research of the progress and improvement in the method of thought and reasoning.

The commerce of these nations, a mighty factor in their prosperity and power, while it involved a knowledge of the metallurgy of iron and the building of ships, yet was unaided by any of the principles of pure science.

This mere allusion to these highest ancient types of civilization is for the purpose of calling to mind something of the extent of their culture and indicating the

fact that the scientific method of thought and the achievements of science were wanting.

Before going further it may be asked—was not the civilization of Greece and Rome in part the basis of ours, should we not expect the advantage of time and experience to make improvements; and is it fair to contrast the parent with the offspring of many centuries?

But suppose the precedent of the early type also proved a hindrance to progress as well as constituted the basis, may we not justly contrast the influence of each, in our attempt to discover the chief agent of the rapid advancement of modern culture?

When our Aryan ancestors overran southern Europe, though they destroyed the nations, they did not wholly trample under foot their civilization and culture, but assimilated some and imbibed a thirst for more of their elements of culture. When the western nations of Europe were forming it was but natural that they should appropriate the literature of Greece and Rome, which was ready at hand, as well as other elements of culture.

The result was, the establishment of the precedent that all knowledge, all truth, all learning was embodied in the Greek and Latin languages. This precedent held men's minds in the most tyrannical shackles all through

the middle ages, even after the revival of learning and on down almost to the present day. To be learned meant to have mastered the ancient tongues; to be wise meant to have imbibed and appropriated the dogmas and spirit of thought of the Greek and Latin fathers. Whether the sphere of learning was Theology, Law, Literature, Medicine or Philosophy, the only treasure house recognized was ransacked and from it extracted what was regarded as all-sufficient for the establishment of a high claim to reverence and admiration in the respective learned professions.

Nor was this aggrandizement of and ascribing to themselves the learning of the world all that these old adherents to the classics presumed. The weight of their opinion was often supported by force, and whenever a daring mind, infused with the spirit of inquiry and love for truth, was bold enough to attempt to open the door that held the world in darkness, he had to dare the dungeon or face the cauldron and be subjected to the contumely of a heretic. Facts were not allowed to conflict with preconceived theory. Even the very germ of scientific knowledge was stamped out upon its first appearance. The tyrannous scepter was wielded over the learned world for centuries after the monarchs of Greece

and Rome had ceased to rule in the world.

In reading the life of Bacon we find that before entering college he had a beautiful ideal of schools, colleges and universities, as "receptacles in which were collected and preserved the excellent liquor of knowledge, whether descended from divine inspiration or sprung from the human sense, when by union it might comfort and sustain itself," and serve as a fountain from which may flow invigorating streams in all directions; thus extending knowledge.

But instead of the university of his day being formed for the discovery of truths, he saw that its object was merely to preserve and diffuse the knowledge of our predecessors; instead of general inquiry, he found that all studies were confined to Aristotle, who was considered infallible in philosophy, a dictator to command, not a consul to advise.

He says, "they learn nothing but to believe; first to believe that others know that which they know not; and after, themselves know that which they know not. They are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal.

"All things are found opposed to the advancement of the sciences. For the studies of men in such places are confined and pinned

down to the writings of certain authors; from which if any man happens to differ, he is presently reprehended as a disturber and innovator."

So deeply was Bacon impressed with the importance of scientific training for the advancement of learning that he prepared the plan of a college for the knowledge of the works and creations of God, "from the Cedar of Libanus to the moss that groweth out of the wall."

Though precedent, the church, prejudice, ignorance and force were arrayed against the birth, growth and conclusions of science, it came into existence, has won a claim and asserted its title to rank and respect, and is now the mightiest factor in pushing forward the learning and culture of the world.

Thus we see that though we are indebted to the nations of the past for a chief corner stone of our culture, it also proved a bond of slavery, and it may well be questioned whether our present state of advanced scientific knowledge would not have been reached sooner without this hindering weight of precedent; but now that its yoke is thrown off and the classics hold a place in our system of learning by virtue of their own merit, we may well rejoice that, in the educated world, they are one of the hand-maids of culture,

adding to the extent and variety of knowledge, but not the dictator.

If, since the beginning of the 17th century, the progress of our race in the various departments that go to make up civilization were only proportional to the advancement of the preceding ages, then we might not be justified in attributing any special potency to the method of thought that has so rapidly gained favor and achieved such results. But the progress has been unprecedented. Surely the mind of man has been supplied with a lever more advantageous than any ever before placed within his grasp. It has brought into action potential energy he had never realized that he possessed.

Though the result seems supernatural, the method is but natural.

It is simply systematizing our knowledge, or orderly and methodically digesting and arranging the knowledge of *many* so as to be attainable by *one*.

Facts are no longer valued simply for what they themselves teach, but are grouped, their relations and influence determined and valuable lessons drawn from the series. Cause and effect are the objects of observation and study. Blind acceptance of what were promulgated as truths has ceased. The *how* and *why* must be answered first. Dogmatism has been dethroned and liberalism prevails.

Science is Catholic. No portion of human knowledge is held too sacred to be questioned. The tests must be applied before acceptance; and even then not clasped so tightly that accepted theories may not be given up should contradictory evidence be adduced. It is by squaring all statements to the unwavering rules of facts that honesty and integrity are secured. Error can no longer be promulgated unchallenged. Science is jealous of the sanctity of truth. "It ought to be" and "it must be" are not in her vocabulary.

The scientific method of investigation was formally established by Bacon during the latter half of the 16th century. He insisted upon studying the phenomena of nature by observation and experiment, establishing the relations of cause and effect; discovering the common cause which would explain many similar events; then by announcing the law of action of the cause, the several results would be accounted for, and others could be predicted and afterwards verified by experiment or observation; thus simplifying and unifying knowledge. Pursuing the same method, the secondary causes are often found out, or the cause of causes. Hence everything that happens may be considered an event which has an antecedent event to which it is

related as effect, and may have a subsequent event to which it is related as cause.

By this method we see that our knowledge is knit together into a dependent whole, and its great aim is to reduce all learning to its simplest terms by systematic arrangement, so as to bring a great deal of it within the grasp of our limited capacities. It performs in the intellectual world somewhat the same function that plant and animal life does in the material world: collecting and condensing food for man.

That science was so long in gaining a foot-hold may be partly due to the fact that nature was not regarded as constant in her mode of acting; that matter and force were not believed to be indestructible. The ancient philosophers could not perceive any equality between cause and effect, nor could they eliminate the different causes that may have combined to produce an effect, so as to determine the effect of each. Indeed this would have been experimenting, which was a method not recognized or comprehended by them.

Ever since Bacon planted the germ of this method it has been developing and approaching perfection, until now it is universal and applicable to all branches of learning and furnishes us with the appliances for opening new ave-

nues of study and developing new sciences. We sometimes wonder at the progress of and discoveries in the various branches of science of the present age, and are apt to regard each as distinct and independent sciences, as the ancients regarded the phenomena of nature. But when we remember that the results being achieved are the products of many laborers using the same implement of research, we may expect rich harvests.

Hence in studying a science we should seek to acquire the method by which it has been developed, to become imbued with the spirit of research, and then we are supplied with the elements of success in the prosecution of other branches of the great stream of knowledge, whether it has already been explored or still virgin soil.

The principles of scientific enquiry are pervading every branch of learning, and the entire mass of accumulated knowledge, whether it pertain to the universe at large, our earth, life or human activities and intellections, is the material that science is to shape and reduce to system and harmony.

Life is given to history when the chronicled events of heroes and rulers, and the stories of wars are learned chiefly with reference to their influence on subsequent results, and a science of the development of a nation and the

growth of civilization is the object of study.

The study of ancient languages is ceasing to be solely for the grammar, structure and literature, but a scientific study of them is supplanting the old method and philology is the stimulant under whose influence the Greek and Latin languages can claim a co-ordinate place in the colleges of to-day.

Other subjects, as Law, Philosophy, &c, have also to acknowledge their indebtedness to science and pay tribute of praise to her methods for more exact results and increase of scope.

When we call to mind the new factors in our civilization which are wholly the offspring of modern thought: Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Physiology, Biology, Anthropology, Meteorology and a number of other branches, and the number of devotees each claims, we need not wonder at the rapidity with which the outer confines of knowledge are being extended, or the superiority of modern culture over the ancient. The mere mention of the names of these sciences is sufficient to bring before the minds of this audience a panoramic view of surpassing beauty. Each science, like a beam of light illumines the scene and is penetrating the darkness beyond; and in thought we can see on down through future ages that it is the

light from these sources that is rolling back the dark clouds of ignorance and tending toward the limits of human knowledge.

We are all directly concerned with the relations of force to matter; our very existence depends upon them, and the various branches of learning that are specifically called sciences deal directly with these relations, and hence it is that the progress of science has so wonderfully increased the material prosperity of the world and contributed such a vast amount of knowledge of nature and her laws.

The material benefits of science are beyond computation. If benefits can be estimated by the amount of money invested, we may approximate an idea of what a single achievement of science has done for us in this respect, when we consider that hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in the Telephone within the last decade.

However it is not so much the material benefits but the methods of science that I wish you to consider, yet it is not easy to separate action from such a tangible result, in fact it would be contrary to science.

Equally impossible would it be not to think of another result, and that is, the pleasure derived from the pursuit and possession of the knowledge of facts and laws of

nature. It enables man to discover and contemplate the truths that are universal and eternal, pervading God's universe.

It exalts and makes him more fully to realize that he is the image of his Creator when he is conscious that he knows some of the laws with which He, the Creator, has endowed matter and force: or as some one has stated it, "to rethink the thoughts of God."

Who can think of the law of gravitation, in accordance with which the planets are held in their courses, the stars marshaled in order and the comets guided in their apparently reckless rush through space, without being lifted up to a higher plane of existence and feeding the heart to swell with admiration for the God-given faculty of reason, and the spirit of investigation? Or who can consider the mysterious forms of energy: heat, light, chemical affinity, electricity, life, without being inspired with a desire to know more of their secrets and feeling a thrill of ecstatic joy over the acquisition of even a partial knowledge of their wonder-working power?

The pleasure that the pursuit of learning affords is very different from that which comes through our senses. What for a moment gratifies our desires may soon lose its potency and even disgust when we become satiated. So too

novelty may please for a while but soon its spell is broken, for the quality is not there. It is the appetite of the intellect that grows by what it feeds upon. Of knowledge there is no satiety, hence it is good in itself, not dependent upon novelty or any accident.

Though it may involve labor to gain, yet the possession is not burdensome, and then, too, the feeling of security, that this source of pleasure, this fund of joy cannot be stolen nor vanish of a night, greatly enhances its value.

How infinitely superior is our imperfect knowledge, to the beliefs of the ancients, who regarded nature as capricious and subject to the arbitrary will of the gods!

Think of the splendors of the Earth and the Heavens as revealed by modern science and then of the dull glories of ancient mythology! It is not with a spirit of boasting that we should contrast the present with the past, but with grateful recognition simply, of the influence of Science and its method; for science is adorned with philosophic charity, that charity which vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up.

He who knows most knows best how little he knows in comparison with the yet unknown; and is therefore most inclined to exercise charity and grant to everyone respect for their convictions.

Bacon says:—"Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind more in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth."

As modern culture is the product of all the mental endeavor of the past, and it is seen to be pervaded and inspired by the scientific method, then may not this method be stamped as the highest form of intellectual activity; and does not what it has already achieved prophetically teach that future

progress will be indebted to the same agent for still more glorious attainments?

Science is a structure whose foundation is laid upon observation and experiment, the superstructure is the fruit of classification and reason, the ornaments are integrity and charity, containing knowledge and culture, from which flow benefits innumerable and pleasures that only the recipient can comprehend.

WAIT.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

Are thy burdens too heavy for bearing,

So wearysome all the day long,

With no one thy solitude sharing,

To bless thee with pity or song?

Oh, deem not they never will lighten,

Or yield to a happier fate!

The darkest of mornings may brighten,

So let us be patient and wait.

Not lightly thy language is spoken;

When friends are dissevered and gone,

When tenderest pledges are broken,

Our hope with our life liveth on;

And all of its happiest blessings

May come tho' the season be late;

Its loves, its repose, its caressings—

So let us be patient and wait.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Feb. 1, 1885.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

Expositions are of common occurrence now-a-days, and so fail to excite the interest which was aroused by the Great Centennial of '76. Even a "World's Exposition" is not now talked about very much in rural districts. Within the past few years there have been several of these expositions—as that at Atlanta, at Boston, at Louisville, at Denver, and our own State exposition at Raleigh. Now the attention of the country is called to another, which in some respects promises to be greater than them all, even the centennial itself.

The World's Cotton Centennial and Industrial Exposition now open at New Orleans has been frequently commented upon by the press of the country both favorably and unfavorably; and one at a distance from it hardly knows what to think about it. It has risen up before the public so hurriedly that even its organizers and managers were not ready to receive it when it came. Nevertheless it has come and many unfavorable criticisms notwithstanding it is already a great result of a

great undertaking. It has been characterized by one of its unfavorable critics, as "a great overgrown boy," whose parents notwithstanding their boy's being over-grown, supposed that he would grow to be still larger, and so made his clothes several sizes too large; and the boy had great trouble to get packing enough inside to fill up with. And in one respect the characterization is a good one. The great expositions at London, Paris and Philadelphia were distinguished for their displays of art. About their grounds, buildings and the exhibits themselves—all gave evidence of the work of the artist. Almost every feature of the exhibits are said to have shown evidences of a maturity. The finishing touches were everywhere visible. But not so with the New Orleans exposition. Here things have been hurried together, and there is evidence, at least during its early days, of rapid growth and overgrowth. Everything is on a large scale. There are many fine exhibits, but the finishing touches about the buildings and grounds are generally wanting. The great buildings are painted on the outside but not

even whitewashed on the inside. It must be remembered, however, that at New Orleans is exhibited the youth of the country, in the sense of undeveloped resources—raw materials. It is an Industrial Exposition, and considered as such it can probably be said with safety, that never before, in the history of expositions or the history of nations, has there been brought together such a display of natural, undeveloped resources, as can be seen to-day in the Government and States' Building of the World Exposition, a display of minerals, ores, building materials, woods, agricultural products and manufactured goods.

In addition to the Government and States' building, the main building covering about 23 acres, contains a large number and variety of exhibits of the manufactured goods, brought in by private parties, from all over the country and different parts of the world. And then, there are yet to be mentioned the horticultural hall containing many different kinds of tropical and other fruits, then the art-gallery, the large stables built for the show of horses and cattle.

The exposition has had many difficulties to contend against, and not a few adverse criticisms, but is a great thing after all; and is doubtless well worth seeing.

The North Carolina State Exhibit seems to receive favorable

comment from all sources. Indeed the old North State seems, from all we can learn, to be, at the World Exposition, as she was at Boston and at Raleigh, in the front rank or ahead. The MONTHLY wishes her God speed.

The Old University and its Reputation.

Of recent years it has become fashionable to belittle the old University of North Carolina and to sneer at its reputation. This is not new with its enemies. But even its friends seem either to have silently acquiesced in this attack upon the dead lion or actually to have joined in the kicking.

Sneering and defamation have always been cheap and easy roads to notoriety; and each generation of men will doubtless produce, till the end of time, its tribe of snarling critics. We fear that some over-zealous friends of the present University have suffered the old University to be defamed as a means of increasing its present reputation. If such there be, or if there be any who really are unacquainted with the fame of the ante-bellum University, we must put them to the blush by letting them see what one of the greatest educators and foremost thinkers of America has to say on this subject; a gentleman who was probably never within the borders of the State, but who has been

an educator and a student of educational methods and institutions all his life. We refer to the Hon. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University and recently Minister to Germany. President White is a native of New York, and a graduate of Yale; and he was a Professor in the University of Michigan. In a recent letter to Prof. Winston, of our Faculty, he says: "Please accept my thanks for the pamphlet on 'the Greek, the Roman and the Teuton,' * * * Your subject interests me greatly. I have never realized so fully how near to us the history of Rome is, and how full of instruction it is for thinking men in our Republic. It gives me especial pleasure to think that, with such work as this, you are reviving the old glories of your University. *I remember, in my young manhood, the University of North Carolina was always spoken of with the greatest respect among men who knew any thing about an American Collegiate education.* While the University of Virginia, and Johns Hopkins have, to some extent, drawn attention away from it. I see no reason why its present Faculty should not give it a commanding position in the South-east of our Republic."

Truly, a University is not without honor, save in its own State.

We would like to gather together all the defamers of the

dear old University, all those who love to say that it produced no scholars, no thinkers, no writers, no great men; we would like to hear them make their pompous little declamatory rant before an audience of men that were trained and educated by the old University; before Gov. Graham, Gov. Manly, President Polk, Vice-President King, Jas. C. Dobbin, Willie P. Mangum, Chief-Justices Henderson and Ruffin, and the hundreds of others that have adorned and honored every department of greatness in our republic. We can see Gov. Swain and Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Phillips and Dr. Hooper and other members of that learned and industrious faculty wondering whether these fame-making orators are victims of hydrophobia or applicants for the Freshman class.

Lear—"The little dogs and all,

"Tray, Blanch, and sweet-heart, see, they bark at me,"

Edgar—"Tom will throw his head at them,—Avaunt, you curs!

"Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons, if it bite;

Mastiff, grey hound, mongrel, grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail.

Tom will make him weep and wail."

* * *

A READING-ROOM.

A well equipped reading-room is one of the essential parts of a University. We doubt whether anywhere else in America except here two hundred young men are gathered together for purposes of general culture and education

without the constant benefit of a reading-room. Our students are supplied with current literature to some extent, it is true. The two literary societies spend annually about fifty dollars each in subscriptions to magazines, newspapers and journals. But neither society has, in any sense, a reading-room. The periodical literature is really inaccessible to the great body of the Society members. It is kept in the Society libraries on the third and fourth floors of high buildings. The libraries are opened only twice a week and are not warmed. No one thinks of sitting down in one of these libraries to read. The remoteness of the libraries, the short time during which they are opened, and their disagreeable temperature, both in winter and summer, have made it necessary to allow students to take the periodical literature out of the libraries to their rooms for purposes of reading. The result of this system is that half a dozen students get possession of the periodicals and monopolize their benefits. Some one will get hold of a magazine when it comes, and keep it two weeks; then he will hand it over to a friend, who will keep it two weeks. By the time that four or five have kept it each two weeks, it has little value or attractiveness.

The absence of a reading-room

at the University is all the more provoking because of the ease with which it might be established and maintained. We venture to suggest a plan to the students and to the University authorities and we hope that both students and professors will consider the matter and take some action. We need to mend our ways in this respect. We need to set an example to the State in this matter as well as others. We need to encourage the taste and habit of reading. In short we need a reading-room. The plan we suggest is for the University authorities to furnish \$100 a year and the Literary Societies each \$50. With this sum let a committee representing the Faculty and the two Societies subscribe to the proper magazines and journals. Let them be placed in the University Library, and let the library be heated and kept open every day and every evening except Sundays. Allow *nobody* to remove any periodical from the reading-room, nor to keep in his hands more than one periodical at a time. At the end of the year give each Society \$50 worth of periodicals and the University \$100 worth, to be bound and placed on the shelves of the libraries.

Let us be provided with the best current thought of America, England, France and Germany in all departments of science and litera-

ture. Let us see what people are doing and thinking elsewhere. Let us brighten our minds by rubbing them with the thoughts of others.

Gentlemen of the Faculty and gentlemen of the University, give us the Reading-Room.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

The lecture system is becoming very common in our colleges and universities. It seems to be getting very fashionable for the professors to *lecture* upon their several branches. They *must* have the students to "take notes." Sometimes they have a text-book and sometimes they do not.

Now, whether this system is beneficial or not is a question which admits of discussion. It may look very (nice to the professor who lectures; it may seem) grand to him—so very like the great universities of Europe; but the student does not see it in the same light. To him it is nothing more than a very laborious and awkward way of learning things. It is a great deal easier to learn a thing from a book than it is from a lecture, especially when you are doing something else (all the time the lecture is going on; nevertheless you do have to be doing something else)—you have to be writing with all your might. This lecture, then, you have to take and study

for next recitation. It is true you have heard the lecture, but you were so busily engaged in writing it down that you had no time to digest it or even to think of it. Now, does it not seem a great deal more rational to buy a good text-book and sit down and study a subject and then go and recite on the same? Books are fairly cheap now, and some of them are very good, written by very learned men, and it does seem that every professor might find some book to suit his purpose. But no, of all the books now in publication none will suit; this one is too small, that one is too large, the next one is too deep or too simple or too something else. The result is that the professor selects the book that comes nearest suiting his very delicate, refined, scrupulous, and fanciful taste; and if it is too large, he goes to work abridging; if it is too small, he sets to work to enlarge it. The student gets his note-book and pencil and takes down the ideas of *his professor* on the subject and reads his text-book (if he has one) now and then as a *secondary* source of knowledge.

As has been stated, this subject seems capable of being discussed, and in the March issue of the MAGAZINE we hope to give an article on the subject. This article will give a student's views on the matter.

The Legislature and the University.

There is some talk in the State papers about the Legislature making an appropriation for the State University, and also making the tuition free to students of the State. It is certainly time for the Legislature to make some such move.

The University is a part of the State—an institution to be brought up by the State and to help bring up the people of the State. It should be the great seat of higher education for our people; it should be our joy, our pride. North Carolina should raise her University to the dignity and importance that it should hold among the universities and colleges of the land. North Carolina should not be behind herself in education. We should make our University such that students may flock to it from the far off South and West as once they did. For such to be the case it must be better equipped than it is now. The University has *urgent* need of at least two or three more professors. A gymnasium is also one of the greatest needs of the University. We are injuring our University and State every year that we are without these advantages. Many of our young men leave the borders of our State to seek their education elsewhere. Now if our higher educational advantages were what they should be, we would keep a

great many of these at home. The good that would accrue from this alone is evident. Then we hope that none will be so blind as not to see the propriety and great necessity of making an appropriation for the University. It is the duty of the Legislature to do all that is necessary for the maintenance of the University of North Carolina, for by so doing it will aid the *people of the State* and not any particular *sect or class of people*.

The next question is that of free tuition. There are some people in the State who object to this, saying that it is giving to the rich man what he is able to pay for, and that we should no more give the rich man's son his tuition than we should board him. Now, for the benefit of those who have the *misfortune* to think thus, we will give some of our reasons for wanting the tuition free. We can upset the "rich man" theory at the outset by simply informing the public that a very small percentage of the students now at the University are "rich men's sons," and this has been the case ever since the re-opening. And of course the laws should be made for the benefit of the *many* who need it, rather than to keep from benefitting the *few* who do not need it. Now, again: it is to be hoped all will admit that we should have a plenty of good

teachers in our State; teachers with a thorough collegiate education. Who, then, as a general rule make the teachers of our State? Are they the "rich men's sons" who have a plenty of money to pay for their education? No. They are the young men who have no abundance of means, and who really need the aid that free tuition would give. They are young men who have to work for their education. "But," some will say, "the tuition is a small thing after all; if a young man can get enough to pay his board, etc., he can surely add a little more and pay his tuition." It is true the tuition is a "small thing" to the State, but it is a great thing to the young man who has had to labor hard for it. If we look at \$85 a year through the gold spectacles of a Vanderbilt it is small; but if we look at it through the microscope of labor and want it becomes great.

Some may say that it will tend to lower the grade of standing in the University. To these we would simply say that we have such barriers at *entrance examinations*, and these barriers we can raise as high as we wish. So don't let them fear on that account.

THE MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

At the meeting of the Trustees held February 5th, they decided that Smith Hall should no longer

be used as a ball-room. For many years past the Annual Commencement Ball complimentary to the graduating class has been given in this hall. We are surprised to hear that some people of the State have had such wrong ideas of what this ball is. Some have been so far misled as to think that dancing is a part of the course of instruction here. Was ever anything more absurd and laughable? Now for the benefit of our readers who are laboring under this sad delusion we will tell what the ball is. It is a dance which is given to the graduating class by those students, and only those, who wish to engage. It does not conflict with commencement. It is no part of the University exercises, and the University has nothing to do with it, except that it has allowed Smith Hall to be used for that purpose. It is nothing more than a very pleasing tribute that a *part* of the students pay to their departing friends and college-mates. Now is there anything criminal in this? Surely not.

Smith Hall is now being fitted up with alcoves in order to make its capacity for books greater. We are truly glad to know that our University Library is to be improved, and we hope that the friends and Alumni of the University will take an interest in this work. We are in hopes, however, that this will not put an end to

our dancing, as the work on the Gymnasium will soon begin, and it is expected to be near enough done to be used as a ball-room at next Commencement. We are sure the friends of this amusement will not allow the old custom to die out.

The meeting was unusually large, and marked interest was shown. The doors of the University have at last been thrown open to the Greek Letter Secret Societies. Much other work was done by them. Long life to our love for the old "U. N. C."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March continues those charming serials which have been the delight of literary circles since their first appearance. The chief characteristic of the *Atlantic*—and indeed this is a merit of first importance—is its air of freshness. Only the "latest" is found in its columns, and curiosity is hurried on from subject to subject by the spirit of novelty which runs through them all.

In this number two of our very remarkable American biographies are reviewed in a fair, scholarly way. We refer to Morse's "John Adams" and Holme's "Ralph Waldo Emerson." "Carlyle in London" is also a fine article, and "Contributor's Club" is brim full of most excellent scraps.

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Index of literature, science and the arts: an independent Journal of liberal education under the editorial direction of Alexander

Winchell, Charles K. Adams and William H. Payne, Professors in the University of Michigan, and Charles H. J. Douglas, instructor in the University of Wisconsin.

The first number of the *Index* was published in Ann Arbor, in September, 1882, and was received with favor by educators and the press. The class to whom a scholarly paper appeals is small compared with the number of supporters of even the most mediocre of the "popular" journals; yet the growth of the *Index* has been encouraging from the very first. It has been twice enlarged and has been extended from twelve to twenty-five issues a year. Its absorption last year of one or two excellent state educational papers materially enlarged its publicity while the character of its subject matter, contributed by acknowledged authorities in their several fields, has already given the *Index* a national name and power.

The Library Magazine, published by Jno. B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, N. Y., is successor to *Choice Literature*. The price has been advanced to \$1.50, while the size and general merit has been more than doubled. It would be difficult to crowd into one hundred pages more articles of high excellence and permanent interest. The prime characteristic of our great revolutionist in literature is the rare faculty of culling from the stupendous bulk of reading matter that which is best, and fittest to survive.

* *

It is said that the conductors of *The Brooklyn Magazine* are contemplating a change in the form of their periodical. We think it possible to improve on the form, but the literary excellence of this brilliant magazine commends itself to the respect of cultivated people everywhere. Its progressiveness is remarkable. 10,000 copies of the January number, containing the birth-day testimonials to Dr. Talmage, were sold, and now it has offered Lord Tennyson \$1,000 for a poem of four stanzas for the Easter number.

* *

Shakesperiana, the most strictly literary of all the literaries, deviates somewhat, from its regular course and opens its February number with a sketch on the wonderful quarries of marble which

have been discovered in the "Empire State of the South." We clip the following:

The Nineteenth Century that will be famous in history written in after centuries for having inaugurated the wonderful inventions that are crowding their way on each other's heels almost too fast to be recorded, will likely be known as the marble age in view of the stupendous findings of marble in the state of Georgia, regarding which the press of America is teeming.

* *

"*Reunion Medley*" is the taking title of an Instrumental composition, arranged by J. A. Bates, for Piano or Parlor Organ, and inscribed "to Grover Cleveland, the people's choice" whose honest face graces the Elegant Lithographic Title Page. The piece is a musical reminiscence of Union, Disunion, and Reunion, showing "Uncle Sam's Happy Family many Years Ago," "Family troubles, 1860," "A difference of opinion," "Katy did," "Katy didn't," "The first Gun," "A regular fracas. 1861-65," "Off to the Field," "The Boys in Gray," "The Boys in Blue," "The Harvest of Death," "Mourning Homes," "Appomattox," "Reconstruction's Dark Night," "Light at Last," "The Day of Jubilee, Nov. 4, '84." The Red, White and Blue, Dixie Doodle, Bonnie Blue Flag, Vacant Chair, Conquered Banner, Hard Times, America, and other popular War and Home Melodies are introduced.

This musical novelty must please immensely. Every Democrat, North and South, who voted for Cleveland and Reform, will want it. Published by Lud-

den & Bates, Savannah, Ga. Price 50 cents; mailed, post-paid, for only 25 cents.

* *

The Guardsman, a superbly printed monthly devoted to matters of interest pertaining to our citizen soldiery. The initial number, which will appear shortly, will contain a portrait of the new adjutant General of North Carolina, with accompanying sketch, and a variety of original and carefully prepared articles that will not only interest the guardsmen but the general reader. Price \$1 per year. Address, Oldham Publishing House, Winston, N. C.

* *

The Scientific American Handbook, Munn & Co., New York, contains more facts worth knowing than anything of its size we have yet seen. One feature among the twenty of equal interest is Medallion Portraits of Distinguished American Inventors, with biography in brief and engravings of their inventions, viz: Franklin, Fulton, Whitney, Wood, McCormick, Blanchard, Winans, Morse, Goodyear, Howe, Lyle, Eads.

* *

Nowitzky's Monthly, the Tar-Heel magazine and Traveler's Guide, continues to grow in popularity. Its circulation has now reached the rise of 2000. The editor has struck the humorous vein of our people with fair suc-

cess. It is the pioneer of funny literature in North Carolina, and with a little less of the *ego* in it, would be eminently respectable.

* *

The Novelist, a weekly paper of high-class fiction and choice miscellany—mental recreation for the weary—entertainment for all. \$1 a year. Specimen free. S. B. Alden, New York City.

* *

The Chicago *Current* has the following to say of Mr. Cable's response to the adverse criticism that his works have called forth:

"Mr. Cable replies expressing indifference, holding it to be impossible that the Creoles should see themselves as others see them, and to be conscious of their own linguistic peculiarities. But whether inaccurate or accurate, Mr. Cable has demonstrated to other American novelists the possibility of achieving a great reputation by attending to the characteristics of a given community."

Mr. Cable will tell of the "Fall of New Orleans" in the April *Century*.

* *

Now that technical education has created such a stir in the world, the *St. James Gazette*, London, has raised the objection that it affords no *moral* training. The point is perhaps well taken. The tendency of the times is to regard him who has discovered some insignificant fact which nobody else knows or cares to know, as the only man who can be called a scholar. Is not the heart and

conscience of more worth than the atom of dirt or the wisdom tooth of a grass-hopper?

* *

Mr. C. E. Merrill, of the *Nashville World*, begins the story of the rise and fall of the Ku Klux Klan in the *Current* of February 14th. He writes from a Southern standpoint, but the Northern critics, so far as expression has been made, regard it as a fair exposure of the actual facts.

* *

In the *Nineteenth Century* Matthew Arnold gives expression of the high opinion he formed of the American Government while among us. He says until he visited the United States, he had never seen a people with institutions thoroughly suited to them. English society, he says, can only be reformed by abolishing the aristocracy. When we consider the misfortunes which now beset England—the dynamiters, the Mahdi, and what not—it seems a fitting time to remind the British taxpayers of the excellence of things American.

* *

Henry James has offended the literati of the "Hub" by his caricatures in his latest novel, "The Bostonians," now appearing in the *Century*. But Mr. James doesn't live on praise or die from adverse criticism or the world would have been rid of him long ago.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The text books published by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, are perhaps the cheapest and best in America. We have before us the *Primary* and the *Eclectic* Histories of the United States. It is sufficient reputation for any book for it to be known that it comes from the pen of M. E. Thalheimer. This vigorous and copious writer of history wields the pen with rare facility. While his narrations are scrupulously exact, they are easy and lively as romance. The illustrations are of surpassing interest. The work is the result of the latest methods of historical study. It has a systematical intermingling of history, biography, politics, philosophy, literature and science. The student, the general reader, the teacher, and public man will each find it a favorite book.

Grace Greenwood's New Book.—"Stories for Home Folks, Young and Old," is the attractive title of a pretty volume by this famous author, just published. It starts out with "A True Story of President Lincoln," which with other war reminiscences that follow will waken a patriotic glow in the hearts of readers both old and young; there are stories of travel in this and other lands, stories of famous people, of "My First Love-Letter," "Almost a Ghost Story"—

in all twenty-nine stories, which being written by Grace Greenwood, who is so well known as one of the most graceful and captivating writers, will find joyful listeners everywhere. The volume is equivalent in size and appearance to the author's other works, heretofore sold at \$1.25, but being published by the "Literary-Revolution," John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York, it is sold for 50 cents. Mr. Alden sends a 100-page catalogue, descriptive of his immense list of standard and popular works, free to any applicant.

We learn that Dr. W. W. Gaither, of Mecklenburg, contemplates devoting himself to the preparation of an historical work, somewhat after the fashion of Green's history of the English people and Stephen's history of the United States. We hope that he will persevere in the undertaking and give us a book at once pleasant to read and full of instruction.

"*Your Life Work: What Shall It Be?*" is the name given to a series of addresses to boys and young men by the Rev. A. W. Mangum. It has been the custom of the author for a few years at least to read these addresses to his class in Christian Ethics. They begin with boyhood in country and town, and convince us readily that the superior exercises and

influences of farm-life account for the high type of manhood with which the country is constantly replenishing the towns. The work is chiefly valuable for the many wise suggestions in which it abounds. The sentiments are of the highest moral character, and are the natural and earnest expressions of one of the best of men.

Controlling Sex in Generation.—

An original work by a gentleman who has made the subject a life study. We feel confident that a perusal of the book will satisfy the reader that the author has discovered the law governing the sex. Indeed, in this age, when it is found so difficult to provide work for the many surplus women in our Eastern towns, the main subject should interest every one. And if this book shall prove as influential as we believe it will in increasing the proportion of boys born, who does not see that in the next generation one-half of the misery abounding in our cities would vanish? Societies for the suppression of vice and the amelioration of the poor would be almost without material to work for. A consideration of such resulting blessings to humanity justifies us in claiming this as the crowning discovery of the nineteenth century: one that will carry the author's name down to future generations linked with the great im-

mortals of this age of invention and discovery.

Sent by mail on receipt of the price, \$1.00. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

The biography of George Eliot by J. W. Cross, her second husband, is simply another opinion about the religious views of this woman who did not know enough about religion to make herself intelligible upon the subject. Mr. Cross thinks her mind emphatically religious, but says that her spirit was so imbued with the scientific spirit of the age, that she could not conceive any system likely to be final. She had hopes that the future would develop human nature into something good enough for all practical purposes.

A new grammar has just been published in England which has adopted the alphabet and spelling indicated in the following lines:

Swete Auburn ! luvliet vilaje ov dhe plane;
Whare helth and plenti cherde dhe laboring swane
Whare smiling spring its erliest vizit pade,
And parting sumerz lingering bloomz delade :
Dere luvli bances of inosens and eze,
Sets ov mi ycothe, when everi sport cood pleze,
Hou ofen hav I loitered ore thi grene
Whare humbil hapines inderde eche sene !

Thanks to Messrs. Fowlér & Wells, N. Y., for the Phrenological Bust—a model head of plaster of paris, on which are located the thirty-seven accurately determined faculties singly and in groups. The domestic family is marked out on the back of the

head, the selfish propensities around the ear, the selfish sentiments around the crown of the head, the moral sentiments on the crown, the perfective midway between and above the ear and eye, and the intellectual in front. It cannot fail to be of great interest to students in intellectual science.

OTHER COLLEGES.

—At a meeting of the trustees of Davidson College, on Wednesday, the following elections were made: President, Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D. D., LL. D., of Louisville, Ky.; Professor of Greek and German, W. S. Graves, A. M., of Liberty, Va.—*Charlotte Democrat*.

—Trinity College is prospering under her new *regime*. Eighty-seven, excluding the Indian class, are on roll. The outlook is hopeful.

—Oberlin College has a roll of fifteen hundred students.

—The University of Edinburgh has a faculty of thirty-nine.

—There are 120,000 women in Great Britain earning their living as school-teachers.

—Egypt has a college that was nine hundred years old when Oxford was founded, and in which ten thousand students are now being educated who will some day, as missionaries, spread the Moslem faith.

—The International Congress of Educators, to be held at the New Orleans Exposition, Feb. 23–28, 1885, will doubtless be an interesting occasion, as quite an extensive “bill of fare” is presented by the Committee, of which Hon. M. A. Newell is Chairman.

—There are 190 college papers in the United States, and the ice was first broken by the *Brunonian*, in 1820.—*Ex.*

—Of eighteen Harvard graduates, since 1881, who now occupy positions on various newspapers, thirteen were formerly on the staff of the college paper.

—During the years 1883-4, Vanderbilt University and the State Colleges of Missouri and Alabama, repealed their anti-frat. laws, and yet the “barbs” of Wabash declare that the fraternities must go.—*Ex.*

—At the beginning of the year 1885, the University of North Carolina opened her doors to fraternities. They had been coming in at the windows, however, for sometime previous.

Number of Negroes at School in North Carolina.—Last year Bidle University (colored) at Charlotte had a faculty of nine professors and five assistants and 187 students. Shaw University (colored) at Raleigh, had 429 students. Bennett Seminary (colored) at Greensboro, had 168 students.

Scotia Female Seminary, at Concord, with a faculty of ten, had 244 students. Total so far 1,028. This does not include the Episcopal Seminary (colored) at Raleigh or the Zion Wesley Institute (colored) at Salisbury, and others. There are not less than 1,500 negroes at college in North Carolina. I think there are nearer 2,000.—*F., in Chronicle.*

AT YALE.

“Where, O where is my boy to-night?”
Whispers a mother dear.
“He’s parading, ma’am, with a big torchlight,
And now and then takes a beer.”—[*Record.*]

AT TORONTO.

“Where, O where is my boy to-night?”
Whispers a mother dear.
“He’s been ‘run in’ for sassing the ‘cops,’
And trying to raise a cheer.”—[*Eric.*]

AT CHAMPAIGN.

“Where, O where is my boy to-night?”
Whispers a mother dear.
“He’s been locked up for wearing a mask,
And resisting an officer.”

AT CHAPEL HILL

“Where, O where is my boy to-night?”
Whispers a mother dear.
“He is testing the texture of a window-glass,
And trying his running-gear.”

Register of American Colleges.

1638—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., Charles W. Elliott, LL.D., Pres.; Rev. Phillips Brooks, Pres. Alumni Association.

1700—Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., Pres.; Chauncey M. Depew, President Alumni Association.

1746—College of New Jersey, Princeton, N. J., James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Pres.; Rev. John Maclean, D.D., LL.D., Pres. Alumni Association.

1749—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., William Pepper, M.

D., LL.D., Pres. pro tem.; John B. Gest, Pres. Alumni Association.

1757—Columbia College, New York City, N. Y., F. A. P. Barnard, LL.D., Pres.; Seth Low, Pres. Alumni Ass'n.

1768—Brown University, Providence, R. I., Ezekiel G. Robinson, D.D., LL.D., President.

1769—Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D., LL.D., Pres.; Edward A. Rollins, LL.D., Pres. Alumni Association.

1770—Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., Merrill Edwards Gates, Ph. D., LL.D., Pres.; Prof. T. S. Doolittle, D.D., Pres. Alumni Association.

1775—Hampden Sidney College, Prince Edward Co., Va., Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D.D., Pres.; Rev. C. E. Crispell, D.D., Pres. Alumni Association.

1781—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., G. W. C. Lee, Pres.; H. St. G. Tucker, Pres. Alumni Association.

1783—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., Rev. James A. McCauley, D.D., LL.D., Pres.; Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, D.D., Pres. Alumni Association.

1784—St. Johns, Annapolis, Md.

1784—Theological Seminary Reform- ed Dutch Church in America, New Brunswick, N. J., Rev. Samuel M. Woodbridge, D.D., LL.D., Dean.; Rev. C. E. Crispell, D.D., Pres. Alumni Ass'n.

1785—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., J. J. Gresham, Pres.; Col. Joel A. Billups, Pres. Alumni Association.

1789—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL.D., Pres.; Hon. P. C. Cameron, Pres. Alumni Association.

1789—Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C., Rev. James A. Doonan, S. J., Pres.; Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, Pres. Alumni Association.

1791—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt., Mathew Henry Buckham, D. D., Pres.; ——— Pres. Alumni Association.

1791—St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

1793—Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., Franklin Carter, Ph.D., LL.D., Pres.; Judge Chas. C. Dwight, Pres. Alumni Association.

1794—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., Alpheus Spring Packard, D.D., Acting Pres.; Prof. J. B. Sewall, Pres. Alumni Association.

1795—Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., Sam'l Marsh, Pres. Alumni Association.

1798—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky., Charles Louis Loos, Pres. No alumni association.

1798—College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky., Robert Graham, Pres.

1800—Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., LL.D., Pres.

1801—South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C., John M. McBryde, LL.D., Pres.; Hon. John L. Manning, Pres. Alumni Association.

1802—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., Rev. James D. Moffatt, D.D., Pres.; Gen. J. A. Beaver, Pres. Alumni Association.

1804—Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

1806—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn., Rodes Massie, A.M., D.L., Pres.; Sam'l R. Rodgers, Pres. Alumni Association.

1806—University of Nashville, Nashville, Tenn., Eben S. Stearns, S.T.D., Pres.

1807—Andover Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., Rev. Egbert C. Smith, Pres.; Rev. Henry A. Hazen, Secretary Alumni Association.

1809—Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, Isaiah Trufant, A.M., Pres. No alumni association.

1812—Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., Samuel H. Pennington. M.D., Pres.; Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D., Pres. Alumni Ass'n.

1812—Hamilton College, Clinton, New York.

1814—Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me., Rev. Benjamin Tappan, Pres.; Rev. B. B. Merrill, Pres. Alumni Association.

1816—Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass., Charles W. Elliott, LL.D., Pres.; Rev. Augustus Woodbury, Pres. Alumni Association

1817—General Theological Seminary, New York City, N. Y., Rev. Eugene Augs. Hoffman, D.D., Dean; Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, D.D., Pres Alumni Ass'n, ex officio.

1817—Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., David H. Wheeler, LL.D., Pres.; Rev. A. J. Merchant, Pres. Alumni Association.

1819—University of Virginia, Albe-

marle Co., Va., James F. Harrison, M.D., Pres.; Chas. M. Blackford, Pres. Alumni Association.

1819—St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky.

1820—Colby University, Waterville, Me., Rev. George D. B. Pepper, D.D., LL.D., Pres.; Rev. C. V. Hanson, Pres. Alumni Association.

1820—Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., Ebenezer Dodge, D.D., LL.D., Pres.; Rev. R. G. Seymour, D.D., Pres. Alumni Association

1821—Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y., Rev. Albert Chester, D.D., Pres.; S. M. Hopkins, President Alumni Association.

1821—Southampton Theological Seminary, Marysville, Tenn.

1821—Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

1821—Amherst College, Amherst, Mass., Rev. Julius H. Seelye, D.D., LL.D., Pres.; Francis A. Walker, LL.D., Pres. Alumni Association.

—*The Collegian.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLLEGE RECORD.

Quite a number of interesting papers were presented at the February meeting of the Mitchell Society. The evening (Saturday, February 7th,) was threatening, but a goodly number of members were present and some invited visitors besides. The President, Prof. Gore, gave first an account of the use of balloons in Meteorology—a recent experiment of the

Signal Bureau. Dr. Venable described recent progress in the liquefaction of gasses, illustrating the processes by chagrams of the apparatus commonly employed.

Prof. Holmes then followed with a full and clear account of the building of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi. The recent discovery of the true source of this river in Lake Glazier was

also noted in a short paper by Dr. Venable.

Several other papers were read by title, among them a collection of forty different solutions of the famous Pons Asinorum by Dr. Chas. Phillips. It was announced that the next public meeting would be held on the first Saturday in March. Dr. Venable being the lecturer chosen, and his subject "Alchemy and the Alchemists."

The Trustees, at their last meeting, decided to allow Greek-Letter Societies to exist at the University. And thus the question as to the existence or non-existence of "fraternities" here is settled. These "societies" or "fraternities" seem to have been the natural outgrowth of the desire for social intercourse; and were organized, we believe, mainly for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of friendship. To a greater or less extent they have been existing in American colleges for more than half a century and have continued to gain ground. We are not a member of any fraternity, —in fact we know very little about them; and therefore do not purpose to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of their existence. There may be a great deal of good in them; we do not believe there is any harm.

—Mr. E. M. Faust, we are informed, will act as orator at the

Class-day Exercises in place of Mr. A. W. Long, Professor-elect, Trinity College.

—The well known phrenologist, Dr. W. H. Barker, was with us a short time since. While here he examined an almost infinite number of craniums, and, in addition, gave several lectures on the science of phrenology. Judging from the large audiences that attended nightly, we should say the lectures were highly interesting.

Phrenology, we believe, was originated about the latter part of the Eighteenth Century by Franz Joseph Gale, a German physician, and introduced into the United States several decades afterwards.

Although we are not a believer in phrenology, truth compells us to acknowledge that Dr. Barker possesses the power of reading people exceedingly well. We know of several whose characters he described as minutely and accurately as their most intimate friends could have done.

The Dr. took with him, on his departing, considerable money, and in addition the good will of the students generally.

—What ridiculous things the types sometimes make us say! We notice several in the College Record of the last issue. We lay the blame on the proof-reader.

—A rather small, but appre-

ciative audience assembled in Holmes' Hall, on Wednesday night, February 18th, to hear Mr. P. H. Winston, Jr., lecture on "Fun and Philosophy," for the benefit of the Oxford Orphan Asylum. His lecture, the proceeds of which is for the benefit of a most praiseworthy institution, was highly interesting and amusing, and ought to have been greeted with a crowded house.

The lecture was brimful of fun and humor. We never knew before that there was so much fun in philosophy, so much philosophy in fun. The desire and follies of life were depicted in a humorous and philosophic light. Fun, he defines, as nature's apology for her hardships. "A little sleep, a little love, and a little fun," he says, "do more than anything else to afford real happiness." Of such a lecture as that it would be impossible to give any idea. It is to be heard to be enjoyed.

—One of our seniors is in a pitiable condition. The result of a "dike," a call and a mash the other day. We extend our sympathies.

—What has become of the Athletic Association?

—With us Washington's Birthday is a day of general relaxation and enjoyment. Text-books are thrown aside and forgotten. We always appreciate the holiday,

and listen with pleasure to the oration. The exercises of '85 were exceedingly interesting and very much enjoyed by all.

Before the commencement of the exercises, the Di. Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with students and citizens of the village. The ladies also graced the occasion with their presence. Among the audience we noticed several visitors. On the rostrum were Drs. Mangum, Manning and Venable, and Profs. Winston and Gore. While the audience was assembling the band from Raleigh dispensed excellent music.

At 11 o'clock, the marshals escorted the orator and introducer (both in full dress suits) to the rostrum. After music by the band, Mr. Jno. W. Wood, of Scotland Neck, N. C., in a speech of considerable length and merit, introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. Solomon C. Weill, of Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. Weill spoke some thirty minutes in a most forcible and impressive manner. We are glad to say, however, that he did not give us a eulogy on the life and character of Washington, as Washington's Birthday orators are wont to do. His subject was "Individual Independence: the legacy bequeathed us by Washington."

Although he mentioned the name of Washington only once

or twice, he could not have paid a higher tribute to his memory. No eulogy could have awakened greater love for the "father of our country;" no speech could have showed more effectively our indebtedness to him. It is impossible to give even a slight conception of his speech. It is a unit mass that must not be broken. We cannot refrain, however, from giving one or two thoughts as they impressed themselves upon our memory. All governments are subject to dissolution and decay. No governments are powerful enough to supply the necessities of man for a long period of time. All governments have their ideal. The ideal of the Spartan was devotion; of the Athenian, beauty. The Greeks aspired to mental and physical, but not moral perfection. The ideal of the Romans was war and bravery, but they were deficient in virtue. The ideal of the English is rank. The ideal of the American is the individual. This is a race of individuals, a nation of individuals, a government of individuals. This is a part of the legacy bequeathed us by Washington. This is our crowning glory.

The speech was well written, and showed profound thought. The words well were chosen, and the arguments and "curls" nicely arranged—the arguments largely predominated.

After the speech was over, the speaker received the congratulations of his numerous friends and acquaintances.

Everything passed off smoothly and pleasantly. Much of the success of the occasion, however, was due to the courtesy and efficiency of the clever marshals, Messrs. Grissom and Womack. The exercises of '85 will long be remembered.

A foot-ball match, in the evening, between picked sides closed the day. The game was a close contest, resulting in a score of three to three after a vigorous fight.

THE CLASS OF '85.

Name.	Age	Weight	Height	Religious Inclinations	Profession In Life
James A. Bryan,	21	140	6 feet.	Pres.	Unde'cd
Marion Butler,	21	140	6	Epis.	Law.
A. H. Eller,	22	160	5-9	Bapt.	Law.
E. M. Faust,	21	180	5-11	Pres.	Law.
A. J. Feild,	20	135	5-8	Epis.	Civil En
E. G. Goodman,	24	140	5-11	Meth.	Law.
A. B. Hill,	23	130	5-9	Epis.	Med.
Geo. Howard, Jr.,	18	190	5-9	Pres.	Bank'ng
Max Jackson,	19	135	5-8	Heb.	Med.
H. A. Latham,	23	138	5-9	Disc.	Law.
E. P. Mangum,	20	130	5-7	Meth.	Teach'g
J. S. Mann,	21	185	5-11	Meth.	Unde'cd
B. C. McIver,	22	150	5-11	Pres.	Teach'g
J. R. Monroe,	19	187	5-10	Bapt.	Med.
R. S. Neal,	18	150	6 feet.	Epis.	Unde'cd
J. U. Newman,	25	135	5-11	Chris.	Pre'c'hg
W. L. Norris,	20	147	5-11	Bapt.	Farm'ng
W. C. Riddick,	20	150	5-10	Bapt.	Civil En
S. L. Scull,	20	130	5-8	Meth.	Dent'ry
A. D. Ward,	25	165	5-10	Bapt.	Law.
S. C. Weill,	20	155	5-10	Heb.	Law.
J. F. West,	22	164	5-11	Chris.	Law.

—Valentine's Day has come and gone! It brought the measles if nothing else. There are several cases in college and the Drs. are busy.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

EDITORS:

DI.
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S. C. WEILL,
M. McG. SHIELDS,



PHI.
ALEX. J. FEILD,
J. R. MONROE,
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No. 6.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Criticism is as old as language. They act and react upon each other, and as language is developed into literature, criticism is matured into an art.

We easily trace the stream of poetic criticism to the fountain heads of poetry among the hills of Rome and the mountains of Greece, where Horace, Virgil, and Homer sung. Here language was cultivated to a degree unequalled before or since, poetry and eloquence were national pursuits, the poet and the orator were exalted as demi-gods. There were schools in Greece devoted exclusively to the study of rhetoric and criticism. Criticism was shaped with such care and exactness; was made so accurate and comprehensive, that not a single principle has been added to the art since the time of Aristotle. His precepts are the

very same ones subsequently announced by Horace, Longinus, Quintilian, Boileau, and Dacier.

Nor is this surprising. The rules of criticism are drawn from the study of the literary productions which approach most nearly to perfection; and the master pieces of poetry have come to us from ancient Greece and Rome. They can never be equalled. Modern language is not rich enough, nor is it capable of sufficient cultivation. The influence of civilization is also unfavorable to great poetic genius. It is natural that poetic criticism was perfected long ago.

In a modern essay on criticism we expect to find, not so much new methods and new ideas, as a judicious selection of principles long since established, and a happy, original and forcible method

of presenting those principles. The form of the essay should be pleasing and attractive, the style lively and varied. The mind should not be wearied by a dry and tiresome series of rules, but should be relaxed and entertained by the judicious interspersions of pleasing metaphors, striking similes, agreeable episodes, and timely digressions. By means of these the imagination is aroused, and the ideas are, as it were, invested with life, form and color, the attributes of substantial reality. There is need, too, of much conciseness, clearness, and point; and the writer can display great talent in the employment of wit and skill in the use of antitheses, which add life and piquancy to the style. The essay should glitter and sparkle, resembling a firmament of brilliant points rather than a broad, flat expanse of unbroken light.

Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism is written in Iambic pentameter, or heroic, verse. It belongs to the class of literature known as Didactic Poetry, a species of poetry devoted to the consideration of grave and philosophical subjects, and designed rather to instruct than to amuse, distinguished from prose rather by its form than by its matter. It possesses over prose the advantage of greater conciseness of expression and liveliness of style, and admits

many embellishments which can not adorn a prose essay.

The extent of the essay is short, consisting of seven hundred and ten verses, its scope is quite comprehensive, and embraces

(1). Rules for the study of the Art of Criticism.

(2). The Causes of a Wrong Judgment.

(3). Rules for the Manners of Critics, and the Character of a good Critic.

The History of Criticism, and the Characters, of the best Critics.

The essay has been condemned because the arguments and principles are not original with the author. This is very unjust; for however much inclined Mr. Pope may have been to borrow his arguments on other occasions, in the present case, it was a necessity, as we have attempted to show in our remarks on criticism. Had he ventured into the realms of fancy, and discovered new and wonderful principles, we might certainly have admired his poetic genius, but his ability as a critic we would very justly have condemned. In this respect he has shown excellent judgment and perfect taste. The arguments are well known, and need only to be mentioned in order to gain our assent.

For the study of the art of criticism, we are advised

1st. To study and learn our

own taste and genius, lest in the sea of criticism we venture beyond our depth. This advice can be objectionable only to that large class of critics, who in following it, would find "their occupation gone."

2nd. We are enjoined to follow nature

"And our judgment frame

By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art."

The idea here expressed is old as the hills, but it is clothed in so beautiful a garb that it has all the graces of novelty.

We are instructed, lastly, to assiduously study the Ancients, and especially Homer and Virgil; for

"To copy nature is to copy them."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon this precept. The poet next presents us with a felicitous and amusing picture of Grecian criticism.

"Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved;
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid."

In the close of this portion of the essay we find a beautiful and splendid tribute to the memory and virtues of the Ancients; a most pleasing and charming digression, which adds much beauty and interest to the essay.

"Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.

See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consorting Paeans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail! bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!"

This picture pleases the mind and charms the imagination; it is almost perfect. The altar defying the power of time, war, flames, and envy; incense from all nations; myriads of voices joining in glorious hymns of praise, and the beautiful invocation offered by the poet, unite and produce a scene of wonderful beauty and tremendous effects.

How modestly and delicately, yet impressively and happily does the poet grant those ancient bards their just praise. What wonderful condensation and beautiful imagery in the line

"Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes."

The causes of false judgment are Pride; Imperfect learning; Judging by parts and not by the whole, Critics in wit, language, versification only; Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire; Partiality—too much love for a sect,—to the ancients or moderns; Prejudice or prevention; Singularity; Inconstancy; Party spirit; Envy.

In stating these causes the poet manifests consummate skill and wonderful talent. Old views are set before us in so new and charming a light, as to possess all the attractiveness of new scenes and associations. With much art and excellent judgment, the imagination is continually charmed by a series of pleasing and delightful images, while the reason is fed with the solid nutriment of fact and argument. Of pride, how happy the metaphor,

"If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day."

We can almost see the glorious burst of sunlight dawning upon and beautifying the earth, which has been shrouded in dismal darkness.

Again,

"False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads in every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay.

The antithesis which follows adds increased power to this brilliant simile,

But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

These similes are not only pleasing but also appropriate. They are adapted to the points which they illustrate, and they very rarely fail to set them forth in a clearer and stronger light, awakening the interest of the reader, increasing his attention, and

quicken his perception. We find them distributed throughout the poem with seeming profusion, but with real care and critical judgment.

How effectively and beautifully are we told to judge by the whole and not by parts.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

Many principles show wonderful power of condensation in their enunciation, as well as sparkling wit and smiling humor. We are pleased not only by their truth and justness, but also and more especially by the piquancy, conciseness and spirit with which they are exhibited.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

The prevalence of bigotry and skepticism sufficiently attest the truth of this beautiful passage.

There is remarkable condensation and strength in the simile regarding expression,

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable.

Again,

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

What quiet humor slumbers in the following lines:

But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,

That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.

Who does not recognize the force of these:

Some by old words to fame have made pretense,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

We would call especial attention to the following passage, which ripples with merry wit, and which is an instance of consummate art:

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring around the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze"
In the next line, "it whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep."
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, "drags its slow length
along."

This is indeed a most ingenious and felicitous passage. In the most skillful manner the poet exemplifies the very faults which he is condemning.

The profusion of open vowel sounds in the 2nd line, the expletive *do* in the 3rd, followed by a succession of "ten low words" show pre-eminent skill and wonderful art, as well as fine taste and ripe judgment.

The comparison of the "rhymes" to "unvaried chimes" is very happy, and the reader cannot fail to be entertained by the samples set

before him. The selection of the word *fraught* in the last line but three is worthy of great praise, and the comparison of the Alexandrine to a wounded snake is equally fortunate. The species of verse, to which the poet refers, is described with inimitable grace, and satyriized with great power. The final couplet burdened with an *imagined* thought, the Alexandrine tottering under its supposed weight, are in excellent and effective antithesis to the nonsensical jingle and rattling gallop of the preceding lines.

So exact and learned a critic as Dr. Johnson says that it would be unprofitably tedious to mention the particular beauties of the essay; but adds that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences to the journey of a traveler in the Alps is perhaps the best that English poetry affords. Though this praise may be extravagant, it proves that the comparison is exceedingly just and beautiful; as indeed is universally acknowledged. It is perhaps the finest in the essay; but there are many others of great merit, which have not gained such universal praise. What could be more expressive of the necessity and relentlessness of envy than the assurance that

—Should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.

and how perfect the picture of envy,

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But, like the shadow, proves the substance true ;
 For envied wit, like sol eclipsed, makes known
 The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
 But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

The rules for the conduct of manners in a critic are given with equal spirit, energy, judgment and force. They are well selected and clearly announced.

The poet shows himself ever on the alert to grasp the fittest words and most appropriate metaphors. How charmingly and judiciously does he *store the bookful blockhead with learned lumber!*

The ideal of a good critic is perfect, and as it enumerates briefly the various points which constitute this part of the subject, we transcribe it.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossessed, not blindly right ;
 Though learn'd, well-bred ; and, though well-hred,
 sincere ;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe ;
 Who to a friend his fault can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ;
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined ;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind ;
 Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride
 And love to praise with reason on his side ?

The history of criticism is necessarily brief. It is valuable chiefly for the elegant and judicious remarks on the characters of the best critics among the Ancients. They are models of criticism ; in terseness and strength reminding us of Quintilian ; but far surpassing him in grace, beauty and spirit.

Every lover of Horace is delighted with the criticism of his inimitable style,

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way ;

* * * *

—Judged with coolness, though he sung with fire.

and how striking the antithesis,

Our critics take a contrary extreme,—
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm.

The poet now cleverly varies the style and imparts to it new life and vigor. The transition from the descriptive to the more lofty style of invocation is very happy and is well sustained,

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless this critic with a poet's fire :
 And ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

This power of varying the style without any show of art is exemplified in the highest degree in the present essay. It is very rare and always adds force and beauty to any production.

The versification of the essay is exceedingly smooth and graceful. It exhibits careful finish, at times brilliant polish. It never embarrasses the poet ; but on the contrary imparts to the style not only much liveliness but also a considerable degree of force and elevation. It is not strange that so assiduous a worker and careful a corrector as Mr. Pope should produce verses so mellifluous and correct. But there are many

rhymes in this essay, which are not only trivial and boyish, but even very inferior in concord. As an instance of the former kind, it is only necessary to mark the numerous couplets ending with *true* and *too*, *too* and *due*, *due* and *true*, *see* and *be*, *be* and *me*, *fit* and *wit*, *wit* and *writ*, while no less than eight couplets end in *art* and *part*. With regard to the inferior lines, we find instances on every page. We have rhymes(?) of *them* and *esteem*, *full* and *rule*, *laugh* and *safe*, *glass* and *place*, &c., &c. Mr. Pope seemed fond too of connecting the sounds *ine* and *oin* having done so five times in the present essay, when one error of the kind would have been entirely sufficient. These are faulty. The vowel sounds should be the same.

It is strange too that a writer generally so careful and exact as Mr. Pope, and so happy and ingenious in the use of metaphorical language, should occasionally allow the beauty of one metaphor to be marred by another totally inconsistent in its nature with the first. He pushes his images too far and bewilders the imagination by a multiplicity of forms utterly unlike.

Thus in speaking of the universality of taste, he says:

Most have the *seeds* of judgment in their minds,

Which is a pleasing metaphor,

but is confused by the one which follows,

Nature affords at least a glimmering light,
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right

The fancy has been busy with seeds of judgment, and delighted at their growth, blossoming, and fruitfulness; when suddenly the picture is crossed out by those rude lines into which the seeds are miraculously metamorphosed.

Again, it is, to say the least, puzzling to fancy pride *stepping in to fill a void* of sense.

Alike mysterious is the *tnuing* of *dull rhymes*, which we would expect to be sharpened or pointed.

As a final instance, in the description of dull poets, we have this beautiful and amusing simile.

Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.

The most fastidious could demand nothing more charming; but the poet is not satisfied; he must get rid of the other simile, which is crowding his fancy. He continues,

False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades renew their pace.

The proximity of the *lashing* suggests the thought that thereby possibly the *jades* might be induced to mend their pace.

These are the most prominent, if not all the errors in the use of metaphors of which Mr. Pope is guilty in this essay, and they are trivial in comparison with the variety, beauty, elegance and force

of the many others which contribute so much to the charm of the essay.

The most remarkable instance of genius in the poem is contained in the lines immediately following the precept that

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

There are in every language certain words which are especially adapted to the representation of particular sounds; as for example, *buzz* and *hiss*. Mr. Pope is pre-eminent in his ability to represent sound by a skilful use of these words. He is in this respect the chief of poets.

Soft is the strain when Zephy gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But, when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar,
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flits o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

The predominance of soft consonant and prolonged vowel sounds in the first line:—the rolling *r's*, the aspirates, and the gutturals of the fourth verse, are admirably fitted to represent the sounds which they describe.

The fifth verse, laboring with its frequent and multiplied inharmonious consonant sounds, is but an echo of the toils of Ajax. While, on the contrary, the multiplicity of short vowel sounds, the ellipses, and the easy flowing and union of the consonant sounds fitly imitate light rapid motion.

These lines display true genius. We have here no borrowing, for the idea is nothing. The execution demands skill, talent, judgment and genius, and this merits our praise.

The present essay has been condemned on account of its lack of method. Its main parts, we have already shown, are arranged certainly in the most natural manner. The precedence of individual principles and arguments is not of great importance. In a poem of this kind, which must consist almost entirely of independent thoughts, condensed into maxims, the arrangement is arbitrary, and it is always possible to transpose the arguments without injuring the beauty or the force of the poem as a whole.

This poem is frequently compared with others totally different in character, sometimes Lyric, or perhaps Descriptive. This is very unjust. For the nature of those poems allows the widest scope for the play of the fancy, while Didactic poetry is necessarily to a great extent dry and barren of embellishment. Its aim, as the aim of all writing should be, is to furnish instruction, and in the treatment of purely moral or philosophical topics, it is deprived of many of the most essential elements of poetry. A skilful and talented poet may by the aid of appropriated metaphors, beautiful similes,

sparkling wit, and charming digressions, relieve the subject of much of its barrenness, and clothe it with much beauty and life. In this respect Mr. Pope was a master, and the present essay is perfect. He not only gives truths to the reason; he reflects them from the imagination. He pleases the mind and charms the fancy. He entertains us with agreeable digression, amuses us with quiet humor, tickles us with wit, astonishes us with learning and judgment, convinces us with argument, and dazzles us with the brilliancy of his fancy. If the praise bestowed so lavishly on this essay is sometimes flattery, more frequently is its condemnation envy and slander. It would be difficult to find so much good sense confined in so small a space, adorned too by all the arts which genius can command; variety of style, clearness of statement, condensation of thought, charming

allusions and digressions, fruitful metaphors and happy similes, sparkling wit, and spirited conciseness.

The faults of this essay are few and trifling; its virtues are many and great.

In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, it exhibits every excellence that can embellish or dignify Didactic composition; and, if Pope had written nothing else, this essay would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets.

The merits of this poem increase and beautify at successive perusals. It is substantial food affording us healthy nourishment of which we never tire, unlike those rich and luxuriant dishes which at first please, but finally satiate and disgust. Though it is not highly seasoned, it is on that account more digestible; and in proportion as it stimulates us less, it imparts to us more zeal and lasting strength. T.

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

The system of imparting knowledge by lectures is very old. It stretches far back into the past, even to the time of Socrates. This great man lectured. The Lecture System prevails over Europe and a large part of America. Under this system the Professor

studies a subject in his library; then in a lecture-room he retails by talk or speech or lecture what he has previously learned; the students try to copy his talk into note books; and afterwards they study their note books in their rooms, using them as printed text-

books. There are different ways of conducting lectures, but this is the usual mode. This paper is not intended to present an exhaustive nor an elaborate discussion of the subject. It expresses in a general way the views of one who has seen and suffered the effects of this mode of teaching in one of our American universities. The writer does not mean to attack any particular seat of learning, but only the system.

It is not at all strange that instruction was given by lectures in ancient times, because then there were no printed books and few of any kind. After printing was invented books were so costly that a poor man could not possess them. Besides, few people could read or write, and it was therefore both natural and necessary to teach them orally. Often a man would give his own ideas and discoveries, in which case he would have no book to teach from without writing one. So the scarcity of books would justify lecturing till not a great many years back, but no such excuse can be offered now. Books have come in reach of almost every one. Formerly there were not many; now they exist on almost every subject. The wisest men in the land have put their knowledge in book form; some for the use of schools and colleges, that is, for text-books; others for more general readers.

There are books in publication now for almost every purpose; some very small and simple, and from this they gradually ascend or descend to any height or depth of learning. Some books are written for five months courses, while others are for ten months or more. A great many of our text-books are written by very learned men, professors who have been teaching for years and who know as nearly as possible how large a book a student wants, what to put in and what to leave out. Now why not use some of these books? Why not use a text-book in every Department? It does surely seem that some one of the many volumes now before the world might suit every professor.

Let us notice some of the advantages and disadvantages of this system. Of course it is very well to explain a particular point to a class, especially when it is not very plain. But is there any use in a professor's getting up and talking half an hour about something that any one can learn in five minutes from a good text-book? When any one is taking down a lecture he can't pay half attention to the *substance* of it; he is only trying to catch the *words* and put them down as fast as possible. It is impossible to copy and at the same time to thoroughly under-

stand an intricate mental problem. There is not more than one out of every ten men that can take a good lecture. Then if he doesn't run to his room and copy it off with pen and ink very soon, he will not be able to read his own writing; he has taken down the lecture in such a hurry that very often it is illegible. Thus all the good effects of the lecture are lost; a man cannot pay attention to one's talking and write it down at the same time. He may hear the words but he will not catch the ideas. The words pour into his ears and run out through his fingers so rapidly that they have no effect upon the brain, or rather the brain is stupified and stunted by the process. If we are to derive any benefit from a lecture we should concentrate our whole mind upon it and do nothing else but listen and digest; then we would learn something.

This business takes a great deal of time. To copy a lecture nicely in a book will occupy an hour and a half or two hours, which is time thrown away, for then it has to be learned, and it could be learned a great deal more easily from a book. But suppose a student gets some one to transcribe his lectures for him, as is often done; at the end of the year he will find the cost to be about twelve dollars, and he is lucky to pay this rather than copy them himself. The

very same matter if printed would cost about one dollar. The Lecture System involves the great probability of getting things confused and learning the wrong thing which is worse than no learning at all. The following incident will illustrate this point. A professor was lecturing on Comparative Philology. During the course of his lecture he had occasion to use this sentence, "It is probable that the cradle of the human race was somewhere on the southern slope of the Himalaya Mountains." After he finished he thought he would go round and look at some of the note books and see how the lecture had been taken down. He came to one student, who in a most desperate and distressing hand, had the above sentence thus, "It is probable that Humanus was born in a cradle on the top of the Himalaya Mountains." He had gotten "human race" into one word, thought it was some great hero, and began it with a capital. He had not caught the idea.

The only way that the writer can account for the great fever for lecturing is that the lecturer thinks he is going to present the subject in a better light than any author has done in his book. In other words, he thinks he knows better than any one else what should be learned and how it should be

learned. Some do it for this reason, while others do it because it is customary and don't exactly know any other reason for doing it. This is human nature, however, and we can't be surprised at it. It is well for him to have confidence in himself. He may treat the subject better than any one else has done, in which case let him write a book and publish it. If it is better than its rivals, of course it will be a success, and it will be an honor to him and a benefit to the world; if it is not better than books now in publication, he should surely not give it to his classes in lectures, since he can get a text-book better in substance and more convenient for use. If he writes a book, he can certainly set forth his knowledge in a much more compact and learnable form than he can by lecturing and having his classes write it out for themselves. It is not every man that can lecture well; it is not every man that can get up before his classes and present a subject in as clear and scientific a manner as he could were he to write it out in his library. In this age of cheap printing it would be far better for every professor to print a set of lectures for his own students, even if they were used nowhere else, than it is for him to make them write out confused and erroneous abridgments of his lectures.

It would be far better and far

cheaper even if these printed lectures were double the price of an ordinary text-book the same size. In this way a great deal more could be learned and with far more ease.

Sometimes a professor, who is suffering from this strange and awful disease, the *cacæthes orandi*, will condescend to accept the aid of a text-book; in which case, however, he is almost certain to find so many mistakes in arrangement, so many things left out that ought to be in, and so much in that should be out, that one would think the author of the book a second-class fool and a candidate for the insane asylum. His students get so confused that they don't know what to learn first and what to learn last; what to omit and what to insert. The consequence is that a great many become disgusted and let the whole matter rest and don't learn anything. Sometimes the professor will go to work to abridge a book and wind up by saying enough to make a volume almost twice as large. Now if he knows so much better how the book ought to be, let him have it printed to suit himself, since it is certain that the author would yield to his superior knowledge and ability and allow a revised edition.

But, in truth, in this age of printing and book making it does seem utterly absurd for a man to spend a great part, or in fact any

of his life in copying down the words of every professor that chooses to get up and talk. Moreover the old saying that "seeing's believing" seems thoroughly applicable here. One can learn a thing a great deal more easily and accurately from print than he can from hearing it. The student can not acquire near as much under the Lecture System as he can under the Text-Book System, because a great part of his time is taken up in writing, copying, and ruining his handwriting. If the course of lectures is to teach a man shorthand and prepare him for a newspaper reporter, then

there should be a separate department for it. It should not be mixed up with other things and take the time that does not belong to it.

Life is too short for an hour and a half or two hours a day to be spent in *copying*, in scribbling, when it should be spent in studying, in learning something new. In this "fast" age we have no time to be copying books as the old Romans and Greeks used to do. Every man should be jealous of his time. We are in a mighty struggle for existence, and he who has used well his time has won half the battle. MCD. VINCI.

DOES MIND PROGRESS?

THE ANCIENT VERSUS THE MODERN MIND.

Long years have flown since the first philosopher began to reason and speculate on the powers and development of that faculty within us, which thinks, wills, and reasons—that faculty which distinguishes man from all other creations, and which we call *mind*. But even before the first mental philosophers had made any systematical progress in their researches, that same faculty or mind existed and exercised its powers in full strength.

Go back as far as history can

carry you with safety, go even where history and mythology are combined, and where they weave a vague and mysterious uncertainty together with strong realities, and you will find cases of unparalleled strength of mind for that unenlightened age. Our early philosophers had more to encounter than the moderns, in establishing a truth; for they had not only to study the sciences, but they had to arrange and systematize them; they had to investigate each step as they went and to

baffle many false and wild theories. They had to reason from first truths, even before those first truths had been satisfactorily defined; they had to lay the first principles of all the sciences. They felt the struggling of the soul within, striving to grasp the laws of nature and of nature's God; and often the fire within them burned with unquenchable fury, and the mind took rapid flights and grand conceptions, which were astonishing compared with the ignorance which surrounded them. But a great mind can not long remain in obscurity, no matter what are its surroundings, and when it shines forth in an age of darkness and superstition how brightly does it gleam on the pages of history! Such were the circumstances which surrounded the most famous characters of ancient history, and which render them the peers, if not the superiors of the day dreamers of the present.

It is granted by almost every one that an inventor possesses a mind superior to the man's who improves the invention; and did not the ancient philosophers, poets, warriors, sculptors, painters and law-makers invent the arts, and lay the foundation for modern improvements? Did not many of them extend their sciences beyond any thing that the present age can afford? What

invention can we show to compare with the Arabian decimal notation? Who has dedicated a greater boon to humanity than the inventor of the Phœnician alphabet? Though his name is lost to us, yet the invention is his monument, which, like the undated and uninscribed pyramid, will remain a wonder and a riddle until the end of the world. This one invention has done more than all others in civilizing manners and transforming characters by awakening, developing and expanding the intellectual powers of man.

Now let us compare the productions of the two periods. Has anything so grand and terrible ever been composed as "The Furies" of Æschylus? Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is its only rival in all literature. History yet points to the glowing texts of Xenophon and Tacitus, and acknowledges no finer models than those of antiquity. The streams of centuries have swept by the works of Aristotle and Socrates and yet they stand alone in unapproached and unapproachable majesty. These intellectual sovereigns not only govern our spirits from the tomb by the power of their thoughts, but their very voices are heard by our living ears in the accents of their mother tongues.

Thus we can clearly see that if mind ever progressed, if in its

crude state it is superior to-day to what it has been; then the great minds of antiquity could not continue to hold their ascendancy over the opinions, manner, characters, institutions, and events of all ages and nations, through which their posthumous compositions, those golden threads of thought, have found their way. But on the contrary not only are they held up to us here in this institution as the earliest subjects of study and the most perfect examples of taste, but even to the master minds in every state of civilized society. This is the road which the whole human race has traveled to become wiser, and yet the only one for the complete cultivation of the individual.

And again: to compare the architecture of the two periods, there is a still greater balance in favor of the past.

The traveler of to-day is lost in a day dream when he stands upon the plains of the old world, looking through a vista of century beyond century—through shadow and sunshine—through a broad pathway of progressive generations bordered by palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, until in the distance he beholds the stupendous ruins of a Parthenon; and he involuntarily floats back into the twilight of the fast receding past and imagines that he can see that master piece of architecture bloom-

ing into existence under the magical touch of Phidias.

Then does the present age dare lay claim to the mightier productions of human genius? Nay! It is inferior in originality of thought and expression. The classic sage, wrapped in the mysterious folds of his own originality, disdained to imitate, but is held up to us as an example worthy of imitation. What can be more glorious in past history than the free, independent, untrammelled minds, which have shown through successive generations with undiminished lustre?

It is true that we have a multiplicity of books on almost every subject, but then we must remember that there are millions of intellects of as many different dimensions and as many different degrees of culture perpetually at work, and that therefore there must be a proportionate amount of thought put into operation—thought! what is its value? the corrupt literature of to-day gives the answer:—knowledge has grown more shallow as the surface has widened. Thus instead of mind progressing, we have allowed it to degenerate, and are condemning the generations which are to succeed us to creative barrenness and intellectual incapacity.

There is many a sharp young man to-day, probably in this Uni-

versity, with general acquirements, yet unable to turn his hand to one thing more than another, drifts through existence like a leaf blown before the wind. Therefore, we see that it is a few great ideas, and not an infinity of loose details that make a great mind. And this is the prime difference between the ideas of the two ages. The literature of the one is like a solid castle, slowly built on the firm ground and cemented by the constructive power of thought; while that of the other—the present—is the “golden cloud-castle glistening in the early dawn, but vanishing before the full light of day.”

Money is the whole absorbing theme of the modern world, and materialism is sweeping over the intellect of the present like a spring tide continually on the rise, and thus it is, that we stand trembling upon the narrow foothold of the present, betwixt the encountering tides of the long past, and the infinite to come.

Our scientists and philosophers have arrived at such an exalted degree of culture, that they have perceived Herbert Spencer to be more profound than Aristotle, and the electric cable of greater value to mankind than the Republic of Plato, and are fast satisfying themselves that man himself is a species of highly developed apes and monkeys.

If this is the direction in which the progress of our race is to continue—if indeed these are our last and sublimest triumphs—then should we be content to look back with proper tenderness upon our hairy ancestry.

Are these indications that mind is progressing? No! Mind can never progress, until it bursts the material bonds of the *finite* and bathes its unfettered wings in the ætherial regions of the *infinite*.

NOIRAM RELTUB.

University of N. C., March 10, '85.

Vast colossal destiny which raises man to fame though it may grind him to powder.—*Schiller*.

A friend loves his friend with all his failings; but others often love him because they do not see them.—*Schleiermacher*.

Sorrows are like thunder-clouds; in the distance they look black, over our heads hardly gray.

It is better to be doing the most insignificant thing in the world than to reckon an half-an-hour insignificant.—*Goethe*.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

A CLASS EXERCISE BY A. H. E.

Opinions about the philosophy and use of the English subjunctive mood are as numerous as the authors who have written on this subject. It is even a question among scholars how many moods our language has. For as moods represent the varied feelings, affectations, and conceptions of the mind they might be as varied as those feelings, affectations, and conceptions. The Arabic has fifteen moods, the Russian seven, the Sanscrit six, the Greek five, the Anglo-Saxon four, and the English three, four, or five, according to the authority we regard as most reliable.

Our language has lost the mood corresponding to the Greek subjunctive—the Greek optative corresponds to our subjunctive, and expresses a changed relation in tune. In no other respect has our language suffered more serious losses than in its moods. The Latins in polite literature, the Greeks in deductive reasoning, by their profuse use of the subjunctive mood, expressed many delicate shades of thought, which, on account of the inflexibility of our moods, can never be concisely rendered in the English.

Grammarians as a rule delight

to tell us that the subjunctive mood is fast passing out of our language. If such were the case, it should rather be regretted than rejoiced at. We can not well afford to lose a form that facilitates expression. It is in expressing the nice shades and delicate discriminations of thought that the subjunctive mood has always been employed, and the highest type of scholarship demands that its field be broadened rather than narrowed.

There was a period in the history of the Anglo-Saxon language when the subjunctive mood seemed to be passing away. During this period, 450 to 1150, *si*, the subjunctive singular of the verb to be, faded out of the language. But while the subjunctive forms of *com*, *am*, were lost the forms of *beon*, *be* were introduced to supply their places. It is stated by Grim in Fowler's grammar, page 268, that the Anglo-Saxon forms *beo*, *bist*, *bith*, &c., have not a present but a *future* sense; and that while *am* means 'I am,' *beo* means 'I shall be.' If we consider *beon* like *weorthan* to mean *become*, we get an element of futurity; and from this element of futurity we get the idea of contingency, and this

explains the subjunctive mood.

In Macbeth we find *be* used in this future sense:—

“Although Birman Wood *be come* to Dunsimane,
Yet will I try the last.”

In the older tongue it is only where *am* is not found that *be* is ever used in the present. It seems then that *be* is the rightful form of the subjunctive mood, and it is simply recurring to old principles when we so use it. Chaucer almost invariably used *be* or *ben* as the plural of the present, indicative, and his influence came very near fixing these forms upon our language. The Northern writers, however, who were most influential in shaping our language, used *are* regularly, and from them the practice extended in the sixteenth century to all. It is now the established general rule to limit the verb *be* to the subjunctive mood, except in the poetic expression *there be*.

But until the seventeenth century *be* was used interchangeably with *are* as an indicative.

In Matt. XV, 14, we find:

“They *be* blind leaders of the blind.”

Paradise Lost I, 105:

“What though the field *be* lost, all is not lost.”

“Ye *be* welcome” was common in Mid. English. But in the revision of the English Prayer Book, 1616, *are* was substituted for *be* in forty-three places, and the indicative *be* was left standing in one place namely—“Which *be*

they?”—an expression which could not now be sanctioned except on the grounds of poetic license.

Were as a subjunctive form is not as common as it once was, yet, if it goes out, it will be a beauty lost. It can hardly be spared from poetry and the style of dignity. In the literature of the twelfth century occurs the following:

“It *were* to me great shame
To have a lord without his twa name.”

And in the literature of the nineteenth century we read the following from the hand of Tennyson:

“And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of conquest.”

Should the subjunctive *be* and *were* fall into complete desuetude (which I cannot believe will ever happen) they will leave behind them traces of their existence in such expressions as *allbeit*, *howbeit*, *as it were*, and the like.

It is not only in *be* and *were* of the substantive verb that the subjunctive mood is firmly engrafted upon our language. We see it in other verbs as well. In Chaucer’s “Troilus and Cresida” we find the following:

“And finally, if it *happe* in any wise
That here *be* any cover in this place.”

Later we see it “Before the cock *crow* thou shalt deny me thrice.”

And still later we find it in the elegant lines:—

“Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o’er their tomb no trophies *raise*.”

The forms of the subjunctive mood would be retained, if it were for poetic license alone. But there are stronger reasons than this for their retention. The subjunctive has suffered much from the encroachments of the indicative. The adopting of the ending *en* by the indicative during the period of transformation which followed the Norman Conquest, necessarily caused the plural, when *n* was dropped, to assume the same form as that of the subjunctive. Some of the older grammarians—Green and Fowler among them—give it two forms in the present and past of the verb to be, and one form in the future. But the forms in the present and past and future, which are identical with the forms of the indicative, are no longer regarded as subjunctives. It is only in the second and third persons singular that the subjunctive differs at all in form from the indicative. The employment of those conjunctions which are generally signs of the subjunctive, has been greatly diminished during the last three centuries. The writings of Hooker bristle with such forms as “ifso,” “even where,” “howbeit,” “notwithstanding,” &c. The subjunctive, I may say, has been driven to that point beyond which it cannot pass and still be regarded as a living form of the language. Here at last it has made a stand

and there is now a reaction in its favor. It is woven in the fabric of our language too tightly to be unraveled. It is traceable to the rude beginnings of our speech, and claims as the representation of its true idea that of futurity and contingency, the very word that means to *be*. Yet this is not its highest claim upon the modern scholar—it is actually indispensable in many of the nicer shades of thought. We need the present subjunctive to express doubt and futurity; we need the past subjunctive to intimate what is contrary to fact. And it is better to call such expressions by their actual name than to call them indicatives and potentials with subjunctive meanings. It is the *meaning* no less than the *form* that constitutes the mood. The subjunctive mood, like the infinitive, is used only as a subordinate part of the sentence. It expresses a subordinate idea to that expressed by the indicative, and how it can be wholly supplanted by a mood of different order it is difficult to see.

The meaning of the relations expressed by these two moods are quite different. Clearly they have offices not very much alike. We have conceptions of such a weak and dependent nature, that they will not bear the bold, rough exposure that the indicative subjects them to. These peculiar actions and conditions should be deter-

mined by the different modifications of the verb. They will continue to exist, and it is not in accordance with economic principles for the indicative mood to assume such important and unlike functions as the expression of all *real* and all unreal thoughts. It is not

wise to reduce such dissimilar ideas to the same form of speech, different relations will be compounded, and what is gained in simplicity of form will be trifling compared with what is lost in clearness of thought.

WOMAN AND BRAHMANISM.

Man must have a god. The Indian in the wilds of America worshiped a Great Being who ruled the universe and punished the evil deeds of men. The half-savage Aztecs of Peru made a god of the sun. They thought that since he was the cause of life and fertility on the earth he must be a divinity. Few nations of antiquity believed in a single deity. The number of deities varied in different countries. The A thenians fearing that some one had been left out of their calendar, erected an altar to the "unknown God" before St. Paul ever announced the "glad tidings of great joy" from the summit of Mars' Hill.

The value of a religion may be estimated by the amount of improvement it makes in the condition of men. Under no religion except that of Christianity is woman raised to her proper sphere as an equal and in many respects a superior to man.

The Greek system placed goddesses on Mt. Olympus and made them equal with the gods; but on earth this privilege was denied them. They were not accounted as the equal of man and were forced to occupy a secondary place in the great drama of life.

Mohammed, imitating the Greeks in some respects, charges his followers to keep the women secluded. In the streets of Constantinople no Mohammedan lady appears even at this day without a veil. She is considered an inferior and is made the slave of man.

In India, the condition of woman is now worse than in any other land. Here she is thought to differ from the beasts only in possessing more intelligence than they. She is allowed the privilege of prayer and worship; but it is subjected entirely to the whims and caprices of her husband or father. The husband is the wife's

god. She is allowed to look to no higher example of godliness than he. If he is wicked and maltreats her she must bear it all without murmuring, think him perfection and worship him as a god.

In its earlier writings the Brahman religion mentions woman with respect. In a later age, when the religious rites and ceremonies had become a mass of rottenness and the people were ridden with priestcraft, she was degraded from this position of respect and supposed to be without a soul. If a priest was reading from one of the Sacred Hindoo books and a woman chanced to pass by, he was commanded to cease reading until she was gone, because, forsooth, *her* ear was too impure to hear the sacred word.

For ages past they have been kept as prisoners in their own apartments. They are seen by no man except the husband, father and brother, and so thoroughly is this doctrine taught that a Hindoo woman would rather die than be seen by a stranger.

The father chooses a husband for his daughter when she has reached the age of eight or ten years. She has no choice in the matter, and *love* is an element unknown in the marriage of the Hindus. After the ceremony is over, the young bride is conveyed in a vehicle from the residence of

her father to that of her husband. This is the only time during her uneventful and monotonous life that she is allowed to breathe the pure air of heaven and look upon the many beauties of nature with which the Creator has blessed this benighted land. When the journey is ended, she takes possession of her new home and never leaves it until her life of trouble and fear is at an end.

Female children were never welcomed in India. In former times they were thought to be acceptable offerings to the sacred crocodiles of the Ganges. Ignorance and superstition had such a hold upon these poor women that they thought they were doing the will of heaven by this deed of infanticide.

The widow's woes were more terrible than those of the wife. At her husband's death, her ornaments, fine clothing and marriage ring were taken from her, and she had to lead a life of the severest penance. In former times the widow burned herself upon the funeral pyre of her deceased husband. By this act of suicide she thought to atone for all the sins of her own father, those of his house and for the sins of her husband.

It has not been long since Christian ladies were first allowed an admittance into these living tombs of their unfortunate sisters. Many sad tales were told of their

pitiful condition. They were supposed at first to be exaggerated; but now have been proved to be only too true. Women in Christian lands are awakening to the condition of their heathen sisters. They are making gigantic efforts to shake off the yoke of ignorance and superstition which Brahmanism has imposed upon the necks of the people of India, and are striving to raise them to a higher position among the nations of the earth. Their pure hands and

hearts alone can accomplish this much longed for end, and we bid them God speed in their noble work. May the day soon come when instead of the chant of the horrible rite of Suttee, hymns may be raised to the living God. A new era will then begin in this benighted land. Then

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

W.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., March 1, 1885.

Since the University has made such a long stride towards improvement, it is right and proper that the MAGAZINE should make a corresponding move. The editors do not intend that it shall lag during the onward march of the institution. After this issue we are going to add a new feature to the MAGAZINE; we are going to give short sketches of some of the distinguished friends and Alumni of the University, with their portraits, one in each issue perhaps. The present students will be led to emulate their virtues, and the alumni will look back with a warmer love upon the institution that helped them on to greatness, and that looks with anxious interest upon their subsequent lives.

The University Appropriation.

It is a matter of great rejoicing among the friends of the University that the General Assembly have by the remarkable vote of nearly two to one in the House, and four to one in the Senate, determined to give the institution a generous support. There was some opposition but it was mainly directed against free tuition. The following are the principal changes

to be made as the result of the recent legislation.

1. The appropriation is \$15,000 per annum, in addition to the \$5,000 already made. The University has besides \$7,500 per annum with the obligation to "teach the branches of learning relating to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, without excluding the other scientific studies, the classics," &c. This makes in all \$27,500, and also all receipts for tuition.

2. There are to be no additional free scholarships. The law regulating the appointment of the existing county students is quite strict, requiring the oath of the applicant as well as of one or more witnesses that he is unable to pay.

3. The new appropriation is to be used for employing additional professors, and placing the institution on a higher plane. There is to be no preparatory department.

4. There are to be four full professorships, viz: one of English Language and Literature, one of the Science of Teaching, one of Agricultural Chemistry and Mining, and one of Modern Languages.

5. The professor of Law is to devote his entire time to the duties of teaching, is to be an active

member of the Faculty, and is to receive a moderate salary from the University, to be supplemented by tuition fees.

6. There are to be three assistant professors, viz: one of Pure Mathematics, one of Mechanics and Engineering, and one of Economic Geology, Botany and Zoology. These are not to be students of the University as heretofore, but are to have substantial salaries and are to be engaged in the business of teaching, looking to advancement in the line of their calling.

7. There is an annual appropriation to the Library for the purchase of books. The floor of the Library Hall is to be divided into alcoves. A permanent librarian is to be appointed.

8. A gardener is to be employed to take care of the grounds, which are to be beautified and cared for.

9. The buildings are to be insured.

10. The county students are released from their obligation to teach. This is proper because the privilege to the counties of sending such free students was given in 1866 as a consideration for the transfer of the Land Script, which is chiefly for the benefit of those intending to pursue agricultural and mechanical pursuits. The requirement to teach was inserted in the law of 1881, without ad-

verting to this fact. In truth, however, nearly all teach for a while after leaving the institution.

11. Where there are two or more applicants for the position of county student, a competitive examination is to be held and the successful competitor, if otherwise qualified, shall be appointed.

12. The Trustees of the University are to cause annual reports to be made to the Governor, who shall transmit the same to the General Assembly, showing the receipts of the institution from all sources and the expenditures thereof, with the objects for which said expenditures are made.

This action of the General Assembly marks an epoch in the educational history of the State. Up to President Battle's time there had never been an annual appropriation for the support of the University. The General Assembly of 1885 will be known in history as the most enlightened which has ever met in North Carolina. It has been more than one hundred years after the patriots of 1776 met at Halifax, and ordained in the Constitution of the new free State of North Carolina, "that all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more Universities," provided there be the requisite means for carrying this injunction into effect. Much to be commended likewise are those able and far-

sighted officers: Ex-Governor Jarvis, and Governor Scales, who so urgently pressed this great measure. Long live all of them! Long live the University !!

COLLEGE FRATERNITY.

About the begining of the present century the "College Secret Societies" or "Greek Letter Fraternities," as they are called, began their existence. From that time to the present day the system has steadily grown, widened and prospered, until now there are in the United States quite a number of excellent fraternities whose bonds of brotherly love extend from ocean to ocean and from the far Northwest to the Everglades of Florida. Nor has the progress of the fraternities been easy or rapid. Determined, influential, and, as a rule, conscientious foes have guarded every avenue to their onward march.

At first the fraternities consisted of isolated chapters, and even between chapters of the same fraternity there was no established mode of communication. Each chapter was "a law unto itself." As the system spread, meetings between delegates from the various chapters were instituted, officers elected over the fraternity at large, and laws were made for the government of the whole. Besides this, Fraternity journals began to be published, serving as

a vehicle of communication between the chapters themselves, and between the chapters and the Alumni of the order. There are now published quite a number of these journals.

The chief aim and object of the best fraternities is to promote morality and brotherly love and to inculcate those principles which serve to make a perfect gentleman. Unfortunately, this is not the aim of all the Greek Letter Societies. Many so-called fraternities have existed, and I suppose some still exist, whose object is for the promotion of vice in one or other of its various forms, drinking, gambling, etc. But such clubs have been the exception, and they have generally been short lived, and have seldom spread beyond the walls of the college in which they were instituted. That similar abuses have sometimes crept into even the best regulated fraternities cannot be denied, but such instances have been rare, and are becoming more so, as the efficiency of the fraternities increases.

His fraternity furnishes to the college student that element of home, which is so much needed, especially by the younger student, restraining each member from doing anything ungentlemanly, by the idea that each is responsible for the honor of the whole, and in case of sickness or danger

each know that he has at least as many devoted friends as there are members of his chapter. How delightful is the meeting together of pleasant and congenial companions, and in rehearsing a beautiful and impressive ritual, which most fraternities have. Nor does the influence of the fraternities cease when college joys and sorrows are seen only through the dim vista of the past. Alumni chapters and associations have been organized in various States, parts of States, and in the larger cities. Here meet together the friends and companions of former days, gathering together from time to time to worship at the shrine of brotherly love, to promote the cause of education, and to keep ever green the fond memories which cluster around their Alma Mater.

The above gives a short discussion of fraternities in general; we will come a little nearer home. We have fraternities in our own University; a few words about these. These fraternities have among their members some of our smartest and most promising students, but not all. The only thing that we are to fear from the fraternities is the injury that may be done to the two literary societies. This injury will surely follow if the Trustees of the University will allow a student to join one of the literary societies or not just as he

chooses. If this be the case, the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies will speedily fall from the high position which they now hold. These societies with their long list of honorable members will be pitiable sights in a few years; these that have been the pride of our Institutions, these that have done so much good in the past, these that our fathers loved and honored will sicken and die at our hands, if we do not stop all ill feeling and opposition between them and the fraternities. Why should the fraternities and the literary societies be in opposition? They have different objects in view and should in nowise conflict. As well might a man refuse to join a church because he desired to join a college; and as well might a religious order refuse to admit a man because he was attending an institution of learning as for a literary society to refuse to accept a man because he is a member of a fraternity. They should not oppose each other, but the fraternities should strive to build up the societies, and raise them still higher and higher.

All then that seems necessary is for the Trustees to require, or at least request, every student of the University to be a member of one or the other of the two literary societies. This will settle the whole affair, and there is no

reason why both *society-men* and *fraternity-men* should not agree to this move. Let us then bury all feelings of animosity and be once more laborers together in the two great societies that should be dear to us all. They are such as we should justly feel proud of. Then let not the fraternities try to destroy them, and let not the societies try to oppress a man because he chooses to join a social club. Let us respect the rights of others in their fraternities; but above all let us love, honor, and support the societies of our fathers—let us not throw a cloud around these two great luminaries, but add new strength to their brightness.

FREEDOM of SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

The world is essentially a battle-field, upon which Science and Religion have been arrayed in bitter conflict from the remotest ages of the past till comparatively a few years ago. There has been a time in the history of the world when Ignorance held well nigh undisputed dominion throughout the earth, and it was a dangerous undertaking for the few learned men in those days to disturb the placid tranquility of the age by theories contrary to the dogma which had been handed down as true from father to son for many succeeding generations. Happily for us, a few brave hearts attempt-

ed it, and thus was begun the sacred struggle for the liberty of scientific thought. Then it was that the mind of man was confined within certain fixed limits. But human intellect was not to be conquered thus, and as the mind of man expanded, the leaden pressure of ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and Catholicism was uplifted.

But it is with more modern times that we wish to speak. Unfortunately for intellectual progress, the idea was originated many centuries ago by the Roman Catholic Church that God had revealed in the sacred Scriptures every thing that he wished for man to know; and hence it was believed that the Bible contained the sum, the end of all knowledge. The people of this age ought to feel thankful that Roman Catholicism no longer possesses the power over mankind which it possessed and exercised in former times. For it has not been long since Pope Pius IX was wishing for a restoration of the medieval condition of things, which means nothing less than a return to intellectual darkness. He opposed modern civilization, and denounced modern society. He figured conspicuously in the Vatican Council, which decreed that "no one may interpret the Sacred Scriptures contrary to the sense in which they are interpreted by

Holy Mother Church." In regard to scientific teaching, this same Council declared that "all the christian faithful are not only forbidden to defend those conclusions of science, which are condemned by the church, but they are absolutely bound to hold them for errors wearing the deceitful appearance of truth." But how is it to-day with Protestantism? Looking around throughout the world, we find that in every country where Protestantism prevails, men have at last attained absolute freedom of thought.

While there have been points of variance between Protestantism and science, which were brought about by various errors and misunderstandings, yet the signs of the times now begin to show that the conflict will ultimately cease. Indeed there is no reason why true christian religion and science should be hostile to one another, since they are both working for a common object, namely, to arrive at Truth. Religion and science are nearer the point of reconciliation to-day than ever before. Just think for a moment what would have been the result if Huxley had prophesied four hundred years ago that ere long man in plastic mould will be able to make a human form and "breathe into his nostrils the breath of life." Or again, how would Mr. Haeckel's theory of spontaneous generation

which excludes an All-wise God from the plan of creation been received four hundred years ago? How Mr. Darwin's theory that all animal and vegetable organisms were evolved from a common ancestor? It is safe to assert that these gentlemen whose books are now being circulated rapidly and read eagerly would have expiated their heresy by a sacrifice of life.

Liberty or freedom of scientific thought, then, has at last been purchased, though it cost the life of many a valiant soul which fell battling nobly for the right. This is a good sign for the future; for it indicates that strife will be changed to peace, discord to order, and animosity to an enduring friendship.

THE SOUDAN QUESTION.

'Tis night: Gen. Gordon sleeps in the government house at Khartoum; the weary sentinel tramps his lonely beat and thinks of the loved ones in his far-away island home. The pale moon looks down on the white tents of the sleeping army below, while over yonder hills the restless Arab longs for the hour that will seal the doom of Khartoum.

'Tis morn: Gordon is no more; Khartoum has fallen, and the proud prophet of the Soudan has advanced one step more towards liberating his country.

Little did England think when

El Mahdi first raised his banner in the Soudan, and proclaimed himself the Prophet, chosen by God to lead the wandering hosts of the desert to victory, ah! little did she think that in scarcely two years Khartoum would fall, Gordon would be no more, and that Wolseley, the petted darling of London's *salons*, would be in full retreat before the conquering hosts of the despised Arab. Let us look at England's policy.

When Arabi Bey tried to free Egypt from the oppressive rule of the Turk and the Khedive, England with her accustomed audacity, told Arabi he should not.

Arabi, however, paid no attention to England's mandate, and England to enforce it, sent her fleets and armies to Egypt, soon overthrew, captured, and exiled the unfortunate Pasha. Gloating over her success, England proclaimed a protectorate, not only over Egypt, but also over the Soudan, a country one half the size of Europe, and with a population of sixty millions.

What right had England to take possession of the Soudan? None.

Mr. Gladstone, in a speech at the opening of Parliament, said, that England's policy in the Soudan had been to relieve Khartoum and to retire from the Soudan as quickly as possible without destroying England's prestige.

Now what right had England

to hold Khartoum? We answer, the right that enables her to possess South Africa, Australia, India and her other colonies, the right of military despotism and power.

Mr. Gladstone, in his explanation of his policy, did not explain why England was in the Soudan; he did tell why England wished to grind down with an iron heel the rights and liberties of the poor, miserable tribes of the deserts of Africa.

Briefly, England's policy in the Soudan is embraced in the one word "Conquest," simply this and nothing more. England did not dream of resistance when she marched into Khartoum; but having provoked the people, whose country she was invading, to drive out and even kill some of her soldiers, she is now sending a large army to Egypt to butcher the men who are fighting for their liberties.

As yet she has accomplished nothing, she has lost Khartoum, Gordon, Bunaby, Earle and Stewart have fallen a noble sacrifice for an unjust cause, and Wolseley's army is in full retreat, before the exulting, victorious Arabs pursuing him like demons on the wind.

What can America see to sympathize with England in her attempt to enslave and oppress a hapless people?

England will, no doubt, finally

conquer and subdue the people of the Soudan, but the day of reckoning will come, and England will reap the harvest she is now sowing. Her colonies will throw off her yoke, and wreak dire vengeance for the oppressions of the past, and the Soudanese will play no small part in this last act of the grand tragedy.

REGISTER OF AMERICAN COLLEGES

Continued.

1822—Theological Siminary of Virginia, Fairfax county, Va., Rev. Joseph Packard, D. D., Dean, Rev. George A. Smith, President Alumni Association.

1823—Centre College, Danville, Ky., Ormond Beatty, LL.D., Pres. O. Beatty, LL. D., President Alumni Association.

1824—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., Hon. James Forsyth, LL. D., President. Joseph M. Wilson, President Alumni Association.

1825—Trinity College, Hartford Conn., Geo. Wm. Smith, D. D., President. W. A. M. Wainwright, A. M., M. D., President Alumni Association.

1825—Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., Hamilton Lamphere Smith, M. A. LL. D., Acting president. Jonathan H. Child, M. A., Pres. Alumni Association.

1825—Wittenberg Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

1825—German Reformed Theological Seminary, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania.

1825—Newton Theological Institution, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, Rev. Alvah Hovey, President. Rev. H. K. Pervear, President Alumni Association.

1825—Centenary College, Jackson, La., Rev. D. M. Bush, A. M., President.

Rev. C. G. Andrews, D. D., President Alumni Association.

1826—Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, Rev. Wm. B. Bodine, D. D., President. Rev. A. B. Putnam, President Alumni Association.

1826—Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio.

1827—Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., Jas. H. Mason Knox, D. D., President. Hon. Robt. E. James, President Alumni Association.

1828—Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.

1829—Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O. Rev. G. M. Maxwell, President. Rev. Alexander Parker, Pres. Alumni Ass'n.

1829—Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky., R. M. Dudley, D. D., President. J. J. Rucker, LL.D., President Alumni Association.

1830—Spring Hill College, Springfield (near Mobile), Ala.

1831—University of City of New York, New York City, N. Y., E. A. Johnson, LL.D., President. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, LL.D., President Alumni Association.

1831—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala., Burwell Boykin Lewis, LL. D., President. Col. Martin L. Stansel, President Alumni Association.

1831—Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., Rev. John Wesley Beach, D. D., LL.D., President. Rev. Geo. E. Reed, President Alumni Association.

1832—Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa., Milton Valentine, D. D., President. Hon. Edw. McPherson, LL. D., President Alumni Association.

1832—St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. S. J. Meyer, S. J., President. ——— President Alumni Association.

1832—Hanover College, Hanover, Ind.,

D. W. Fisher, D. D., President. A. C. Voris, President Alumni Association.

1832—Wake Forest College, Forestville, N. C., T. E. Skinner, D. D., Pres.

1832—Denison University, Granville, Ohio

1832—Randolph Macon University, Boydon, Va.

1832—New Albany Theological Seminary, New Albany, Ind.

1833—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., ——— President Hon. A. D. Thomas, Pres Alumni Association.

1833—Delaware College, Newark, Del.

1834—Theological Institute, East Windsor, Conn.

1835—McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

1835—Marietta College, Marietta, O., Israel W. Andrews, D. D., LL D., President. Rev. J. Mills Kendrick, D. D., President Alumni Association.

1836—Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. Thos. S. Apple, D. D., President. Rev. P. S. Davis, D. D., President Alumni Association.

1836—Union Theological Seminary, New York City, N. Y., Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D. LL.D., President. Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D. President.

1837—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, ——— President. Hon. Albert H. Wilkinson, President Alumni Association.

1837—Indiana Asbury University, Greencastle, Ind.

1838—Emory and Henry College, Washington county, Va.

1840—Davidson College, Mecklenburg county, N. C.

1840—St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., Rev. P. F. Deally, President.

Thomas P. Connery, President Alumni Association

1840—Mercer University, Penfield, Ga.

1842—St. James College, Washington county, Maryland.

1842—Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware county, Ohio, Rev. Chas H. Payne, D. D., LL D., President.

1843—College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., Rev. Robt. W. Brady, S. J., President. George H. Lloyd, President Alumni Association.

1844—Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa., Rev. Abiel A. Livermore, A. M., President. ——— President Alumni Association.

1845—Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio.

1847—St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del.

1848—College of the City of New York, New York City, N. Y., Alex. S. Webb, President. J. Seaver Page, President Alumni Association.

1848—University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss. Alex. P. Stewart, Chancellor. Hon. Hamilton H. Chalmers, President Alumni Association.

1849—Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., Rev. Bradford P. Raymond, A. M., Ph. D., President. John Bothneck, President Alumni Association.

1850—Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Augustus H. Strong, President. S. W. Duncan, D. D., President Alumni Association.

1850—University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y., Martin B. Anderson, LL.D., President. William C. Morey, Ph. D., President Alumni Association.

1851—Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.

1854—Tufts College, College Hill, Massachusetts, Elmer H. Capen, D. D., President.

1858—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ills., Galusha Anderson, D. D., President. Newton C. Wheeler, President. Alumni Association

1865—The Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., Robert A. Lamberton, LL D., President. Prof. E. H. Williams, Jr., President Alumni Association.

1865—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., Hon. Andrew Dickson White, LL.D., President. ——— President Alumni Association.

1868—University of California, Berkeley, Cal., William T Reid, A. M., President. Hon. John R. Glasscock, President Alumni Association.

1869—Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada, Prof. Smith, President. J. D. O'Neil, V. S., President Alumni Association

1870—Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

1871—Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y., John R Finch, Dean. Wm. Nottingham, Ph. D., Pres. Alumni Ass'n.

1872—Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal., Rev. R. E. Kenna, S. J., President. James T. Breen, President Alumni Association.

1875—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn., Rev. John L. Waddell, D.D., LL.D., President. ——— President Alumni Association.

1875—American Veterinary College, New York City, Samuel Marsh, Esq., President. Roderick A. McLean, President Alumni Association

1882—De Pauw University, Indianapolis, Ind., Alexander Martin, D.D., LL.D., President.

Marysville College, Marysville, Tenn., P. M. Bartlett, President. C. F. Cates, Jr., President Alumni Association.

Carson College, Mossy Creek, Tenn., Rev. S. W. Tindell, A. M., President. Rev. C. C. Brown, President Alumni Association.

Richmond College, Richmond, Va., D. Puryear, President. Ashton Starke, President Alumni Association.

—*The Collegian*

COLLEGE RECORD.

—An additional appropriation for the University has at last been made, and the excitement over the matter has subsided. Previous to the passage of the bill the question as to whether or not the Legislature of '85 would make an additional appropriation for the University was eagerly discussed by the students. Some were hopeful, others despondent. The majority, however, were of the

opinion that an increased appropriation would be obtained. After the bill passed the House the opinion became general.

A telegram on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, announcing that the bill had passed the Senate, was received here with great enthusiasm. In honor of the event goods-boxes and kerosene barrels were obtained, and an immense bon-fire kindled in the open space

just in front of the South Building. As the towering flames lit up the surrounding space, the very heavens seemed red. When it was at its height the college bell was set ringing, and the uproar became general. After the fire had begun to die out and the din to subside, speeches were made by some of the students; and the bright outlook for the University spoken of feelingly. Not satisfied with this demonstration, the students determined to give Dr. Battle a hearty but novel reception on his return from Raleigh. A vehicle was obtained, ropes secured, and on the night of 26th of February, the conveyance, drawn by about thirty students, dashed along the streets to the depot. Upon the arrival of the train, Dr. Battle was greeted with shouts and cheers, escorted to the vehicle and drawn by the students triumphantly through the streets, amid the flickering of torches and the shouts of the bystanders.

Arriving at College the Dr. made a short speech, expressing his hearty approval at the interest which the students manifested in the appropriation, and his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by this reception. He spoke kindly of those who opposed the bill and feelingly of the future of the University. The night was one of triumph and rejoicing, and will long be remembered.

—Base-ball is becoming the rage again. An association has been formed, and four nines organized. A number of match games are to be played for the championship. From present indications we predict that the coming base-ball season will be an exciting one in college.

—The second public meeting this session of the Mitchell Scientific Society was held on Saturday night, Feb. 27th, with a large audience in attendance. Dr. Venable delivered a very interesting lecture on "Alchemy and the Alchemist." Alchemy is one of the oldest of the sciences. Our information concerning it, however, is very limited. The writings of the alchemists are almost unintelligible. This intelligibility was resorted to doubtless either for the purpose of mystifying one or concealing some secret. The former reason is more probable. The Alchemists sought to discover things that are universally desired. The Philosopher's Stone was said to possess the power of transmuting all metals into gold, and to be a cure for all diseases. This along with the Elixir of Life and an Universal solvent were the principle things they sought. While Alchemy has not been directly beneficial to mankind, indirectly it has been of great service. We are largely indebted to it for Chemistry. These public

meetings are highly interesting and enjoyable. The time of the next meeting will be duly announced.

What a Student has to do Here.

During the time one spends here in acquiring the degree of A. B. he attends nearly two thousand recitations. They are divided among the four years, excluding the time spent in examinations, nearly as follows:

FIRST YEAR.

Mathematics, ...	165
Latin, ...	132
Greek, ...	132
Rhetoric, ...	28
History, ...	38
Lectures on Hygien, ...	6

SECOND YEAR.

Mathematics, ...	132
Latin, ...	132
Greek, ...	132
Physiology, ...	28
Zoology, ...	26
Botany, ...	21

THIRD YEAR.

Physics, ...	99
Chemistry, ...	99
Logic, ...	28
Junior Rhetoric, ...	38
Elocution, ...	33
Mineralogy, ...	28
Geology, ...	57
or in place of last two, Surveying and Engineering, ...	99
Some elective Study, ...	99

FOURTH YEAR.

Mechanics, ...	42
Astronomy, ...	57
Political Economy, ...	42
Constitutional and International Law, ...	57
English Literature, ...	99
Essays and Orations, ...	33
Psychology and Moral Philosophy, ...	66
Some elective Study, ...	99

The number for the other

courses is nearly the same as for this.

— The voice of the Senior will soon be heard in the land! We hear some talk of using Memorial Hall at the competitive speaking of the Seniors in April. Let the Memorial Hall be used by all means. Its acoustic properties should be tested before Commencement.

— At the meeting of the Mitchell Scientific Society, March 7th, several interesting papers were read and discussed. The first was by Mr. J. Lee Long, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., on Sir Wm. Thomson's Theory as to the Nature of Luminiferous Ether. Dr. Venable followed with a meteorological report for Feb. '85. The mean temperature of the month was 36° Fahrenheit, the lowest mean temperature of the month in 21 years. The highest temperature was 60°; the lowest 90. Mean humidity 76%. Snow fall 6.7 in. Rain fall 2.7 inches. Eight clear, six cloudy days. The barometer fluctuating, mean height 30.4 in. These reports are made monthly and sent from here to Washington City. A report on recent researches and discoveries in Astronomy was read by Prof. Graves. This was followed by a Botanical note from Prof. Hyams, of Statesville, N. C., on the variation of the forms of

the leaves of the Horse-mint. A note by Dr. Venable on Clay-eating brought out several remarks and questions. The last paper read was by Dr. W. B. Phillips on The Practice and Theory in Superphosphate Making. Two other papers were handed in; one by Prof. De Schweinitz, consisting of an analysis showing the occurrence of Malic and Citric acids in peanuts, the other by Dr. Venable, on Heptyl Benzot. The President, Prof. Gore, announced the election of several new members. Mr. Bruner, of Salisbury; Prof. Hyams, of Statesville; Mr. Cobb, —; Dr. Mamgault, of Charleston, S. C.; Dr. Howe, of Richmond, Ky.; Dr. Picket, of Lake City, Fla.

— In the list of the Senior class given in the College Record of the last issue we inadvertently omitted two of its promising members, Mr. W. D. Pollock; and Mr. A. W. Long, Prof. English, Literature, Trinity College, N. C.

Catalogues of the Societies.

The two Societies desiring to preserve the names and deeds of their members have appointed committees to publish catalogues.

In this way the Societies hope to preserve much valuable history from loss. The material necessary for complete and correct catalogues is hard to obtain, since our alumni are now scattered over

many States. Our success in making the catalogues do justice to the alumni depends on them to a great extent. It becomes them, as good and loyal sons of their literary societies to aid us, their agents, in this effort.

Will every alumnus who reads this article sit down and kindly write to the agent of his Society and tell him all he can about the members of his own class or about any other members with whom he is acquainted? Tell him whether they are living or dead, and if any, what positions of honor among their countrymen they have held. This is surely not asking too much of any alumnus who loves his society and his Alma Mater. Or, if any one will write us we shall gladly mail him a copy of the old catalogue for correction, which they can return to us. Can we expect each one of our Alumni to aid us in this effort?

N. H. D. WILSON, Jr., *Di.*

STEPHEN B. WEEKS, *Phi.*

— The dancing-master is here, and the Fresh are spending their time in endeavoring to learn to dance. Utley's Hall has been abandoned. It was found that a place with a more solid foundation was needed for the class of 1888.

— We are to have a Gymnasium at last! We understand that the contract has been given out and

that work will commence on it immediately. It is highly probably that it will be completed by June and that the Commencement Ball will be held there instead of in the Library building.

PERSONALS.

Tammany is satisfied.—*N. Y. World.*

Base-ball and spring fever will make their appearance when the snow departs.

Some of the members of our legislature said upon the passage of the University bill, that President Battle looked so happy that he was right good looking.

The freshmen are awaiting with breathless silence the appearance of their names in the catalogue.

Work has begun on the Gymnasium, and "the powers that be" say it will be ready for all practicable dancing purposes by commencement.

Among the obituary notices of the *Morganton Blade* we find the following joyful announcement:

Married at St. John's Church in this place on the evening of the 5th by the Rev. C. T. Bland, Miss A. J. Goodloe, of Warren, and Mr. W. G. Randall, of Burke.

We wish him much joy and success in his new enterprise and commend his noble example to

the other members of the class of '84.

How about June '85? It is time for the candidates to be sending us an invitation to the festivities.

John Wood has gone to Raleigh to learn the practical part of law. He has been studying under Dr. Manning for past 18 months, and will take B. L. here in June. He is now in Gatling & Whitaker's office. Jack will make friends wherever he goes and his talents and hard work will win him success.

Professor of Bus. Law to Fresh.—What is money! Fresh—Well, money, m-o-n-e-y. Oh! I do know it when I do see it.

Mess J. T. Strayhorn and S. T. Beckwith have formed a law co-partnership and have hung out their shingle at Monroe, Union County. Mr. Strayhorn possesses rare talents as a speaker and debater and while Mr. Beckwith falls not far behind in these qualities, he is a close student and will pay strict attention to all business. We wish them success.

We understand that "Ex" Ransom was in Washington during the inauguration of Cleveland. Ex. was standing on a corner with a "chaw" of tobacco in his mouth, but was dressed in a very dudsish style.

Latimer C. Vaughan, '80, has become one of the editors of the South Florida *Sentinel*, a flourishing newspaper of the Land of Flowers.

We note in the *Orphan's Friend* an eloquent and feeling appeal by Senator Robert W. Winston, '79, in behalf of an appropriation of \$10,000 to the Oxford Orphan Asylum. W. W. was a watchful representative of the interest of his District.

In the House, Robert W. Winborne, '80, Representative from Hertford, won many plaudits from his fellow members as well as the discerning public. It is needless to say that both of them earnestly advocated our University appropriation, as did likewise other University students, *e. g.*, Thomas M. Holt, Junius A. Alston of Chatham, David Bell of Halifax, Charles M. Busbee of Wake, Jno. M. Galloway of Rockingham, Hamilton McMillan of Robeson, S. McD. Tate of Burke, George V. Thompson of Caswell, in the House; and Paul B. Means, S. B. Alexander, G. F. Bason, James Parker, Thomas W. Mason, E. J.

Hill, R. F. Lewis, D. S. Cowan, A. W. Graham, and others in the Senate. Very earnest and able speeches were made in favor of the measure by members not of the University, *e. g.*, Richmond Pearson of Burke, T. B. Womack of Chatham, Thomas Dixon, jr., of Cleveland, John D. Stanford of Duplin, J. A. Barringer of Guilford, A. Leazer of Iredell, James L. Robinson of Macon, R. P. Waring of Mecklenburg, Charles W. Johnson of Orange, Caleb B. Green of Durham, Lee S. Overman of Rowan, and others of the House; and J. C. Buxton of Forsythe, H. A. Gudger of Madison, and others of the Senate.

Several of our students have eschewed politics and are devoting themselves to the ministry. We instance Rev. Robert P. Pell, '81, of Townesville, Vance county, Rev. A. L. Phillips, '80, of Pender county, Rev. Robt. Strange, '79, of Fayetteville, Rev. E. L. Pell, '81, of the N. C. Conference, Rev. Wm. A. Betts, '80, of the S. C. Conference.

We must tell a story of Rev. Mr. Betts, which pleases us much and will give pleasure to our readers. He was greatly restricted in his means, when at the University, raised funds by acting as sexton of the Methodist church, by teaching music, and other honorable ways. He borrowed

\$100 from the Deem's Fund, and soon after graduating repaid it with interest, and added five dollars as a donation to the Fund. He had a brother who died of consumption in Albemarle, leaving some debts which on account of the expenses of a long sickness, his estate was unable to pay. Rev. Mr. Betts came from his South Carolina home and settled all his brother's debts from his own means. We get these facts from W. D. Pemberton, '81, one of our recent graduates, who was an officer of the General Assembly. Mr. Betts would object to one making public these things but we hope he will pardon us for the sake of the instruction of his good example.

An Arkansas paper is before us with the portrait of an Alumnus of 1850, Hon. A. H. Carrigan, State Senator from Hempstead county, a farmer of great success, who emigrated from Alamance county. We are glad to read the synopsis of a strong speech made by him in behalf of increasing the appropriation to the University of Arkansas. It is rare when you find one of our students not in favor of education. We have seen a letter from a member of Carrigan's class, written on his sick bed in Tampa, Florida, Prof. W. C. Kerr, late State Geologist, rejoicing in glowing terms over the

recent triumph of our institution. We grieve to learn that Dr. Kerr has not yet experienced the hoped for improvement.

•The news comes to us all the way from Germany that J. Everett Brady, '81, having divided his time between Leipzig, Paris and Gottingen, is on his way to Athens to perfect himself in the Modern Greek.

Our friend A. M. Rankin is getting a good law practice in Cheraw, S. C. He sends his regards to Tubby Riddle and Prof. A. W. Long, and a good word for all U. N. C. boys. Rankin appeared in his first case before the Supreme Court a short while since, and like University boys everywhere and in everything his efforts were crowned with success.

Heber Thompson Revis, the walking encyclopædia of history, who left the Hill last spring, now weighs 135 pounds. Agriculture agrees with him.

Jas. H. Tucker, Law Class '83, paid us a short visit some weeks ago. He had been to Salem as escort for a young lady just entering the Academy there. The young barrister looked well. He promises that his brother shall enter the University next autumn. We see in the papers that Jim has since visited the New Orleans Exposition, and has many wonderful

things to tell the Greenvillians about that great show at the Southern Metropolis.

We see that J. L. Little, who was here in '80 and '81, enjoyed a little matrimonial diversion down-east recently. Little is a splendid young man, honest, industrious, intelligent. The young lady who shared his joy on that occasion is a most charming woman. We extend to both our best wishes.

Dr. F. W. Brown, here in '80, has just-completed a post graduate course of lectures in New York, and returned to North Carolina. He goes into a copartnership with that intellectual veteran of the profession, Dr. C. J. O'Hogan.

G. B. King, Law Class '84, is getting people out of difficulties in Pitt county. Buck is a fine speaker, a good logician and a most estimable young man generally. He is doing well we hear, and know he merits success.

Geo. Matthews sends us a handsome invitation to the Dental Commencement, University of Md. Gus will locate in Virginia with the prospect of two thousand the first year.

Old Till Cherry is watching the Independent movement in his county. He has his eye on the Sheriff's place, and if quilling amounts to anything he is sure to win.

Some Queer Things !

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Strange Discoveries about Beauty.

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1885.

No. 7.

WEALTH---ITS UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION.

Read before the Asheville Literary Society, Dec. 26th, 1884.

There is a suggestive similarity in the decadence of preceeding civilizations. The nations that have lost their civilization and their freedom have always been great, wealthy and powerful, "it is only in poor, small and isolated communities that freedom has been maintained." So true is this that poets have always sung how liberty fled away from luxury and wealth and the splendor of crowded cities to seek a refuge amid the rocks and mountains, that even philosophic historians have endeavored to trace in the bounties of nature the causes of decay and the enslavement of people.

But such a theory is inconsistent with the designs of a munificent Creator and such a philosophy

would destroy the lasting triumph of civilization and the highest aspirations of the human race. It is not the bountiful gifts of nature but unjust appropriation of those gifts; it is not the accumulation of wealth but the unjust and unequal distribution of wealth that has been the prolific parent of human suffering, that has destroyed freedom and finally overthrown the civilizations of the past.

In all the nations that have been great and magnificent, the most luxuriant wealth has always co-existed with the most abject and degrading poverty. It is only under these conditions, when one class possesses all the luxuries and emoluments of wealth while to the great majority of their fel-

low men have been consigned the despair and miseries of poverty, that offended freedom has fled away and civilization has entered its decline.

So long as the Roman laws were so adjusted as to preserve the equality of wealth among her citizens, she flourished and laid the foundations of that vast Empire whose strength and grandeur have been the admiration of succeeding ages. But when the conditions were changed, when throughout her provinces the lordly palaces of the nobles and the squalid hovels of the poor told at the same time of the extremes of wealth and poverty, of a corrupt aristocracy and a citizenship degraded by want, when Augustus was changing his capital of brick into a city of marble while his populace were slaves and beggars, though the people of Cæsars and the throne of the imperial city were revered in the uttermost parts of the earth, though she seemed in the meridian splendor of prosperity we know that her glory was departing. "that the shades of night were descending upon the Roman world."

The temples of Assyria and the pyramids of Egypt are monuments of slavery and oppression as well as of the wealth and glory of magnificent empires, and the wise King of Judah, when he would adorn the holy city, when

he would immortalize the glories of his reign, when he would protect the ark of the covenant and build a sanctuary for the Cherubim and Shekinah of the Most High must erect with the hands of slaves and bondsmen that holy temple of the gold of Ophir and the Cedars of Lebanon.

The accumulation of wealth is the first step in the advancement of civilization. As long as every one must acquire by his own exertions the material for his own subsistence there will be neither leisure nor taste for the pursuit of knowledge, and so the accumulation of wealth must precede the acquisition of knowledge and the advancement of civilization. For this reason man was enabled to begin his advancement on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates, where wealth was most easily accumulated, where nature yielded to his least exertion her most bountiful harvests. And it was not until armed with the weapons and possessed of the knowledge that Asiatic and Egyptian civilization could give, that he was enabled to overcome the resistance of nature and begin his illustrious career on the more sterile fields of Europe.

But the results of the accumulation of wealth have been the same in the advancement of the civilization of nations as of the human race in general. Only that class

that has wealth can have leisure for the acquisition of knowledge, and so in a society in which the wealth is monopolized by a class; in that class are combined wealth and knowledge, in the other poverty and ignorance; the former are the sources of all power, political and social, and make men rulers; the latter the sources of weakness, and inevitably make men slaves. As soon as one class have gained the ascendancy their powers are enlarged with increasing rapidity at the expense of their more unfortunate brethren. Thus there are differentiated two classes, the one tending to the extremes of wealth and power, the other to the extremes of poverty and weakness, with a tendency to sweep away the middle class. Now there never has and never will exist a class of men possessed of undue power that have not and that will not abuse that power in tyrannizing the weak. And so there is developed an oppressive aristocracy, while far below them there boils and surges the great mass of humanity discontented because they are outraged and oppressed. And thus it goes on until the people either gradually sink to the level of slaves, or break their shackles and declare themselves free amid the storm and terrors of revolution.

The history of man has been

the rise and fall of civilization. His nature is progressive, he has toiled and struggled but to bury beneath the colossal ruins of empires the fairest monuments of his genius and the fondest hopes of his race. Why is it that man has done so much and no more? Why is it that in his weakness, without the aid of higher knowledge, he has been able to erect a grander fabric than in all his strength and wisdom he could maintain? Why is it that after reaching the vantage ground whence, with an enlightened vision, he could behold the fertile fields of knowledge he has again descended into the darkness of barbarism? It is because of the antagonism of class against class; the interests of the rulers are antagonistic to the welfare of the people. In the hands of the powerful, law has become the instrument of oppression. How then can we expect men to reverence law and love their country? When the rich have become too great to fear, and the poor have ceased to respect the laws of their country, it is then that ruin and universal decay must follow.

We know that the great republic of the ancients had lost the germ of life, that she was becoming a victim for the barbaric hordes of Alaric and Attila, when unheeding the just demands of her people, the proud patrician trampled upon liberty and justice and

slew the Gracchi, the last of the champions of Roman freedom.

As a race of free and unlettered shepherds the followers of Mahomet in one century had swept away the rotten fabric of Eastern despotism, had watered their foaming cavalry on the banks of the Ganges and founded the splendid empires of Grenada and Cerdora. They were robbed of the conquests and glory when enervated by the spoils of Syria they no longer possessed that strength and fortitude that is born of equality and freedom.

The extremes of wealth and poverty are the causes of human depravity and social disturbance, have enslaved nations, have turned back the tide of human progress and hurled kingdoms and republics into the vortex of revolution and ruin.

While we contemplate with rapture the fading glories of a sinking empire and are dazzled by the brilliant fame of the heroes of revolution we forget that these are but the evidences of the sufferings of humanity, that behind this there have been for the people ages of darkness and misery and woe, that they have been robbed of the brighter and higher and holier sentiments of life, that their natures have become degraded, that they know nothing of the pure and the beautiful and have learned to love meanness

and crime, that tyranny begotten of inequality has either crushed out the spirit of manhood and the love of freedom or else in the convulsions of despair they have trampled upon law and justice and amid the wild and demoniac reign of anarchy have avenged their wrongs by the blood alike of the innocent and the guilty.

The French Revolution, with its crimes and with its glory, with its agonies and with its triumphs, with its demons and with its martyrs, with its Marat and with its Charlotte Corday, with its bloody Commune and with its Legion of Honor, with its Robespierre and with the hero of Austerlitz, encircled with unrivaled splendor, was but the volcanic explosion of the pent up passions engendered by ages of oppression and suffering, but the legitimate offspring of the extreme conditions of the people, of a famished peasantry and a corrupt nobility. "The long gestation was accomplished and Europe saw with mixed hope and terror that agonizing travail and that portentous birth."

The Empire of Rome was majestic in its decline. We gaze with admiration upon the last rays of her departing splendor when Justinean was robed in her purple when the great Belezarius was pouring into her coffers the gold of Persia and Carthage, when he was bringing to the city of

Constantine the trophies of war and the sceptres of great kings, when her priests and nobles were reveling in licentious wealth, 'twas then that her people were perishing and in the fertile province of Picenum fifty thousand of her citizens died of starvation in one year. It was this degradation born of pauperism and luxury that ruined her people, that degenerated Roman manhood and crowded her amphitheaters with the savage rabble that howled and shouted until human blood had crimsoned the sands of the arena.

There is a halo that gathers around the names of patriots that have sacrificed their lives for the love of their country and their race. Their reward will be the praises of peoples redeemed by their blood; but the sufferings of Danton and Vergniaud, of Emmett and John Hampden are as nothing to the groans and the agonies and the tears of the obscure and lowly millions whose names are not found in the registers of heralds, whose sufferings are not written upon historic roles.

The question now arises, is modern civilization threatened by this evil which has been the most active agent in the destruction of the civilizations of antiquity. To answer this question it will be necessary to enquire briefly into the causes of the enequal distribu-

tion of wealth. There are three factors engaged in the production of wealth, viz: land, capital and labor, the rewards of which are rent, interest and wages, and into these three parts all the wealth of every community must be divided.

The rent of land, as defined by Ricardo and generally accepted, is the difference between the value of its produce and the value of the produce of the poorest land in use, so that the rewards of labor and capital combined must be the value of the produce of the poorest land in use. As population increases the poorer land must be utilized, the margin of production must recede, rent must rise, and supposing industrial science to remain stationary, interest and wages must fall to the same extent. In other words, as population increases the scarcity of land advances rent, while the competition of labor decreases wages. But as population increases civilization advances, improvements are introduced which greatly increase the productiveness of labor and capital. It does not follow, however, that because these improvements increase the productiveness of labor and capital they increase the wages of labor and the interest on capital, for the increase in their productiveness has the same effect on the margin of cultivation as the

increase of population. It is evident that if an invention be made by which one man can perform the labor of one hundred, the effect on the margin of production is the same as if ninety nine new laborers were introduced. The ninety nine must seek employment elsewhere, the margin of production must recede. And unless the increase in productiveness be greater than the fall in the margin of production, the reward of labor and capital must be decreased by the invention.

To illustrate: If an invention be introduced by which the margin of production be lowered from 25 to 20, the productiveness must be increased by one-fourth, or 25%, otherwise the reward of labor and capital must decrease; while under any condition rent is increased in the same proportion as the productiveness plus the amount in the fall of the margin of production. So that we have two causes affecting the distribution of wealth:

1st. Increase of population and capital which increases rent and decreases the reward of labor and capital.

2d. Inventions which always increase rent, but may increase or may decrease interest and wages.

Thus we see that while the advancement of civilization greatly multiplies the production of wealth, its distribution becomes

more and more unequal. Rich and poor are relative terms. The Swiss peasant, with his mountain cottage and small herd of cattle, is considered a man of importance, but the broker of Wall street, in order to be recognized, must count his wealth by millions. It is true that the condition of the poorer class may in some respects be better now than in the earlier stages of civilization; they may be better clothed and better fed and better lodged, but it is not only doubtful, as John Stuart Mill says, whether all the inventions and improvements have shortened the day's toil of a single laborer, but we know that it is a fact established by all history, that as civilization advances, the laborer, although his wealth-producing power is enormously increased, is forced to toil harder and longer for his daily bread, while he creates for the lords of the earth those immense fortunes whose gigantic proportions crush him beneath the weight of his own earning.

Nowhere is the evil effect of these laws more clearly developing than in our own country. The rewards of labor and capital are greater here than in any other civilized country, but it is only because these same causes which have reduced European labor to pauperism have not had sufficient time to accomplish the same results. The republic is scarcely a century

old, yet here there have been accumulated those fabulous fortunes unknown since the declining ages of the Roman Empire.

Wages do not increase, in fact they have gradually diminished. The great majority must remain poor, while those that are rich grow richer without exertion. Vanderbilt can lavish hundreds of thousands on magnificent suppers, but that very day on which his table was decked with roses at \$2 apiece, when the beauty and the chivalry of the great metropolis were reveling in song and dance and wine, within the bounds of that city thirty thousand young girls toiled from daylight until dark for an average rate of wages of $33\frac{1}{3}$ cents per day. As a necessary consequence thirty-five thousand of her families were kept from starvation by charity. How much has the advancement of modern science benefitted the great majority? Steam and electricity have revolutionized industry; they have multiplied the wealth-producing power of the laborer, but they have not increased his individual wealth. One laborer can now create as much wealth perhaps as fifty half a century ago, yet he does not obtain one particle of the enormous increase. The great truths discovered by modern science, the labor-saving inventions, are the common heritage of humanity.

Yet all the comforts and all the benefits which they would confer, and in justice should confer, upon the race in general have been monopolized by those who are already wealthy and powerful. Thus it is not strange that in the midst of plenty there should be want; that on the one hand there should exist those uncontrolled and immense fortunes; on the other the wretchedness of poverty, while the middle class that has always been the progressive as well as the conservative element of society that has always curbed the arrogance of the powerful and protected the weak is gradually annihilated. The great money powers of our country are more to be dreaded than the titles of nobles or the purple of kings. They set at naught our boasted institutions; in the selection of our Presidents they are more regarded than the wishes of fifty millions of freemen; they make of legislators their minions; they pour their corruption into the fountains of justice and turn universal suffrage itself into an instrument for the destruction of popular rights. As shown by the universal failure of strikes and trades-unions, as shown by the thousands that are to-day seeking employment for a bare subsistence, as shown by the wailings of oppressed and outraged humanity that are heard in every civilized

land on earth; as shown at the ballot box itself the toiling millions to-day have merely the empty form of freedom.

As in the days of Trajan and Augustus, the people may be robbed of all the blessings of liberty while her ancient maxims are pronounced with respect and the "image of a free constitution is preserved with decent reverence." It is not in the sounding phrases of constitutions, it is not in the emblazonry of declarations that a people are great and free. When they have become corrupt the rotten fabric of society must fall. In the integrity, the spirit, the patriotism of her people lies the preservation of a nation's freedom and the perpetuity of a nation's glory. What is slavery but the robbery of labor? Consider the condition of the millions that are to-day spending their lives in ceaseless toil, that are to-day selling their existence for the necessities of life, and tell me in what respect they are better than slaves.

The same causes and conditions that preceded the downfall of the Roman Empire, that brought on the wild and bloody orgies of the French Revolution, exist in all modern civilization. In our own country, to say nothing of Europe, communism and nihilism are raising their hydra-heads and the under current of our society

is already beginning to seethe with the accumulating heat of the volcanic fires.

Shall our liberty and our civilization be preserved?

The discovery, the settlement, the emancipation of America are the grandest events since eighteen hundred and eighty-four years ago the brightness of the star of the morning and the song of the heavenly choir announced "peace on earth, good will to men."

Virgil has told in his immortal epic how that in the ages of fable old Æneas bore from the smoking ruins of Ilium his aged father Anchises, his household gods and the remnant of Troy to build on the far away shores of Latium an empire to which Jove had promised dominion without end. But our ancestors, almost within memory, bade farewell to nations cursed with tradition and slavery, left forever the homes and the graves of their forefathers, to seek a new home of promise, to erect upon the ruins of tyranny an everlasting kingdom beyond the seas, to defend it with their blood, to build here the grand temple of freedom upon whose altars the sacred fires should ever burn, in whose sanctuary the oppressed of all nations might find refuge. Again might the morning stars have sung together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

But all may yet be lost, and the

blood and the hopes and the prayers of our forefathers may be vain. I love my country. It is my prayer that in her may be fulfilled the destiny of nations. But I have endeavored to show that the same causes which have destroyed the civilizations of antiquity, the same causes which turned into a vast solitude the proud cities of Babylon and Palmyra, the same causes which speak amid the silent ruins of the Acropolis and tell their story to the traveler amid the crumbling pillars of the Colosseum, the same causes which brought upon France the agonizing travail of Revolution with the rabid delirium of the Reign of Terror are to-day, my brothers, destroying modern civilization and eating away the life of the fairest republic that has ever existed.

There *must* be a remedy. I believe that there *is* a remedy. I will not discuss it to-night, but say in conclusion that I believe that the great and final victory must be won by the Anglo-Saxon race, by the free people of America.

Says Menzel, the German historian; "While the sages of the East were teaching wisdom beneath the palms, while the merchants of Tyre and Carthage were weighing their heavy anchors and spreading their purple sails for far seas, while the Greek was making the earth fair by his art and the Roman founding his

colossal empire of force, the Teuton sat yet a child naked among the forest beasts, and yet unharmed and in his sport he lorded it over them, for the child was of a royal race and destined to win glory for all time to come."

And says Green, the English historian: "Hereafter the main current of that people's life must run along the channels, not of the Mersey and of the Thames but of the Hudson and the Mississippi." And when that Goddess of Liberty, presented by a sister republic, shall rise with her beacon hand from the waters of the Atlantic may she shine forever over a great and free empire to where the waves of another ocean beat upon her shores!

This is the third progressive era of man's recorded history. The first gray dawn broke upon the countries of the orient and awoke with its pale light the civilizations of Egypt and Asia. It was followed by ages of night and fable. Again it arose more beautiful and radiant, and called to life the fairer civilizations of Italy and Greece.

But not yet! Not yet was the final triumph! Again was the earth clouded in darkness. But the Dark Ages have passed away and man is in his third era of resplendent progress. The deadly shades may fall again, but there will break a day without night.

Gloom and universal desolation may rest again upon the realms of earth, but above all and in spite of all, above the desolation of kingdoms and the wreck of empires, above the chaos of despair, there will rise, phoenix-like, from death and ruin beautiful and triumphant a new civilization, plumed for the pure sunlight of an eternal day!

On the fourth of last July, at one o'clock in the morning, I stood by the lonely and lofty grave of Elisha Mitchell. Far below could be heard the tumult of a storm. By the pale and ghastly light of the moon I looked over a world that seemed to be forever sunk beneath the angry waves of destruction; the clouds as they dashed along submerged mountain after mountain beneath their foaming billows, the lurid glare of the lightning and the deep and sullen voice of the thunder rolling through the mountains seemed to be the dying agonies of the world. The tempest as it raged in its

fury below sent forth the tremendous roar of mighty waters, and the slight breeze as it sighed through the balsams around me sounded as if the spirits of eternal night and desolation were brooding over the universe. Amid the awful solemnities of that night the hours flew away. The clear bright rays of the morning star shot from the east. It was the silvery harbinger of a resplendent dawn. The mist and clouds rose and smothered its trembling light but the prophetic gleam had shone forth, the day of American Independence was breaking, the world awoke with the cherubic songs of the morning, the God of day was bursting from his grave with "assension bright," the sable shrouds of night were rent asunder, the cluds were rolled back amid flames of triumphant splendor and heaven and earth were flooded with the majesty of his glory.

LOCKE CRAIG.

Dec. 26th, 1884.

PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Antiquity spreads a gloomy shadow over the rise and fall of man's varied religions.

While ages were frowning upon the confusion of man's countless superstitions a herald of light announced the approach of a system whose watch-word was to be progress, whose end, glory. Scarcely had its camp fires been kindled upon the shores of the Great Sea when the sacred cause became involved in the darkness and confusion of warring human interests. Black clouds of cruelty and persecution began to arise. The stream of martyrdom began its crimson flow, and deepened and widened, till, in the fourth century, a deliverer was found in Constantine. But this proved only nominally helpful; for while it led to formal conversions of tribes and nations the darkness that enveloped the Middle Ages was silently gathering. The powers of darkness seemed to be reigning with iron rule, and spreading gloom over the whole enlightened world. Freedom of speech and right of conscience were scarcely known. The genius of christianity demanded a wider sphere for development and achievement. Grand movements, soon to be effected, were to meet this requirement. The art of printing is in-

vented; the consequent revival of learning, now sweeping through the land once held in the thralldom of ignorance, spreads like magic over all Western Europe. The glorious sun of modern progress, now rising above the horizon of political and religious night, reveals the gross delusions to the long degraded masses, who were growing weary of ruthless domination. The soil of America, where alone the tree of Liberty was flourishing, offered a refuge to the oppressed of Europe. The reaction so long desired was at hand.

Led forth by the immortal Luther, reformers arose and burst asunder the fetters that bound christian freedom, and sent her forth again upon her heaven-born mission. Zealous divines now appeared; missionary societies were revived; the christian world seemed to awake as from a dream, and a tidal wave of influence was rising which was destined to sweep with power down the centuries. During the passing century, the results have been comparatively great and encouraging. But when we look back upon the eighteen hundred years that have passed, we are forced to ask, "Why a work so greivously retarded?"

Skepticism, within and without the church, has ever been prolific of baneful embarrassments to this forward march. There has prevailed a skepticism as to the actual condition of heathendom, as to the plans and times for converting the world, and as to the existence even of such a possibility. Until this element is removed and supplanted by zealous belief, this work will continue to be impeded in its progress. While skepticism in the world still stands opposed in defiant array. Though these ranks of missions have formerly trembled before the Voltaires and Paines, the Humes and Gibbons, and as often have borne away the laurels from the enemy's camp, yet we must not think this warfare ended or all the victories achieved. It was only the other day that we heard of a man who stood up in the midst of several thousand American citizens and exclaimed, "Let us bury the Bible, pull down the churches, and trample under foot this christian religion."

Here in our own fair land danger threatens us; in foreign lands danger awaits us.

For as yet only a vantage ground has been gained to the great citadel of Heathendom, and within its dark regions where ignorance, prejudice, and false beliefs prevail, christian missions are imperilled on every hand. They

are still more endangered by the division and incessant strife between the two great branches of the christian church. Before this work can move onward to final triumph these feuds must be reconciled; and a harmony of forces effected. Perhaps perfect unification is not demanded. The issue now does not turn upon the minor questions of tenets and creeds, but involves the greater questions upon which the destinies of Catholics as well as Protestants are to be decided. Necessity demands that the churches ascend from these valleys of contention upon an elevated plane of concord, and that from this elevated position they thunder against the fallacies of the age and demolish the temple of Cant over the heads of its worshippers.

It is sad but true that some of the christian nations, while claiming a large share in the missionary work, have been sacrificing their benign influence upon the altars of lucre. While England is annually increasing her treasury with forty millions of dollars by her opium traffic with China, she is also rendering one-third of China's sons pitiable victims to the opium habit. Shall this deadly evil thus continue to check the progress of missions; shall the missionary continue to experience the sad fact that the conduct of nations by such policy speaks

more eloquently to the Chinese mind against christianity than he can speak for it? Let the nations with one grand shout exclaim no! But let them continue in their efforts to exterminate this baneful Upas which tends so fatally to spread over all the field of missions.

Among other hinderances are home ties. No cross is harder for the missionary to bear than the sundering of ties of home and native land. Ye statesmen who toil in behalf of your beloved country's safety, are patriots and guardians of our liberty; but you have your honors and salaries that gladden your hearts. Ye lawyers who speak in behalf of the justice of your fellow men, and ye doctors who heal the sick of humanity, are patriots and philanthropists; yet your fees are smiling before you, and a land of freedom fosters and protects you. Behold this humble pioneer plunging into a sea of poverty and danger, and displaying heroism that is transcendent, he it is that is working out one of the grandest problems of the human race. In this work no class of philanthropists show more genuine sympathy than our noble women. They who are said to waft the souls of men nearer the gates of that immortal city than any other creatures that tread the great chambers of creation, are well calculated to

strew the missionary soldier's pathway with tributes of sympathy, to furnish support and protection, and to cheer and sustain his noble ambition. But American women, while you are to shun those visionary schemes, which under the banner of the rights of woman, are calculated to unhinge society, to place you within a sphere unsuited to your nature and the nobleness and purity of your character, you are not to shun those brighter prospects presented to your view in the field of missions. Your work in the Woman's Missionary Society is already becoming a prominent factor in the solution of the world's great problem.

Look well then to this glorious work,—seek to remove all the obstacles and to accelerate its glorious progress. Keep the Vestal fires burning upon the altars within the church and home circles; for from church and home you can speak with a power greater than that of the Delphic Oracle, and chivalrous men will obey you. Turn now from the progress of missions and survey of hindrances and helps, and consider the prospects.

What shall the end be? Are we to believe the alarmists who tell us that the signs of the times portend a final doom to our religion; that we are hastening to atheistic and materialistic an-

archy, and that christianity is flourishing but to decay amid the ruins of other religions long since sunk into the tombs of age? No! With the light afforded by the sweep of eighteen hundred years, we may penetrate the mystic future and yet behold the triumph of our glorious religion

Myriads of signs favorable to a rapid completion of its mission are lighting to-day the canopy of christendom. The numerous improvements and the rapid advancements that are being made are but great preparations for the completion of this work.

But the day of its consummation cannot be calculated from any data possessed by man; for as when Constantine pointed to the flaming cross in the heavens, and the nations caught the inspiration and were converted, so in some mysterious way, after christianity has triumphed over infidelity, this work may be very speedily finish-

ed. The Jews at no distant period are likely to be converted. Just as they went to Babylon and returned to Jerusalem as a nation, so will they be converted as a nation. The "Shechinah" which shed its glory on the Jews as the chosen race, will, as the true light guide them back to their ancestral home. With this returning host will join the sacramental hosts of all other peoples and lands. With their conquests complete, they will gather under the gospel banners, and amid shouts of victory enter the Sacred City. Then will there be one language, one religion, one brotherhood swelling the chorus of one song throughout a world jubilant with the joys of the Millennium. This is no fancy picture. History prophesies it, reason declares it, and time will prove its reality. This system will prevail.

S. B. TURRENTINE.

PRICELESS HERITAGE OF OUR ENGLISH BLOOD.

The passing age is characterized by rapid transitions. At the present rate of locomotive advancement we will soon be able to visit with comparative ease every region of the globe, and to be recognized by all as neighbors if not as friends.

When that day shall dawn upon

us, we may expect a conglomerated mass of races, and then in consequence of the vast plurality of the weak and ignorant, a human family of dwarfs—a people destitute of the strong minds of the favored nations of the present century.

Even to-day this transformation

is becoming alarmingly patent, and among no race is it more palpable than those whose veins contain the proud blood of the Saxon, Norman and Celt. The circumstances of the formation of the English race may justly be classed among the great miracles in the history of man. At every step in the investigation of this formation we seem "to be invading the domains of fiction." That the Picts and Scotts should have harassed the Britons, who in consequence summoned to their relief the Saxon savage from the forest of Germany—that the destruction of the Roman Empire should indirectly send a wave of Normans in the eleventh century which should deluge the then Saxon isle—all seem to have been a special contrivance of a wise Providence for the constitution of a people which should serve as the typical race of mankind and as a great channel through which the healing waters of christianity might flow, if not undisturbed, at least unarrested in its course, by the dread barriers of persecution.

But let us consider the character of those races of which the English is composed. "Beneath the harsh manners and grave inclinations of the Saxon lay manly dignity and independence. In the household, in deliberative assemblies, on the battle field,—in every sphere of life, he was the

same unswerving man." In his religion he thought not of God as something in an earthly statue; but as something invisible and grand, which is omnipresent in nature and is conceived of beyond nature—a mysterious infinity which the sense cannot touch, but which the reverential heart can feel. The more polished bearing of the Norman presents a striking contrast to the ruder nature of the Saxon. The forte of the followers of the Conqueror was natural eloquence and shrewdness in *négotiation*. His highest aspiration extended no farther than to his rich armor and grand edifices. The Celt was the very embodiment of stubbornness, independence and trickery.

Such were the characters of the races which fused into one homogeneous mass and brought to the world a new civilization. From such the true English character was extracted, which extended its magic touch to New Zealand, Australia, Canada and our own America, and whose traces have been found in every age since its formation, notwithstanding the varied influences to which it has been subjected. That courage and antagonism to oppression which were exhibited when the barons wrung from John the Magna Charta, was developed in the breast of the Regulators of North Carolina; and were shown with

still greater vividness when America, the young English progeny, threw off the yoke of parental tyranny and declared itself forever free; and again that Saxon determination, Norman bravery and Celtic defiance all burst forth like dynamic thunder from the guns at Fort Sumter, and echoed wildly in the din of all the battles that filled the land with mourning and death in the Confederate war.

While these nobler traits of our primitive ancestors are still exhibited in every branch of the English people, the refining and softening influence of civilization has not succeeded in destroying all the baser elements of their character; their grosser qualities still exhibit themselves "beneath the conventions of our modern society and softness of our modern polish." But nothing is free from imperfection, and this the greatest race, must have its fools, traitors and tyrants.

Notwithstanding, ours must be acknowledged the typical race of the world and America the country in which it was intended to reach its perfect manhood. Then as Americans, as devotees to the welfare of mankind and the progress of civilization—as lovers of the doctrine of christianity and as a people subservient to the special dictates of Him who rules the universe, it behooves us to keep pure the English stock.

The question now arises, how shall we preserve our race? How shall we prevent the sickening, stifling elements of foreign blood from tainting and destroying the noblest constituents of our race? Shall we veto another "Chinese bill?" Shall we say to the thrifty German, the industrious Russian and the energetic Frenchman, go back! we will no longer tolerate the deadening influence of your race? Are we to tear down the glorious flag of our hospitality, "which has made our freedom the world-wide blessing of the oppressed?" No. Let the foreigner come to our shores and enjoy the blessings of that pure Saxon freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages—that freedom which widened out the sphere for the full development of the other elements of human greatness, and whose magic power has kindled the enthusiasm of the loftiest poetry and fanned the flame of matchless eloquence: I repeat it, let us welcome other races to our land, that they may lend a spirit of healthy competition to our industrial enterprises. Let them clear away the forests of the "wild west," and pasture their herds upon its extensive prairies, and add to the development of this Anglo-Saxon nation. For all this why need miscegenation of the races exist? The old blood

was kept pure for many centuries in the mother country: why should it be impossible in America? What better example of such a success do we wish than that of the Jew, who for three milleniums under every climate, has preserved his individual and national integrity?

The evils which attend this infusion of races become evident upon the slightest examination. Consider, if you please, England of to-day. Where are her King Alfreds, Walter Raleighs, Philip Sidneys, Isaac Newtons and Francis Bacons? Where are Americas' George Washingtons, Thos. Jeffersons and Alexander Hamiltons? The poisonous adulteration of other races has made its impress upon their offspring and to-day a Gladstone remains as the only token of England's former mental greatness, and we find here and there in our own republic but a comparatively feeble representative of the great minds of past generations.

That we may be more clearly convinced of this evil, we have but to look around us and compare that portion of our country which has been flooded with emigrants for many years with that where the old English race remains in its purer forms. The former is in a great part represented by the northern and north-

western portion of our Union, and the latter is better known as the South. It is true that the Southerner is not cloaked with all the specious refinement of his northern brother: but wherever his opportunities are equal, he does more to shape the destiny of America than they who are galvanized with the polish of so-called advanced modern culture. We should remember that greatness is not always to be found in him alone whom the world applauds; but beneath the "homespun jacket" beat some of the warmest and noblest hearts, and under the rustic "woolen hat" often nestles a brain which if developed, would make "thousands, perhaps millions think." Hence, we of the South must preserve those old Anglo-Saxon principles which have been our beacon light in the past and have made us what we are. The day is not far distant when the growth and vigor of this Republic will depend upon the purity of that blood which flows from the southern heart. It is for us therefore to say whether this country shall attain that position among the nations of the earth which wise statesmen have predicted, or be known to succeeding generations as the country that was. Which shall we choose?

C. L. R.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HORACE.

BY L. P. MCGHEE, OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Among the philosophers of antiquity the poet Horace is not usually mentioned. He did not profess himself a philosopher, nor formulate his wisdom into a distinct system. His philosophy lies scattered through his writings, whence it must be gathered, as a particular kind of blossom from a garden beauteous with all sorts of flowers. Charming all, as he does, by his poetry, his worth as a philosopher has been overlooked. Yet the noble expression, found everywhere in his poems, of those truths which strike home to the heart of humanity in every age, constitute one of the chief charms of his poetry. He has given to the literature of the world more current coin of thought than any other Roman poet.

Horaces' philosophy is intimately connected with the two systems prevalent among the Romans—the Epicurean and the Stoic. The Epicurean philosophy regards pleasure as the natural aim of existence, since all men from their birth seek pleasure and avoid pain. Virtue has no worth, except as conducive to pleasure. The Stoic philosophy inculcates the pursuit of wisdom as the chief object of life. "No man," said the Stoics, "is happy or virtuous or brave except the wise man.

The wise man alone is free. He alone is king." The Epicureans easily degenerated into sensuality, the Stoics into asceticism. The former worshipped the body; the latter the mind. Each forgot the dual nature of man and inculcated a one-sided existence.

Horace shares something with each of these systems, as will be seen from the following:

He tells us to drown our cares in wine.

* * * Sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitæque labores,
Molli, Plance, mero.

In another place, however, virtue opens the way to the skies; even death is sweet in her service.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
* * * * *
Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.
* * * * *
Virtus, recludens mimeritis mori,
Coelum, negata teutat iter via

To the ideas of the Epicurean and Stoic schools, however, Horace adds two which underlie and leaven all his philosophy—moderation and contentment. He was both an Epicurean and a Stoic, and at the same time was neither. The Epicurean he considers a fool, and the Stoic equally so. They were both fanatics, though at opposite extremes. Horace was an extremist in nothing. He teaches moderation in all things, in the

pursuit of wisdom as well as of pleasure. Even virtue pursued too far makes a fool.

*Insani sapiens ferat, aequus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petit ipsam.*

How like the saying of the wise man, "Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise," or, as Burns has prettily expressed it,

"My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither."

Of sensual pleASURE, says Horace:

Nocet empta dolore voluptas.

Of wealth:

Quod satis est cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optet.

In general:

Certum voto pete finem.

The tenth ode of the second book is written in praise of "*aurea mediocritas*," and is a fine specimen of Horace's philosophy. The train of thought is as follows:

"You will live rightly by avoiding extremes. Who loves the golden mean is free alike from the cares of wealth and the miseries of poverty. The tallest pine is oftenest shaken by the wind, the highest towers fall with the heaviest crash. The well balanced mind hopes in adversity, fears in prosperity. If times are hard now they will not be so always. Jupiter who sends hard winters, he it is who removes them. Be brave

in adversity; take in sail in prosperity."

The next leading idea of Horace's philosophy is contentment. It is intimately connected with that of moderation.

Not wealth nor fame frees the mind from cares, but contentment with what you have.

*Non enim gazae neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseris tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.*

* * *
*Scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
Cura * * **
*Laetus in praesens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet visu.*

His prayer is:

*Frui paratis et valido mihi
Latue, donec, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectem
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

Be content with the present. Enjoy pleasures while you may. "Who knoweth what a day may bring forth?"

*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere,
Quem Fors deerum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas.*

Again,

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

Among the minor principles which Horace inculcates is independence. Though brought into intimate relations with Maecenas, he never sacrifices his own freedom of conduct. He tells Maecenas that rather than lose his independence, he will return to the position from which he elevated him.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.

Horace was a fatalist. Not piety nor sacrifices stay the pitiless course of time which is hurrying us to our graves. The "*Fila atra trium sororum*" are unchangeable, unavoidable.

Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna serius ocus
Sors exitura,

Here is the reason for his doctrine of contentment. Man is powerless over the future, over fate, therefore live in and for the present.

We find in Horace's writings expressions which indicate a belief in an overruling Providence, which rewards virtue and punishes vice. He also believes in a future state, but it is a dim and shadowy existence.

The chief rules of Horace's philosophy are, then, contentment and moderation. These are the precepts which he inculcates on every occasion as leading to the greatest amount of happiness. He rarely claims any higher motive than that this course frees the mind and body from suffering. Sometimes, however, he rises to a higher strain.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu.

Again,

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non volutis instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida * * *

* * *
Si factus illabatur orbis
Inpavidum ferient ruinae.

Horace was no friend to vice. He constantly laments his own age fruitful of crime; the corruption of the marriage relation; the ruin of home; the effeminacy of the youth; the universal avarice. He reminds his countrymen of the examples of Romulus and the unshorn Cato; of times when the state was rich, individuals poor.

Horace's system of Philosophy, if it may be so called, seems ill adapted for extended acceptance. Moderation and contentment are too hard to define. His principles, like those of Epicurus, are liable to be abused by those who do not love virtue for its own sake. They must not be criticised, however, by our standards of morality but with reference to his own age and environment. He introduced, at least, some improvements on the systems then most accepted.

Horace seems to have lived up to his precepts. He allowed no envy to corrode his soul. He remained content with his Sabine farm, although doubtless he could have accumulated wealth. He was rich enough in his "kindly vein of genius." He enjoyed the pleasures of life, but in moderation. He tells us of the visits of his friends, whom he entertained with the common wine of the country; of his mingling with the people in the market; of his healthful pleasures and simple fare; of his country journeys

astride his bob-tailed mule. His life was that of a man who lived among the people and gathered from them and their ways his "lessons of life."

left of his pursuits and his principles, and in them we see the most interesting of the characters who grouped themselves around Maecenas.

Such are the pictures he has

All in a moment, through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 With orient colors waving; with them rose
 A forest of huge spears; and thronging helms
 Appeared and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes, and soft recorders such as raised
 To height of noblest temper heroes old,
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage,
 Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or fools' retreat;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and suage
 With solemn touches troubled thought and chase
 Anguish and doubt, and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed.

Milton.

The Soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;
 The stars shall fade away, the sun herself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But these shalt flourish in immortal youth;
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

Addison.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., April 1, 1885.

Mr. S. P. Graves has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. A. H. Eller.

Mr. Eller has been a faithful and successful editor, and has the kind thanks of the editors for his past services. If he will do as well in his life work as he has done in his work for the MAGAZINE, we feel sure that we will hear from him after he goes out into the world. Mr. Graves, we hope, will make us a good editor, and we welcome him to our staff.

HON. JACOB THOMPSON.

The University has recently been deprived of one of its most distinguished alumni by the death of the Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi. He was born in Caswell county, N. C., and graduated here with the Class of '31.

Removing to Mississippi he soon became a man of prominence, and for twelve years he was an active member of Congress. In 1845 the Governor of Mississippi offered to appoint him United States Senator to fill an unexpired term, but he declined. The interest he manifested in the Indian and other similar problems induced President Buchanan to offer him the position of Secretary of the In-

terior, and he served in that capacity until near the end of the Presidential term. Mr. Thompson was also the war-Governor of Mississippi. President Davis sent him as the Envoy of the Confederate Government to Canada, just before the close of the war.

Since the war Gov. Thompson has lived in dignified retirement, honored and esteemed by all who knew him. Of late years his residence has been in Memphis, Tenn.

He was always a warm friend of the University, and was devotedly attached to the State of his birth. Mr. Thompson has many relatives in this State, among them is his brother, Hon. Geo. N. Thompson, who was a prominent member of our last Legislature.

The Philanthropic Society, of which Gov. Thompson was a member, desires to obtain his portrait; we hope that it may succeed, for he is one of the most illustrious men that the Phi. Society has yet given to the Republic.

THE UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM.

The work on the gymnasium is progressing finely, and if all who are interested will aid, it will be

near enough done by June to make a handsome ball-room for the commencement dances; and by the opening of the next session it will be ready to afford that healthful exercise which the students are so much in want of.

The building is situated about eighty yards west of Memorial Hall, and on the same side of Cameron Avenue. It is just outside of the campus. It is 114x46 feet, has two dressing-rooms; also a rostrum, for the band when it is used as a ball-room, and for the professor of gymnastics when it is used as a gymnasium.

The work that the Gymnasium Association is doing is in the highest degree praiseworthy. We give below a circular distributed by the association. It shows well the interest that is being taken in the enterprise. We think it certainly the duty of the students to contribute at least something towards it. Of course, every one is not able, but there are a great many who can afford to give something. It certainly will not be money ill spent:

"Man is a machine of the most monderful, delicate and complex character, endowed with vitality. In common with all other machines, while unusually well supplied with compensating and supplementary apparatus, he is liable to get out of order if any one part be damaged. He may get along,

but it will be after a lame and stumbling fashion, and the smooth and noiseless play of the perfect machine will be lost. This intimate connection between his various parts is well known to all, and no one, no matter how idealistic his philosophy, will deny the effect upon the mind of derangements in the more prominent organs. Who has not experienced the stupefying effects of "biliousness"—and how many have had the milk of human kindness curdled by a sour stomach. These facts are now so generally admitted, and the importance in education of so developing the body as to reduce to a minimum the liability to those troubles that react upon the mind, is so apparent that no progressive college of prominence can afford to be without the means of teaching the athletic arts. Indeed, no institution of learning is now regarded as fully equipped that is without a gymnasium.

The authorities of our noble old University, which is so dear to all her sons and should be to all patriotic North Carolinians, fully realize the urgent need for a department of physical training, but unfortunately *alma mater* is poor. But if she was financially able to erect a gymnasium, a difficulty other than a pecuniary one stands in the way. And, inasmuch as the reader may not have received

or read our first circular, it may not be amiss to state briefly the nature of this difficulty. In a word, it is dancing. While dancing is generally regarded as an innocent and graceful amusement, peculiarly suited to the joyous period of youth, some of our people object to it as sinful; and they protest against its being permitted in the halls of the University on the ground that, paying their share of the taxes for its support, they think their views in regard to its management should not only be respected, but followed. In response to this sentiment in part, and in part to the necessities of the University Library, the Trustees, at their meeting in February, passed a resolution prohibiting dancing therein after the Commencement of 1883. As a result of this action of the Trustees, since there is no other room in the village suitable for the purpose, the ball which has been a brilliant feature of Commencement Week at the University for the past eighty years, and one too that has been enjoyed by very many of the greatest and best men and purest and loveliest women of our State has been abolished. That is, it has been abolished at Chapel Hill, unless some provision can be made for its being held there, but only to be transferred to Raleigh, for no sensible man is utopian enough to think that boys

and girls will not dance just as long as their parents do not object to it—and very often if they do. The evil of such a transfer, to a large town with all its manifold temptations, are too manifest to require comment. Indeed, we think it capable of demonstration on the ground of morality, if for no other reason, that facilities for dancing should be provided at the University. For this reason, and for the purpose of preserving in its entirety the Old Commencement as known to and enjoyed by our grandfathers, our fathers and ourselves, the Executive Committee of the Gymnasium Association will no doubt, after the gymnastic performances, (which we feel sure will form a pleasing feature of future Commencements,) have taken place, permit the temporary removal of the apparatus, so that the sons and daughters of North Carolina, if they see proper, may “chase the glowing hours with flying feet,” just as their fathers and mothers did before them—for alas! the glowing hours do not last long

Such being the state of affairs, and not wishing to be held responsible in any way for practices that are conscientiously held to be objectionable by a respectable number of our people, no matter how insufficient the grounds of their opposition may be considered by the remainder, the au-

thorities of the University do not deem it advisable to contribute to the gymnasium further than to give the apparatus.

* * * *

Mr. Sloan, the architect of the Western Asylum, at Morganton, and the Governor's Mansion, has shown his liberality by offering to draw the plan for a mere trifle, and the one thing needful is now all that is lacking for the accomplishment of our object.

According to our Articles of Association the capital stock is \$2,500, divided into 250 shares of \$10 value, each share-holder being liable only for the amount of his subscription. Of this number 140 or \$1,400 have been taken, and as the building must be ready by Commencement, it is all important that the balance should be raised as soon as possible. Will you not therefore as a patriotic North Carolinian and faithful son of your *alma mater* come to our aid with as liberal subscription as you can afford? We desire to know as soon as we can what we may depend upon, but will not want the cash, or, if preferred, paper at ninety days negotiable in bank, before March 1st. "If 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done *quickly*."

RICHARD H. LEWIS,
of Raleigh, for the Com."

Ball Complimentary to Graduating Class.

Dancing having been forbidden in the Library Building, no doubt the report has been circulated through the State that there was to be no dancing at the coming Commencement. If any have heard such a report, we take pleasure in informing them that the usual ball complimentary to the graduating class will be held in the University Gymnasium; and it will, very probably, be the largest that has been given for many years.

At their last meeting the Trustees of the University passed a law that no dancing should be allowed inside of the Campus. On account of this law the Gymnasium is placed just outside of the Campus. Nevermore will the college buildings be polluted by the unholy step of the dancer, these buildings, so pure and holy, will never again be outraged as they have been by that most sacrilegious of all performances, dancing! Not only the buildings but the Campus is now exempt from this awful crime. These grounds have always been noted for their piety, but now more than ever are they such.

There is an old belief among the negroes that there is no harm in dancing provided one does not cross his legs. They believe so firmly in this that they are very careful, while they dance, lest by accident their legs should cross

each other. We do not believe in any such stuff as this, of course; but some of us do really seem to be thoroughly convinced that it is an awful sin to dance inside of the Campus of the University of North Carolina, but if we go just outside, the case is changed, and we can dance as much as we please. Possibly some of our friends will before long want us to stop crossing our legs when we dance. This, however, has not been mentioned yet.

Kessnich's Band from Richmond, Va., will furnish the music for our next Commencement, and no pains will be spared to make the dances, and, in fact, the whole of Commencement a grand success.

An Evening's Meditations.

It is Friday evening after Commencement. The music is hushed; the gay faces have vanished; the red light is fading away in the West, and all is silent. And ever and anon as a soft breath of air stirs the trees, it seems only the gentle breathing of a slumbering nature. The quietness is oppressive. The ball-room, but last night so gay, bright and happy with its soft music, is as hushed and still as a tomb. The whole place seems like a city which has been touched by a fairy's wand

and put to sleep in a moment. I am struck with the charge. My mind rolls back upon itself, and my heart grows wondrous sad when I see what a change a few hours can bring about; and as the western light dies away and as the moon and stars shine down, I am sad—I feel lonely and sick at heart. My mind wonders back over the years that have passed, and I think of the tales these old buildings would tell if they could speak. What tales of mingled happiness and sorrow! To some sweet hours have been sad in the old Campus; and to some sad hours have been sweet. Not a few, I imagine, have to look back to the old Campus to see the first blot that stained a pure life. Sad the lot of such as these. Some, however, can look back with a firm heart upon this spot with the sweet consciousness of having left here a name as pure as the breezes that play among the trees or the sunbeams that kiss to life the young flowers. Many of the sons of our old institution have fallen by the wayside, but some have trodden resolutely the highway of life and found their just reward. During the four years that a young man is here he can mould his life either for good or ill. Then happy is he who chooses the right and shuns the wrong.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The April issue of the "*Electra*" has its usual number of pleasant stories. Besides these it contains several instructive and entertaining essays. Especially do we admire "Gen. Gordon the Christian Soldier," in the composition of which Elizabeth Sayres beautifully portrays his noble traits of character, narrates his many brilliant achievements, and in a pathetic strain laments the loss of him of whom any nation might justly feel proud. "Letters from Europe" are of historic interest. The "Current History" tells us what is transpiring in every part of the world. This number contains the whole course prescribed for the Reading Club, which if followed, would prove both pleasant and profitable to all wishing a clear knowledge of English History.

* *

The March number of *Shakespeareana* is opened by Hon. Alvey A. Adee with an article on "Brakes of Ice." This much debated and controverted passage occurs in "Measure for Measure." The general opinion of critics is that the word *ice* should be regarded as a corruption, but the writer argues that the passage should be allowed to stand as it is, and es-

tablishes his position. Next comes a lengthy and exhaustive article entitled "Two French Macbeths" translated by Professor Emile Pernet from the French of Louis Gauderax. In this is shown the difficulties and disadvantages which have heretofore attended, and will necessarily attend the acting of Macbeth, and indeed all Shakespeare's plays on a French stage in the French language. F. G. Fleay follows with "Annals of Plays acted at Cambridge during Shakespeare's lifetime," which is quite interesting. In the other departments of *Shakespeareana*, especially in the "Contributor's Table and Notes and Queries," interesting information may be found.

* *

The *Atlantic Monthly* for April comes to us full of instructive and interesting reading matter. The serial stories, "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," by C. Egbert Craddock, A Marsh Island by Miss Jewett, and The New Portfolio by O. W. Holmes, continue to grow in interest. "Political Economy and the Civil War," by J. Laurence Laughlin, is a strong article, in which he urges the necessity and importance of instruction in Political Science in

our Colleges, and shows how many and how difficult problems of the future may be solved by a knowledge of this subject. "Time in Shakespeare's Plays," "George Frederick Handel," "An unclassified Philosopher," and Fate Dominant makes this number attractive. "The Contributors' Club" contains valuable information.

* *

The Brooklyn Magazine for April appears clothed in its new form and dress, and is so thoroughly improved as to make it hardly recognizable as the same periodical. The change of form doubtless inspired the editor to present his readers with an unusually attractive array of literary matter. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher opens with a delightful article on "Thoughts of Spring-Time," full of the carol of birds and the rich perfume of spring flowers, and shows the great preacher's ardent love for Nature. A beautiful poem on Easter is printed, as also is a sonnet by William H. Hayne, the Southern poet. The succeeding features are particularly strong and interesting. Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan discusses "The Future of Brooklyn" in a paper strongly favoring its annexation with New York; Miss Maggie Mitchell, the actress, relates some of her experiences on the stage and defends the private lives of actors and act-

resses; Martin F. Tupper, the English poet, writes a letter concerning his straitened financial circumstances; Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher gives an indirect slap at the question of woman suffrage, placing woman's rightful position as beside her husband and counsels her against roaming away from home. Another instalment of "The Battle of Brooklyn" is also given, while the seventeen departments which this magazine sustains, affords, indeed, an intellectual feast rarely, if ever, afforded for so nominal a figure as 10 cents.

* *

The *American Reformer*, published at 59 Tribune Building, New York City, has for two years been waging a valiant fight in favor of Reformatory measures. It was established by men whose only purpose was to "raise a voice in the wilderness," and we are glad to say that, despite the efforts of part of the secular press to crush out and destroy the influence of this paper, despite the efforts of men who flourish on the liquid poison that people pour down their throats, the paper has a strong hold upon the affections and patronage of the thoughtful and moral classes. The influence of such a paper is so salutary that, personally, we feel like making a direct appeal to those who may be interested in such matters, that they send

their subscription to the office of the *American Reformer*, to sustain it in the work it has undertaken. Subscription price is \$1.00 per year, in advance. It is a sixteen page paper, published every other week, and its influence as an undenominational knight-errant in the field of reform, is salutary and desirable.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Cram's *Unrivalled Family Atlas of the World*, published by Hudgins and Talty, Atlanta, Ga.

This excellent work has been prepared to meet a growing demand for a convenient *General Atlas of the World*, at a moderate price that will place it in the reach of every person.

Professional men, teachers, students, families and general readers of all classes who desire a *Handy Reference Atlas of the World* will find this work just adapted to their wants. The maps have been prepared with great care from new plates, engraved especially for this work, from the latest and best sources of information. For clearness, accuracy and fullness of detail they are unexcelled. It contains maps of the world in three forms, namely: Hemispherical, Globular, and Mercator's projection; *Elaborate Maps of Foreign Countries* prepared from the latest official sources. Full page maps of each State and Territory on a scale sufficiently large to show the counties, all the principal towns, railways, stations, etc. A special map of the United States showing the divisions of standard time.

In addition there are full page diagrams, beautifully printed in colors, graphically illustrating and vividly convey-

ing to the mind at a glance the following valuable information:

1. Comparative sizes of the countries of the world; their population, area, religion and races of man.

2. Showing the annual products, wealth and debt of the United States.

3. Comparative area and population, increase of immigration and the increase and decrease of the public debt of the United States.

4. Showing the commerce, money circulation, accumulated wealth, and strength of the armies and navies of all the countries of the world.

5. Railroads and telegraphs of every country in the world comparatively shown.

The Atlas also contains many beautiful illustrations, the bird's eye view of the Ho'y Land with key to same, showing over three hundred places mentioned in the Bible, also the animal and vegetable productions of the five zones, State seals of the United States and Territories, fine portraits of the Presidents of the United States, a series of illustrations showing the progress of a century, &c., &c. The statistical matter is very instructive, and useful for reference. A table also showing the value of land in each State, time of residence required before voting, table showing the Presidents of the United States, and the members of the cabinets from Washington to President Cleveland, exemption laws of each State, capacity of noted public buildings throughout the world. Table showing the average and number of pounds of tobacco produced by each State, live stock statistics, also a chronological history of America from the year 986, the very earliest discoveries, to the present time. The index is a complete Gazetteer of the United States, giving the location and population of every city, town and post office. By the aid of

this new method, any town or place can be found without the least knowledge of its location.

The aim of the publishers in preparing the work, was to make a thoroughly practical, excellent General Atlas of the World, at a price within the means of every family. No similar work has ever been produced, containing such a vast amount of geographical information in so attractive and convenient form at such a moderate cost to the purchaser. The Atlas is printed on heavy paper, elegantly bound, in embossed cloth, with title printed in gold, large size quarto, 12x14 inches. Price of single copy \$3.75.

Students who wish to canvass for this work will receive liberal terms and special territory. C. W. Massey or S. L. Scull of Chapel Hill, who represent the interest of publishers, will take pleasure in giving you any information desired.

Testimonia from some of the leading professional men of the State:

From Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL.D., President of the University of N. C.:—I have examined with care "Cram's Family Atlas," and find it full of valuable information, well printed and well arranged. I think it the best and most useful for the price within my knowledge.

From Prof J. F. Heitman, Chairman of the Faculty of Trinity College, N. C. "Cram's Unrivalled Family Atlas of the World," published by Hudgins & Talty, of Atlanta, Ga., is an invaluable compendium of knowledge of the world as it is, pre-enting in its maps, charts, diagrams and statistical tables. the largest amount of accurate information for the smallest sum of money.

From Prof. A. W. Mangum, D.D., Prof. of English Literature, University of N. C.: After glancing through "Family Atlas of the World," by Cram, I am prepared to say that I regard it a pub-

lication of unusual value for so small a sum, \$3.75. It is very comprehensive, containing much statistical information, in addition to the singularly well arranged maps.

Prof. W. A. Blair, A.M., Professor of English Grammar and English Literature in State Normal, High Point, N. C., says: After a careful examination of "Cram's Family Atlas," I am prepared to say that it is the best, and is worthy of a place in the library of any college, school or home.

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Montieth's New Physical Geography is just out. For Grammar and High Schools we have examined no work superior to it. The author has written in an easy style, and expressed his statements clearly and concisely. The numerous illustrations are well executed, and serve, not only to embellish the work, but to vividly impress the most important truths upon the minds of the student.

The Maps and Charts are clear and accurate. The Text contains the latest discoveries in Physiology, Meteorology and Hydrography.

The Chapter on Volcanoes is based upon the researches of Prof. Judd, the highest authority on the subject.

The subject of Ocean Currents contains the discoveries made by Commander Bartlett, of the U. S. Steamer Blake. The Chapters on Winds is based upon the researches of Prof. Ferrel, that on

storms, upon the records of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.

* *

The relative literary activity between Germany and the United States, as exhibited in the production of books is as follows: In 1883 American publishers issued 3,481 books, the German 14,802; in 1884 the American 4,088, the German 15,607.

* *

Messrs. Ginn & Heath, Boston, have recently issued a book of great worth, *Methods of Teaching and Studying History*. It is the first in the series of the Pedagogical Library, and is a collection of nearly twenty articles on the various phases of history. These articles are by some of the most eminent scholars and distinguished teachers in American colleges and universities. There is a catalogue attached of historical literature and authors embracing 150 pages. The volume is indispensable to every teacher and student of history in the country.

* *

The latest and completest contrivance in the way of a *historical chart* is now issued by Funk & Wagnalls, 12 and 14 Dey St., N. Y. It is a handy and unique design, folding somewhat like a fan, and has in a condensed compilation arranged under the nation

and date all the great happenings of the world. Price 75 cts. For reference it is very valuable.

* *

The Messrs. Scribners are issuing a new novel of the North and South, entitled "*Across the Chasm*." It is by a Southern lady who, the publishers tell us, has hit upon a new situation in American life.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

—Lehigh University has received two million dollars from Harry E. Packer, and at the expiration of twenty-one years will receive three millions more.

—The University of Heidelberg, rather than admit women to the classes, has lately refused an offer of \$25,000 from an unknown benefactor.

—It is a dead loss to spend an hour a day in writing out in lecture books matter that can, in substance, be found in some inexpensive text-book. If a professor has something to say to his class that cannot be found in convenient forms in text-books, let him say it; but if it is a subject of considerable breadth, and one recurring every year, let him offer his notes in printed form, and so obviate the necessity of spending time in useless drugery over lecture books no better, when finished than the text-book costing in reality not one tenth as much.—*Ex.*

—The *Brunonian* is the oldest college paper in the United States. It claims to have been started in 1825.

—The Chandler Scientific School of Dartmouth, a legacy of \$20,000 from Miss Annie M. Wordman, of Cambridge.

—New South Wales has 2,315 educational institutions of all kinds, to a population of 516,000.

—The University of Tubingere is over 400 years old, having been founded by Count Eberhard in 1477. Among its students were Melancthon, Kepler, Schelling, Hegel, Daunecker, Schiller and Nuland.

—The average annual expenses

of a student at Harvard is \$800; Columbia \$800; Yale \$800; Princeton \$600; Amherst \$500; Williams \$500; Lafayette \$400.

—The late Mr. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, before his death, gave about a million dollars to Catholic institutions.—*Ex.*

—A Sophomore's "Conics" has this inscription on a flyleaf:

"If there should be another flood,
For safety hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be *dry*."

—Stern Father: "Another bad report, my son; I am very much displeased." "Yes, father; I think you had better write to the professors about it, or they will keep on doing it."—*Ex.*

COLLEGE RECORD.

—The spring has come at last. The winter with its ice and snows is gone. Green leaves, flowers and warm weather are here. The woodchopper's axe is heard no more. The borrower has ceased from troubling and the lender is at rest.

—Prof. Hooper has determined to change the design on the Greek medals. The old ones have a front view of the Parthenon in the restored condition. The new design will give a side as well as

a front view of the building before its restoration. Mr. Sam Jackson copied the design.

—The antiquated bow and arrow have been introduced by the gentleman from Texas. He has had experience in their use perhaps. Every evening he is surrounded by a throng of admiring youths who are all anxious to wield the weapons of this modern Cupid.

—Prof. of French: Mr. C. will you please read.

Mr. C.: Professor, I did not get quite that far.

— Foot-ball went with the winter. Base ball, the old stand-by, is now all the rage. Knucks will soon be in fashion and will perhaps take away some of the devotees of the ball and bat.

— Several students went home to spend Easter.

— Mr. John P. Crump, of Danville, Va., was recently elected first sub ball manager from the Di. Society in place of Mr. Hackett.

— The measles have gone at last; but not before all the material was used up. "Nothing lasts forever."

— Prof. Holmes has recently added the skeletons of several different animals and birds to his natural history collection.

— Are all the alumni dead? It seems that most of them are by the way the appeals of the committees on catalogues are answered.

— Dr. Mangum is giving the Junior Class lectures on English composition this session. He has also introduced a new feature in the elocution course, requiring original speeches to be spoken as a test of ability in declamation.

— Prof. Winston has been teaching German this session to a great extent by writing. A translation

is made and the student is required to translate it into German from his manuscript. By this means he expects to fix more firmly in their minds the form of the words, their order in the sentence, and to increase their knowledge of cognate and derived words.

— Bean-shooters are now no more. By a recently promulgated law of the faculty they are forever abolished from the campus and its precincts. This pet of the senior and sophomore, joy of the junior and freshman, and constant companion of the lawyer and doctor is a thing of the past. Window panes and birds had a hard time during the period of its reign. One young Nimrod killed four robins one day and was so much elated by his success that he thought of making hunting his life work. "It is not very becoming for a man six feet high to have and use the weapon of the small boy," remarked the president as he announced the law.

— The students always have good opportunities to attend divine worship. Besides preaching in the churches nearly every Sunday, the regular weekly prayer-meetings and the Y. M. C. A., there are Sunday lectures by the different professors. Dr. Battle gives lectures in his office on Sunday mornings, just after prayers. He is now on the life of Christ.

At a later hour he lectures at the Episcopal church, Prof. Gore at the Baptist and Prof. Holmes at the Presbyterian. In the evening Dr. Mangum lectures at the Methodist; he is now taking up and discussing the different books of the Bible. The lectures are all highly instructive and are generally well attended.

— There was a gasoline explosion not long ago. It was produced by a fuse and match; but Dolly, mindful of his former experience, was safe in other quarters.

— The following appears on a door in the O. E. B.: "Go West and be a new man." Another, stung to exasperation by this pun, remarks that we have in the faculty all the evils of war, Battle, Gore and Graves.

— All Fool's day came and went, and some of our post office aspirants were badly duped by receiving bogus promises of appointment.

— One of our seniors recently became the happy owner of a bean-shooter. He made the purchase early in the morning. At prayers the announcement was made that bean shooters had been banished forever.

— As the Commencement draws near, the number of our merchants increases in geometrical progression. Merchant tailors are also putting in their appearance.

— The Athletic Association is being reorganized. Success to it.

— The alcoves have been put in the University library. They are so arranged that the distance between the shelves can be varied at pleasure. The books have not been arranged yet. Each professor is to take his department under his own care, hire an assistant and arrange them to suit his own taste.

SOCIETY HONORS.

The elections for medals in the societies took place not long ago and resulted as follows:

DI. SOCIETY.

Debater's: A. H. Eller, Mouth of Buffalo, N. C.

Essayist's: Berrie C. McIver, Sanford.

Disclaimer's: Francis Womack, Pittsboro.

PHI. SOCIETY.

Debater's: Jesse Felix West, Waverly, Va.

Essayist's: Vernon W. Long, Chapel Hill.

Disclaimer's: St. Clair Hester, Kittrell's.

The election was on April 4th. This is always an exciting time with us. Each one wishes for the success of his friends. Gentlemen, accept our congratulations. Two former editors of the MAGAZINE are on the list, Eller and West.

SCIENTIFIC MEETING.

At the last public meeting of the Mitchell Society, April 4th, Prof. J. Howard Gore delivered a lecture on the "Purposes and Results of Geodesic Surveying." He sketched the rise of the science of geodesy, commencing with the ideas of the Greeks and Arabs in regard to the earth's size and shape. The real foundation of the science was laid in 1617, by the introduction of the method of triangulating a known base. He spoke of the various disputes between the English and French in regard to the shape of the earth, whether it was an oblate or a prolate spheroid. This discussion was finally settled by the savants of France, who proved that it was oblate. He also gave an account of the trigonometrical surveys carried on by the English in India, and says that the standard metre is evidently wrong. Says that our knowledge of this subject is still growing and that the United States is leading all other nations in this work. He mentioned the United States surveys of the Atlantic and Pacific coast and told how they are conducted.

Mr. Gore is a brother of Prof. J. W. Gore of the University, and is himself professor of mathematics in the Columbian University, Washington, D. C. He is a pleasant speaker and writer, and was in one of the U. S. coast surveys.

We hope that he will favor us with another visit soon.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

In Ante-Bellum times the Seniors were accustomed to make speeches sometime during the spring session. The practice was dropped for awhile, but has been instituted again. This year the speaking was on April 22d. The exercises were held in the new Memorial Hall.

James A. Bryan, of Spartanburg, S. C., of the Philanthropic Society, was the first student of the University to deliver a speech in this hall. His subject was "The Evils and Perils of Immigration." He gave an account of our immigrants, their characteristics, love of their former country, and their influence socially, politically and morally upon our government, and closed by an earnest appeal to Southern men and women to build up our land and not wait for it to be done by others.

Wm. H. Pollock, of Kinston, subject: A Tribute to Caswell. He sketched the life of the revolutionary hero, compared his character with that of other warriors and said that the monument to Caswell in Kinston is the only one erected in North Carolina to a citizen of the State.

The next speaker, Marion Butler, of Huntley, having been called

home by the sickness of his father, did not appear. His subject was "The Toilers are the Conquerors."

Heber A. Latham, Greenville. Subject: "The Temperance Problem." He gave an account of the whiskey traffic and the number of drunkards in the United States. Said that the press and pulpit were too negligent in their efforts to put it down; that the greatest help was in the influence of woman and closed by an earnest appeal to her for aid.

Jesse F. West, Waverly, Va. Subject: "Southern Characteristics." He spoke of the middle class of Southern Society, the best of all. Said that while sectional strife was at an end, sectional pride still lived. Congratulated the South on being free from the *isms* and *schisms* of modern society. Sketched her past history, the history of a people who made politics a science and became a nation of rulers. Noted the position held by them in the early years of the republic. Spoke of Jefferson and Marshall, Calhoun and Clay and their doctrine of States rights. In concluding he paid a touching tribute to Southern devotion and patriotism.

St. Leon Scull, of Harrellsville. Subject: "Not a Friend, a Brother More." Mr. Scull told of the invention of dynamite and traced its progress westward from Russia through England to the

United States. He vindicated the Nihilists but condemned its use in the United States, especially by laborers against their employers.

Ernest P. Mangum, of Chapel Hill. Subject: "A Plea for Oratory." He spoke of the position held by orators in the American government, contrasted the speeches of Pitt when delivered by the great orator himself and when read from the printed page, and spoke feelingly of George Whitefield, the Demosthenes of the pulpit. "Has the golden age of oratory passed? Has the pen taken its place? No, forever no. John W. Daniel, Bishops Bascom and Pierce, and our own orators, Ransom and Vance, make oratory live on"

Adolphus H. Eller, Mouth of Buffalo. Subject: "Higher Education in North Carolina." Mr. Eller mentioned the first attempt made in this direction in North Carolina, under George III., at Queen's Museum in Charlotte. He showed that the denominational colleges which are now against free education were in favor of it before the war, when higher education was confined to the rich. The firm stand taken by the State University on the side of morality and religion against the infidel principles which were spreading in the early part of the century culminated in the

denominational colleges of the State. The contest is now whether the church or State shall control education. He showed that all great institutions of learning were built upon appropriations. Contrasted the universities of Germany and America. Ohio has as many universities as the continent of Europe, and North Carolina has twenty-five colleges. There are too many of a low grade. They are too special for the general student and too general for the special.

Erastus G. Goodman, of Town Creek. Subject: "The Safeguard of Liberty." He spoke of the free press as the expositor of liberty. It has crusaded against trickery and conception. It has guided the ship of state and should be guarded with jealous care.

Alexander J. Field, of Ridgeway. Subject: "Political Responsibility of the Individual." A republic is the rebound of monarchy. The politics of this country has fallen into the hands of a few who do not care for the vital interests of the people into the hands of a kakistocracy. The slander used in the campaigns has driven the refined from politics. He plead for the strict performance of political duties, especially by the educated individual.

Edwin M. Faust, of Columbia Factory. Subject: "Our Nation's Perils." He spoke of the negro

as a source of hard feeling and trouble and said that he was a tool in the hands of demagogues. He is against the useless destruction of forests and against putting the ballot box in the hands of the ignorant.

Richard S. Neal, of Scotland Neck. Subject: "Our Country's Shame and Rescue." He showed the evil results of political campaigns; but warned us against decrying them too soon. Said that the appointing power of the president was a source of evil, and that the only hope was in the tillers of the soil.

The purpose of the speaking was to decide upon the speakers for Commencement. Out of the eleven, Messrs. Bryan, West, Scull, Mangum, Eller and Feild are the fortunate ones.

After the speeches were ended, President Battle announced that the presentation of some medals was to be made. The medals are of brass and are awarded by the students strictly on merit. The "borer's medal" had been awarded at an election held a few days before to Mr. W. M. Person, and was presented by Mr. Sol. C. Weill in a neat little speech well fitted for the occasion. Mr. Person received the medal and expressed his thanks in a graceful manner.

The "cheeky man's medal" was presented to Mr. W. R. K. Slocomb by Mr. J. R. Monroe.

Mr. Eugene Grissom, Jr., was the recipient of the "ugly man's medal," and it was presented by Mr. Clem G. Wright.

Mr. J. W. Hughes was the dude. His medal was presented by Mr. St. Clair Hester.

The "lazy man's medal" was awarded to Mr. D. Schenck, and was presented by Mr. J. F. Schenck. All the gentlemen made speeches of acceptance. After these were over the program was at an end.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL,
University of N. C., April 11, '85.

WHEREAS, Almighty God, in His wise Providence, has seen fit to remove from among us our fellow-member, Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi;

Therefore the Philanthropic Society, sensible of the loss it has sustained, and desirous of showing its appreciation of his merits,

Resolves 1. That his State has lost a citizen who, as its Representative in Congress and as Governor, ever proved faithful to the trusts reposed in him.

2. That the Union has been deprived of one who showed himself to be a wise counsellor in the Cabinet of the nation.

3. That his native State, North Carolina, has lost a friend, the poor a supporter, the University and his Society one of their most distinguished alumni.

4. That his family, relatives, and friends have sustained an irreparable loss.

5. That we tender our heart-felt sympathies to the bereaved family.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that copies be forwarded to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and Memphis *Index-Appeal*, with requests to publish.

S. L. SCULL,
A. D. WARD, } Com.
H. H. RANSOM.

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Strange Discoveries about Beauty.

NEW YORK, March 4th, 1885.

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The same building has an elevator whose flight is so rapid that visitors frequently experience sea-sickness in its descent. It literally falls six or more stories and alights as gently as a feather.

Near by may be seen one hundred telegraph wires strung from pole to pole.

Across the street snow or rain falls almost every day in the year.

For ten cents can now be procured a harmless cure for Colic, which will relieve the baby at once and avoid crying night and day. One package lasts a year.

Teething in infants can be made painless at a cost of 10 cents per package, enough for a year's use: a harmless preparation.

You can cure sore throat with a simple and harmless remedy, costing but ten cents for a package, lasting many years.

Bumps which a child gets in falling or otherwise, should receive immediate attention. Ten cents will procure a year's supply of a harmless remedy for the same.

Small, pretty feet are especially desired by misses and mothers. On receipt of one dollar in advance we will send our \$5. method and preparation ON TRIAL, on condition that you return it within one year and get your money back if it fails to secure you a dainty little foot.

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Wrinkles may be prevented, thus preserving a smooth, pure, youthful face, till old age, by the use of our Rejuvenating Preservation. This elixir with apparatus can be had for \$1.00.

A particular specialty offered contains your name in plain letters in gold plated breast pin, strong and pretty for 25 cents.

Any or all of these articles promptly forwarded on receipt of price, and if unsatisfactory your money promptly refunded on return of same.

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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WHAT IS THE TRUE ARISTOCRACY?

The world still moves and change continues to go on. The age is growing more and more practical. Yet, when scientists present new theories to be considered by a people, long established prejudices must be combated and removed before these innovations in thought can be accepted as true. The result is the same in advancing ideas differing from usual modes of thinking in any department of human activity. Then, in making a simple effort to determine the true aristocracy, the hope for unanimous approval is not for a moment entertained.

The word is comprehensive. In its etymology it has reference to government by the best, noblest or most worthy; and in the sense in which it formerly was used,

meant, not a social class, but a form of government in which the sovereign power was vested in a single class minority of the citizens. It is in this sense that we speak of the Italian aristocracies of the middle ages.

In English society the term has two significations; a narrow and a broad one. The former has reference to those titled privileged classes who have lived from time immemorial in lordly splendor. In its broader acceptance it embraces the whole body of the untitled as well as the titled above a rather indefinite social line. No amount of wealth could obtain aristocratic recognition for a tradesman or his descendents, and no deeds, however noble, could bestow it upon him who was not the possessor of inherited fortune.

"Neither Burns, the gauger, nor Shaw, the life-guardsmen, has ever been called an aristocrat." Yet nobody will deny that the one was a poet and the other a hero. To him who has learned the beauty, character and grandeur of real freedom this seems grossest tyranny. Yet there is a more serious objection. When the claims to this distinction have been inherited they are rarely ever lost by the individual himself, however base may be his motives, however ignoble may be his conduct.

It is said that in our country we have no such save that of the supreme or subordinate in the military or civil service of the people; no precedence except that which has been voluntarily awarded to position, to merit, or by the graceful deference of thought to sex and age. Would to God that it were true! Sad, sad it is to confess the truth, but we have many examples of these decayed fungus excrescences on our social structure. In our own dear sunny Southland there still grows the deadly Upus, blooming and bearing its fruit—there mains of proud and wealthy families, who lived in the days of Dixie's glory, surrounded by liveried retainers, enjoying every luxury and indulging in every species of privilege and pleasure. These broken, disordered, bankrupted sons of venerable families were reared in plenty,

taught to dispise the nobility of labor, and to consider those who toiled as inferior beings. Too proud to soil their tender hands, they'd rather live idle gentlemen or die besotted toppers.

There is another branch of this fatal social Upus. This class is represented by those who have not lost their vast states entirely, or whose ability in their higher professions, as they are called, enable them still to retain their display of elegance, and to exercise a haughty domination over those whom they look upon as plebeians. These are the cold, southern aristocrats. One example will suffice to illustrate their rigid social code. A fashionable party was given in a certain city. One of the managers unaffected by the fanaticism of his class kindly invited the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a wealthy machinist. This machinist, by sturdy toil and close application to the principles of business had accumulated wealth and won the respect of his fellow citizens, but he did not walk within the pale. His daughter was educated, refined and entertaining. A few of the gentlemen present that evening ventured to show special regard to the charming daughter of the machinist. What were the consequences? Actuated by a false pride, by a false idea of superiority, these fair

devotees to fashion positively refused to recognize further any of those gentlemen who had so far forgotten their caste as to make themselves agreeable even to this excellent lady. None such as these can be numbered among the true aristocrats.

Did you ever contemplate the close resemblance between the proud, finely dressed gentleman of leisure, and the dirty beggar in the slums of the city and the country's highways? Observe these characters; compare their likenesses. The one is a stranger to exertion of mind or muscle, the same is true of the other. The one has no ambition to live an example of usefulness to his fellow man; neither has the other. Absence of enterprise, lofty purpose and manly principle is common to both. Their food and clothing come from others—they are pitiful pensioners on charity, unprofitable and disreputable burdens on friends, society and country. They are simply burlesques on humanity.

But what shall we say of the fair slave of fashion? Ah! an extraordinary phenomenon presents itself! As some one has said, she seems to jump the equivocal period of human existence, and to emerge from the chrysoloid state of childhood into the full and perfect image of the lady. You first see her ensconced in

richest abundance of ruffles and puffs and feathers and flounces and furbelows. She has learned to read and to love the sensational novel, to write "the angular" and to dash off one or two pieces of music with the latest variations. These accomplishments with a few French phrases are her treasures. Her mind is easily stored with the false sentiments of fiction, and she apes her favorite heroine. How she sighs to love and to be loved in return! An adept in small talk, a passionate admirer of the frivolous, she despises labor in its simplest forms and seeks pleasure as the object of her existence. She glides through halls of fashion a beauty, haughty, conceited, flattered child of creation. She can be likened only to the butterfly or the humming bird—admired for external beauty. Philosophers have burned the mid-night oil in vain endeavor to find some useful attribute in her, but all research has been fruitless. She is the veritable butterfly of fashion. Her mind soars no higher than the top-knot which decorates her head-gear. Yet I would not rail at dress in its gentility, or the fair ones generally. Far from it—only those who are wanting in life's truest interests and duties are so utterly worthless. Eve's fair daughters are fitting objects for the real knight's devoirs and

deserving of his best tributes of gratitude and affection. Proud England, upon whose vast domain the sun never sets, has but one queen; thank Heaven, we have millions who "shine in beauty like the night of sunny climes and starry skies; whose chains we feel and yet we bless the silken scepter." "Their example is mightier than the eloquence of a thousand Senates or the banners of a thousand legions." How essential then that these fair ones should be advocates and leaders in the true aristocracy, whatever that may prove to be.

Another phase of America's aristocracy, which has broadened its proportions during recent years, is that which has been very aptly styled "the galvanized." The members of this class have been made by some sudden freak of fortune the possessors of wealth or the recipients of honor. Weak-minded creatures! Their heads are turned by an accident which adds nothing to merit. Former friends and associates are forgotten. The very men who in times of need have manfully aided them are slighted, while the fops, and dudes, and dudees are sought as boon companions. In the theatre, church, public hotel, everywhere, they exhibit that same crazy rage for the elegance of outward seeming. Their presumption and vain glory betray their shoddyism and

make them ridiculous and—shall I say it?—contemptible.

A further division of these great evils to which our people are exposed is the aristocracy of a certain class of the honored men. The occupants of highest places may arrogate to themselves a sort of superiority intensely odious to the people. But the most dangerous class that threatens us, perhaps, is the syndicate forming part of the great moneyed centers. Not that wealth is to be depreciated—it is necessary to personal comfort, personal enjoyment and a nation's progress, and the man who strives honorably to obtain it should be commended, provided he bear his success in proper spirit and use his means in proper way. It is the combined forces of the moneyed few, forming a class with peculiar and prodigious facilities for increasing power, that we are most to dread. They may some day secure the reins of government and prostitute that power for sordid gain or for the gratification of a base, selfish ambition. Even now the money kings are stretching out a mighty network of railways and telegraphs, and forming corporations here and there over the land. It is like the dreaded devil fish. He clutches the unsuspecting ship in deadly hold and resistless draws it down the unknown depths of the dark abyss. Even so are we doomed

to woeful destruction unless the boundless grasping of the millionaires can be checked in their reckless greed for gain and power. It is to be one of America's greatest problems; the question of such legislation as shall not infringe on the rights of this class, and yet shall prevent the formation of a permanent moneyed aristocracy, fatal to the liberties of the people.

Now to all these various branches of class distinction we have seen that the most serious objections exist. The principles on which they are founded are false, and many of them are corrupt to the very core. In the true aristocracy this is not so. Indeed, from its very name there can be nothing in it degrading, false or evil—only the elevating, the ennobling. The genuine aristocracy may be attained. It is not dependent on the mere accident of birth. It is not that which bases its claims on fortune, distinction or power, yet the true aristocrat may possess them all. In a word, it is the aristocracy of excellence, founded on the idea that "worth makes the man, want of it the fellow." It stands on principles as firm and lasting as the adamant hills.

Among these principles may be mentioned self-reliance, perseverance, eulogy, knowledge, integrity, pureheartedness and unselfish benevolence.

The first of these, self-reliance, when it has not degenerated into what is commonly styled "cheek," is the mainspring of manhood and the prime element of success. Without it we tremble and fail. By its stimulating agency we are emboldened to attack and surmount almost any obstacle. "Let a man once show the world that he feels afraid of its bark and 'twill fly at his heels. Let him fearlessly face it and 'twill leave him alone. But 'twill fawn at his feet if he fling it a bone." Energy is power; and this faculty is owned largely enough by every man to effect his purposes, provided he call it into activity. The excellence of a circle lies not in its greatness but in its roundness.

These qualifications, however, avail but little unaccompanied by continued effort. It was the untiring perseverance of Hannibal that enabled him to cross the Alps and to scale the Appennines; It was the indomitable will of Franklin that snatched the thunderbolt from its cloudy home; and it was the unflagging toil of Morse that hurled it from the occident to the orient.

Zeal without knowledge is a false guide; and just as the engineer must be able to guide and check the panting engine at pleasure, even so the true aristocrat, in whatever sphere of life he may be called upon to act his

part, must be able to guide and to check his energies most effectively.

The last and perhaps the most essential elements to be mentioned are integrity, purity and philanthropy. Buckmaster has said that the moral grandeur of independent integrity is the sublimest thing in nature, before which the pomp of Eastern magnificence and the splendor of conquest pale into insignificance. But there must be purity and integrity as well, for without them no character or life can be great.

Then, let us persevere with indomitable will, basing all our actions on principle and right. Let us be not like those who have been compared to that heavy, dull substance called lead, mind, body,

heart, all of the same dead opaque material. Let us be like those who have the elasticity of steel, and like it are firm, solid, tougher than the granite, yet capable of being used in an infinite number of ways. These steel men will fill a place and exert an influence in human enterprise and progress that the lead men can never attain. Let us labor intensely, judiciously; be cautious and bold; preserve our integrity, our actions must make our lives. Let us choose the right with invincible resolution and adhere to it with unfaltering tenacity, and then shall we be placed within the pale of the true aristocracy.

H. A. LATHAM,
Phi. Rep., '84.

A PLEA FOR ORATORY.

The study of oratory has peculiar claims upon the youth of America. Under our system of government the highest positions of power and influence are in the reach of every one, and the demands for skill in public speaking are common and urgent. Well is it said that "to become an impressive orator is the crowning grace of a liberal education."

The true beauty and effectiveness of oratory lies not in the mere external finish, but in the

ability to give life and passion to the sentiments. One has beautifully affirmed, "one flash of passion on the cheek, one beam of feeling from the eye, one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue, have a thousand times more value than any mere statement of facts where feeling is absent."

The speeches of Pitt, which are declared "rarely to have been surpassed in majesty and effect," owed their power to the passionate energy with which he hurled

his irresistible sentences upon his opponents. The artless discourses of Fox illustrate the saying of Demosthenes, that in action lay the chief excellence of oratory. His speeches, which moved to tears and whose forcibleness was almost irresistible, when read from the manuscript seemed as destitute of vitality as a marble statue.

It was the eloquence of these men, with that of Burke, Erskine and others, that has thrown a halo around that "Sea-girt Isle," the glory of which will never fade.

When, in 1761, James Otis denounced the British Writs of Assistance, his rapid torrent of eloquence swept away all opposition; and when, with a prophetic glance into futurity, picturing the injustice and evils of the act, he concluded, every man in the vast assembly was ready then and there to take up arms and do and die for his rights.

Patrick Henry, on his first appearance at the bar in the celebrated "Parson's case," sprang with one bound into the front ranks of the orators of his day. As his burning words fell from his lips, and his magic wand touched his opponents, they became powerless. Thenceforth he was the "man of the people," and always labored for his people.

As American independence was started upon its perilous journey by James Otis, so it received a

fresh and lasting onward impulse under the power of this greatest of American orators. When in the house of Burgesses he denounced the Stamp Act, he saw the awful destiny of his country and labored to save her, and when in the old St. John's Church at Richmond, his propositions for defence were opposed by the greatest patriots in the land, then was the grandest moment of his life. Proclamations had no effect upon the people, while this man, whose tongue made every bosom thrill, led as none other could lead, and rushed on as resistless as the mountain torrent. The immortality of *his name* is proof of the power of oratory.

It was by the intense earnestness of Whitefield and Chalmers, and their desire for the salvation of men, that the cause of religion spread so rapidly under their influence. As in accents tender and full of sympathy Whitefield told of redeeming love, thousands of hearts melted under his words. Truly has he been called the "Demosthenes of the pulpit." When asked to print his sermons Whitefield might well have answered with a great French divine, "Gladly, provided you also print the preacher." That saying is of great import. Sermons may be preached with miraculous effect, and yet when seen upon the printed page they are compara-

tively powerless. When delivered the tone, look and gesture, with the lightning flashes from the soul, impart to them life and power.

The apparent decline in the power of religion seen in parts of our land, is too often owing to the dry, dead or unnatural manner of the preacher. He either reads his sermons, or speaks it as if he feels no interest in the message he is delivering. His labors are fruitless, for his words do not come forth burning and sparkling from the living furnace within.

Is it true that the "Golden Age of Oratory" has gone; that the statesman and reformer have lost their most effective weapon? Has the pen supplanted the orator, because it can send his words to thousands, while he addresses only a few hundred? No, forever no! Oratory is not and never will be a useless art. What is it that attracts great multitudes to our public gatherings, and holds them for hours unconscious of all their surroundings? It is the orator of *our* day. See the thousands that fly to hear the silvery tones of John W. Daniel! See the populace flock to the churches of Talmage! Though the days of Calhoun and Prentiss have passed, yet that power, of which they were fit representatives, still flourishes. Those who ever listened to the thrilling appeals of those great

soldiers in the cause of religion, Bishops Bascom and Pierce, can never forget their power. The wonderful pathos and divine melody of Pierce's voice, as in clear and touching tones he pleaded for his Maker's cause, held enchanted the throngs that sought his appointments; and it has been said that as the words of life fell from his lips, and his eyes seemed to look through the pearly gates upon the glories of the Celestial City, his face beamed, and a soft and heavenly light appeared to surround his noble head. He was a truthful orator, scattering truths that will yield rich harvests for generations to come.

Our own old State has sons whose names always call up words of praise. Who does not acknowledge that immortal laurels have been won by the eloquence of Ransom, Robbins and Vance? They, by their patriotic tongues, have made their names dear to every true North Carolinian. Because we have not every day some powerful, soul-stirring oration as of old, is no argument that oratory has lost its power; but the apparent diminution in the influence of oratory is owing to the superiority of our civilization over that of the ancients.

The fact that no man can rise up now and by his passionate appeals carry with him whole as-

semblies, is evidence only that our demand is for a different style of oratory. *Then* the orator's success was instantaneous, following his words as the shock follows the electric discharge; *now*, when the orator seeks to dazzle by his rhetoric, and change opinions by his fierce eloquence and powerful logic, he finds that he is speaking to men who have thought and read upon his theme, and having convictions of their own, are not so easily persuaded.

While the creations of other arts, as painting and music, can be reproduced, sad it is to say that oratory, in its grandest type, can no more be reproduced than the artist can paint the lightning's flash, or catch the glancing sunbeam. The pen has not the majestic power and bewitching sweetness of the voice.

Proficiency in oratory is not attained at once; it requires long years of diligent study. Even the so-called "natural-born orator" must submit to the most rigid course of training. Henry Clay, though endowed to an unusual degree with these "natural gifts," said that he owed his success as an orator to patient practice and study.

Then give us better and more thorough oratorical culture; let our colleges and theological seminaries realize their unpardonable neglect, and take immediate steps to furnish the youth of our land with this most valuable and potent accomplishment. It must be done. The interests of our country demand it! Our religion demands it!

E. P. MANGUM.

A DANGEROUS PROBLEM.

In the midst of the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century there has arisen, in this land of free political and religious ideas, a sect that combines in its system of life, government, and religion many of the social and political customs of antiquity together with the fanaticism of the followers of Mahomet, the superstitions of the Middle Ages, and the love of lucre that fired the

breasts of Cortez and Pizzaro. Already important and powerful, and every day gaining accessions of numbers and strength; fortified in an almost impregnable position, and influenced by a fanatic zeal that sends its missionaries into all parts of the world, the Mormon power may be wondered at and dreaded, but may no longer be despised.

The "Utah question" has en-

gaged the attention of many of the greatest men of our day, but it still remains a dangerous and puzzling problem. Mormonism as it exists in Utah is a stain upon our civilization, a deadly menace to our system of free government, and a bold and open defiance to the Christian religion. All may admire the industry, enterprise, and prosperity of the Mormons, yet their social, political and religious practices can not fail to arouse the just indignation and receive the unqualified censure of all good citizens. Besides polygamy, which many practice and all believe in and uphold, there are several other grave difficulties involved in the Mormon problem which it is difficult to solve; other evils that it is hard to remedy. The persistent refusal of the legislature of Utah to execute its mission as a co-agent of Congress, the political aspirations of the Mormons, and the supremacy of the Church over the temporal affairs of its members, although not generally known by our people, have often been signalized by the action of Congress, and today constitute the most dangerous factors in this great question.

In dealing with the Mormons it should be borne in mind that the citizens of Utah are citizens of the United States, and, as such, are entitled to all the rights and privileges which the Constitution

guarantees them. It should be remembered before any changes in the jury laws are made, before government officials are sent to search every house, and before taxation without representation is resorted to by substituting a commission for the legislature of Utah, that many of the Mormons belong to that great race of people who have always been ready to fight for their rights, from the time when the "Great Charter" was wrung from old King John, to the day on which our own "peerless Lee" and his gallant band of Southern patriots were forced to surrender at Appomattox. But sometimes it becomes necessary to resort to harsh measures for the preservation of society. The police officers in the large cities have a right to break into a house in which they have reason to believe the law is being violated, and why should not the agents of the United States government in Utah have the right to grapple in an effective way with the violations of our established laws? One of the main reasons why polygamy cannot be punished is that there are no laws requiring the registration of marriages, and the polygamous marriages take place in endowment houses with bolted doors, and no record of them is made except such as are recorded in the secret archives of the Church. The legislature has

the power to prevent future polygamous marriages in Utah, but, though its members take an oath to support the Constitution and uphold the laws of the United States, it refuses to do anything. It was thought that the "Edmunds bill," passed by the last Congress would remedy this; but, while it resulted in the election of monogamous legislators, they refuse to aid the government in suppressing polygamy. Then, though the measure be harsh, let the officers be given the power to break open an endowment house, when they have reason to believe that the law of the land is being violated, and arrest all parties engaged. Polygamy is so odious to our people and such a blot upon our civilization that the most stringent measures may be justifiable if there is any reason to believe that they are necessary to prevent this beastly practice, a practice that destroys the purity of home, degrades woman, and stamps the brows of innocent children with the burning brand of illegitimacy.

The political aspirations of the Mormons are not often considered in connection with the Utah question. Mormons have always looked forward to the time when they will be absolute rulers of America. One of their ablest writers says, "It is not consistent that Mormons should be subject

to man-made governments." Their whole history shows that they have acted on this principle. Their "free and independent state," their forcible occupation of the agricultural lands of the Territory, their declaration of war against the United States in 1857, the refusal of the legislature of Utah to comply with the laws its members are sworn to support, all show that they defy our government and consider themselves a sovereign people. One of the Mormon bishops stated in a conversation a few years ago that it was the present temporal aim of the Mormon Church to get the reins of the United States government, and after that to control the continent. These people are rapidly growing more dangerous. Already they hold the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona, and are settling rapidly in other Pacific states and territories. They vote as a unit on all questions respecting their religion. Three years ago George Q. Cannon, the legal adviser of the Mormon President, sat in his office in Salt Lake City and dictated to the Mormons of Idaho whom they should support for Congress, and every man voted as directed. The emissaries of these people are busy in all parts of this country and Europe, collecting the lowest and vilest classes, who are sent to Utah by

means of the Church fund to swell the mass of ignorance, superstition, degradation and crime that already exists in the territory. The suffrage and naturalization laws of the territory are so fixed that foreigners are permitted to vote within a few months after their arrival in the territory. Is it any wonder when such is the case, that the free born American citizen who looks upon the right of suffrage as a sacred trust and the safeguard of his liberty, is driven in disgust from the polls?

Many plans have been proposed for the suppression of polygamy and the correction of the other evils that exist in Utah, but no effective means have yet been tried. The legal license that is given to consecutive polygamy by the loose divorce laws of the New England and some of the Western States affords the Mormons some excuse for their practice; and the baneful influence of these laws upon public morality, and the desire of the Mormons to be left to themselves have prevented the trial of effective measures. It has been claimed that immigration of non-Mormons into the territory, intercourse with the world, schools and printing presses, would in time relieve the Mormon trouble. But the railroad connected Utah with the east fifteen years ago and still the Mormon element largely predom-

inates. The public schools of the territory are taught by teachers who use the Church catechism affirming the revelations of Joseph Smith.

Congress, recognizing the gravity of the situation, has begun a series of experiments. Since the ball has been started it is not likely to be stopped until some decisive result has been reached, and hence it is desirable that the experiments should be as short as possible, and at the same time, be within constitutional limits. It appears from the census that about one-third of the people of Utah are foreigners, nearly all of whom are Mormons. It is from this *foreign* element that a large proportion of the polygamous wives are drawn; hence, if foreign immigration to the Territory should be restricted or prohibited for a sufficient length of time, one of the worst factors of the Utah question would be eliminated, and the way would then be open for education and a healthy public opinion to work their natural results. It is needless, at present, to expect intelligent Americans to emigrate to Utah. The reason is plain. Wealth, intelligence and enterprise shun a place where the authority of a fanatical priesthood is supreme, where liberty is but a name, and civil government a farce. Prevent the introduction of foreigners into the Territory,

and you cut off the supply of recruits to Mormonism, and, at the same time, stimulate Gentile immigration. This plan may sound somewhat strange, but Congress has furnished a precedent in the anti-Chinese legislation; and the whole Mormon question is so strange, so unrepugnant that, in dealing with it, there should be no fastidious sentimentalism—no fighting for shadows when the substance is in peril. The philosopher may still predict that polygamy will soon disappear under the operation of natural causes and intellectual and moral agencies. But, while he is waiting for public opinion, schools and commerce to revolutionize Utah, the intelligent and hardy immigrant goes into the territory, makes a hasty survey of the situation, becomes disgusted with the condition of affairs there, and moves on to some other territory. All this time thousands of ignorant converts are arriving from abroad to increase the turbid tide of fanaticism that already overwhelms the gentile population of the territory.

But, were polygamy no longer practiced by the Mormons, the practical supremacy of the Church in temporal affairs would still threaten the peace of the West, and would still require bold and energetic action on the part of Congress before this Mormon stronghold could be admitted into

the great sisterhood of American republics.

The time has come when the state of affairs that exists in Utah should be tolerated no longer. For thirty years the Mormons have been trusted to correct these evils, and this they have refused to do. Planting themselves on the great highway between the East and the West, they have persistently defied the laws of our country, the laws of modern society, and the laws of humanity. Something must be done to erase this foul blot which threatens to spread itself over all our Western territories. Congress must take the government of Utah into its own hands, separate Church and State, and purge out of its civil code every vestige of that ecclesiastical rule that has made Utah a reproach to our country. Justice demands that the deluded Mormons of Utah be freed from the domination of a fanatical priesthood. Humanity demands that her rising generation be snatched from the clutches of a cunning and remorseless heresy and taught to become free citizens of a redeemed commonwealth. Patriotism demands that the brave and patriotic non-Mormons, who have watched and waited for the first bright ray of freedom to gild the hills and light up the valley of the Great Salt Lake, be released from their bigoted and fanatical rulers,

and rewarded for their constancy by the establishment of a just territorial government in Utah.

These demands call for speedy action. Shall it be longer delayed?

S. M. GATTIS, '84.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH FICTION.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, fiction is one of the grandest fields in literature, while entertaining it nevertheless gives us the manners and customs of every kind of existence. It presents in a pleasing way the different phases of human character; it may give wise counsel; it may contain deep thought, or it may accomplish great aims. It seems curious, almost wonderful, that the English novel was so late in making its appearance. We imagine that it would have been one of the first fields to have sought the gaze of the youthful adventurer in literature. Why some of the giant minds of antiquity did not call fiction into existence we shall never know; yet strange to say the first true novelist appeared in the last of the XVII century. I shall not agree that Defoe was the founder of the English novel. Yet true it is that his great name stands first in the list of novelists. We must place him high in this great department of literature; for time has not dimmed the lustre of his greatness, nor has it consigned his works to forgetfulness and decay. Every language yet prints the achievements of this great author. He had an easy-flowing and simple style, but his imagination was probably never surpassed by any writer. He wraps the characters of his fertile brain in the beautiful robe of reality. He had a wonderful knack at simple, graceful, almost child-like narrative. The giddy boy and gray-haired sire read with like rapture the story of Robinson Crusoe. Defoe refused to be affected in the least. So life-like does he paint his characters that one can scarcely believe that Crusoe never existed. Defoe tells only what interests his readers. But while he was a genius at narrative and adventure, he failed to tell us of social life and customs. It was reserved for Samuel Richardson and Henry Fielding to establish this part of the English novel, and they ought to share with Defoe some of the honor of the foundation of fiction. Their shrewdness detected that the novel could be made interesting by the representation of home-

life, as well as by thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. They saw how to charm with a different kind of fiction from that of Defoe. Fielding was by birth and training a man of high social rank and he was well educated. Richardson was a poor mechanic. These two great men wrote the same kind of fiction and they consequently became rivals and had a personal quarrel.

Smollett entered the field while they were in their glory. He too was a great writer. Richardson had the greatest mind but it lacked cultivation. He gathered nothing from books—nothing from experience; he drew upon his own soul for what he produced. He was a genius at invention. He not only makes us interested in his characters, but their sentiments. He knows how to turn the inside of their hearts out to us. He tells us the motives as well as the actions of his characters. Fielding and Smollett make us guess at the motives of their characters. Fielding had wit and a fine style, and his thoughts were profound and grand. Probably Fielding's experience in social circles helped to make his works what they are. Smollett had humor and he exhibited it throughout his works, though he had a spirit that loved satire. Even in the gayest parts of Fielding we see now and then a stroke of satire. Fielding was

more refined in taste and style than either. Smollett had a style which, though adorned by none of the graces of Rhetoric, was forcible and expressive. Fielding excelled in his plots. Possibly this is the reason why Fielding's works have better stood the test of time; for he alone of the three may be truly called a first-class author.

Some put Laurence Sterne along with these, but he really does not belong here. His "Tristram Shanby" made him quite a reputation for a while. His style is novel and peculiar, and purposely jagged. His characters are fair. He excels in humor as well as pathos. His works will hardly bear the severe criticism of the present day. He evidently borrowed largely from other writers. Sterne seems to have been the dupe of flattery. His private character both as a man and as a husband is little worthy of either admiration or imitation.

The great name of Walter Scott stands out boldly in fiction. He ranks without a peer in a phase of literature that he himself has helped to make sublime. Scott studied by fits and jerks while young, though he became more studious in after-life. Scott is undoubtedly the greatest writer of prose fiction. He too had a genius for narrative. Scott was good at description. He delighted in everything antique when but a

boy, and this he exhibited in his novels. He blots out all licentiousness and everything that is low. He makes his characters get on well and carries the reader along with them. Taine says that Scott's novels have only the merit of fashion, though that fashion may last a hundred years yet. But few, however, will admit this. I cannot conceive how one can think that such a novel as *Ivanhoe* for instance has only the merit of fashion. I admit that Scott has his faults, but he has his virtues too. He had a tendency to spin out his stories too long. It was hard for him to fill less than two or three volumes with one novel. And his novels are not entertaining at the beginning, and for this very reason his best novels are frequently thrown down with disgust ere they develop their beauties and their charms. Scott is true to history in describing externals, costumes, &c., but, as might be expected, he makes his characters somewhat modern. Scott was never bitter and severe, he was truly philanthropic. Frequently he exposes vices, but even then he does not denounce. The fact that George Eliot, Bulwer, Miss Bronte, Thackeray, and even Dickens have tried to imitate him, proves how entirely Scott surpasses all other writers of fiction.

Jane Austen has a prominent place in fiction. 'Tis said that in

youth she surpassed her sex in beauty and grace, yet she let a disappointment in love deter her from ever marrying. Her novels have yet a deserved popularity. She took her place in fictitious literature because she knew exactly how to picture English domestic life. Her novels are also distinguished for the delicate shades of female character that she has drawn. Some place her among the best female writers of fiction.

Chas. Kingsley deserves mention. He had too many vocations, yet he wrote at least one novel of power—*Westward Ho*. He was a theorist and wrote about Republics where every man was free and equal. And consequently he was the beau-ideal of fire-eating youths who had in them a spirit of rebellion, and who dreamed of such lands as he wrote about. He wrote against oppression and hence was championed by all who were down-trodden. He cannot, however, be called a great novelist.

Placing George Eliot at the head of the list of female writers of fiction, the great name of Charlotte Bronte stands next. "*Jane Eyre*" is her greatest book. Her works depend on passion altogether. She saw that passionate emotion was still the foundation upon which to build the grand edifice of fiction. The sincerity of the author lends her works their charm.

Miss Bronte stepped beyond the bounds that had held in former female novelists, and first showed to the world that woman's passion for man was no less than man's for her. Very successfully does the authoress weave in all kinds of human emotions. She painted the feelings and emotions of women as she felt them herself. She died early and had her rare gifts had different surroundings she might have won a lasting fame. Though a mistress of emotion, her novels are not cheerful as we might expect. She wrote against the theory that civilization or anything else could tame the love and hate of mortals. She tried to show that women ought to be allowed the privilege of taking initiative steps in love-making and other things. Her brilliant career stopped as abruptly as it began. She was like some bright meteor on the literary sky. She loved to deal with the supernatural and gloomy. Speaking of her novel, "Jane Eyre," a writer of note says: "No one who has read it is exactly the same that he was before he opened its weird and wonderful pages."

The history of fiction would be incomplete without some mention of Chas. Lever, the author of Chas. O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon, Jack Hinton, &c. His novels were read with delight even while Thackeray and Dickens were at their height. His novels are full

of lively scenes and gleeful humor. They are full of rollicking incidents, with ever-shifting scenes and happy pictures of Irish life. His tales tell in a gay manner the story of Irish electioneering, fighting and love-making. Lever was full of animal spirits, had a broad, cheerful humor and loved to manage wild horses. His novels tell these characteristics. He loved to create military heroes with adventurous spirits. He changed his style later on; and some of his last works display admirable sketches of character. Lever had not a great mind, but English literature would not be exactly the same without him.

One author appeared about this time who established a reputation upon one novel alone. This was Sam'l Warren, and "Ten Thousand a Year" is the novel. True it is that his Diary of a Physician attracted notice for a while, but the other work alone has baffled time. The novel known as "Ten Thousand a Year" is a political novel written in favor of the Conservative party in England. Warren was first a student in medicine and afterwards in law. He became a celebrated jurist, obtaining high positions in his profession, and the degree of LL.D.

The name of Wm. Makepeace Thackeray adds new beauty to the list of novelists. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest of

modern novelists. Dickens, who was his contemporary, was truly his peer. The name of fiction brings up the name of Dickens. He is the intimate friend of every reader of fiction, and is very generally admired. It is possible that he is unrivaled in popularity even by Scott. Dickens had a rival; Scott had none; possibly if it had not been for this, the name of Dickens would stand out as prominently as Scott's, as a great period marker. It may be well to contrast Dickens and Thackeray, for they cannot be compared. We think of them together only because they wrote at the same time. They wrote from different stand-points. Dickens looked on the bright side of things, he believed that everything is better than it seems to be. Thackeray wrote from the opposite point of view. Take Dickens' cheerful and gleeful style away from him and we ruin him. Take Thackeray's cynical and melancholy style from his novels and they lose their power. Dickens was supreme at painting quaint and curious old cottages. He was splendid on odd characters and eccentric families. But after all Dickens seemed to care very little about drawing character. It has been said that his stories are fairy-tales, made credible by the masterly realism with which he described all the surroundings, and I am in-

clined to believe it. Dickens first established his reputation by "Pickwick Papers." When this was published everybody saw that a new force was propelling fiction on to a higher destiny. Upon the other extreme, Thackeray cared nothing for externals, he dealt with internal character. He makes us become for the time the character that we are reading about. Dickens wrote in behalf of the low and poor classes. Thackeray wrote about the upper and middle classes of society. Dickens tried to interest the wealthy in the lowly and the poor. Thackeray tried to get those in high life to be interested in the middle class. Strange to say, passion appears very little in the works of these great authors. Dickens has a way of impressing things so that we never forget them. Thackeray loved satire. His greatest novel is Henry Esmond, and in this he seems to rise even above himself. In this he neglected stinging satire and unrelenting hate, and told the tale in a simple and beautiful style.

Some great and well educated men think that Bulwer Lytton is the equal of Thackeray or Dickens. He was great in so many fields that he could not do himself justice as a novelist. He had a great mind, but he was far from a genius. He was a dramatist, and consequently knew the great art

of construction. He lacked originality. While he cannot be called a great novel-writer, he is nevertheless a great literary man. Lord Lytton's novels are generally political novels. He had a rival who surpassed him in this line of fiction—Benjamin Disraeli. Disraeli was gifted at writing novels that contained light political satire. He is peculiarly happy in his representation of political tricksters and political wire-working cliques. Disraeli's novels except in this respect, are of no special interest.

Antony Trollope, another writer of fiction, had little imagination, not much fancy, and very little creative power. He could, however, describe with rare faithfulness the history of the nobleman's life. Deep passion and pathos was not given to Trollope. He could describe fairly well a pretty girl with her little heart-aches and love-pains; indeed in this he rises higher than we would expect and even evinces power and sometimes becomes almost touching. He deserves mention mostly because he turned his novels out by the dozens, and thus is constantly before the public. The attraction about his works is, that they are so easy and so unexciting, with nothing to disturb the emotions, that sometimes it is a relief to turn to his books and follow the gentle fortunes of the characters that he has created.

Charles Reade is peculiar in one respect, his novels all have some great moral object in them. He evidently intended that they should produce some good. Reade belongs to a higher order of novelists than Trollope. Reade saw that a novel could be made useful as well as entertaining by making it deal with the grave social problems of the times. He tells of the misery of criminals in damp, cold dungeon-cells, instead of making lover's farces the theme of his works. He shows how these criminals were treated. He takes us to the mad-house and shows us how the poor beings there who wander "mindlessly" about their dens, are made more miserable by those who pretend to alleviate their sufferings and their woes. He prefers to tell us about that rather than the struggles for ascendancy in high social circles. His novels contain sweet pleadings for reforms that were so much needed. Reade hardly performed what was expected of him when his first novels appeared. Another has said that some of his first books might have persuaded a reader that a new Walter Scott was about to arise on the horizon of fictitious literature. In his novels Reade takes facts and weaves them into fiction so well that we cannot distinguish between the real and the unreal.

George Eliot is the princess of

female novelists. She is quite the equal of Dickens or Thackeray, and she is superior to Charlotte Bronte. She is a great writer, she is, without doubt one of the greatest of modern novelists. When she wrote "Adam Bede" she established her reputation. *Romola* is also one of George Eliot's best novels. George Eliot possessed all the rare gifts that Miss Bronte did, but she had culture and learning that the gifted author of "Jane Eyre" did not have. George Eliot evidently studied the world. She knew how to make the dulllest characters interesting, and as different as they were entertaining. She first infused philosophy into fiction. Her novels exhibit it abundantly, yet they lose none of their charm on account of it. Before she wrote, the writers of fiction seemed to think that the novel was the last place for an exhibition of philosophy. But George Eliot proved that after all the novel was not only the place for light thought, but for the profoundest wisdom of mankind. When one reads the best novels of this great authoress, he feels that not only is he charmed by a magic story-teller, but that he is held spell-bound by a deep and wonderful thinker. Well did this woman write under the name of a man, for truly she wore the head of a man upon the shoulders of a woman. With all due respect and

reverence for the female sex, I am compelled to admit that women have generally signally failed in writing fiction. But George Eliot rose above her sex in this respect, yea, she even towers above the most of the male writers of fiction.

Wm. Black created a field of fiction peculiarly his own. His fort was in description of Scottish scenery and character, and certain phases of London life. He knew to perfection the art of painting scenery and surroundings. Black first gave to the public a true picture of life in certain localities of Scotland. Black has a sweet, winning style, and he does his work with tender grace.

Wilkie Collins stands out most prominently in the line of writers of mysterious novels. He writes of secrets, crimes and such things. He makes his readers puzzle over his writings in trying to solve his strange, weird, wonderful and fantastic pages. A kind of novel peculiar to modern times is one which relates the romplings, the ambitious, the suffering and the flirtations of gay girls of late periods. This kind of novel is peculiar to the present age. They give the history of pretty girls who forget their places in life and become rude and wild, girls with torn dresses and disheveled hair, girls who dote on boys and slang and ice-cream, girls who spend days in wishing they were boys.

Whatever else may be said of these kind of novels, we may lay it down as a rule, that the most of them have been written by weak minded women. Still they are true to life in some respects.

They show that all women are not angels, that they are human, and not superhuman, as some novelists would have us believe.

NOEL.

Thoughts from the German.

Trees have something about them beautiful and attractive even to the fancy, since they cannot change their places, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them, and, as some reach a great age, they become, as it were, historical monuments; and like ourselves they have a life, growing and passing away, not being inanimate and unvarying like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages, and, at last, step by step, approaching death, which makes them look still more like ourselves.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

I know that the human being's thoughts and deeds are not like ocean billows blindly moved. The inner world is his microcosm, is the deep shaft out of which they spring eternally. They grow, by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—juggling chance cannot change them. Have I the human kernel first examined? Then I know its future will and actions.—*Schiller.*

To catch the true physiognomy of a man, purely and thoroughly, we must observe him when he is alone and given up to his own thoughts. Society and conversation throw upon him an abnormal echo, mostly to his advantage, while he is by action and reaction roused to activity, and thereby lifted beyond himself. On the other hand, alone and given up to himself, swimming in the sea of his own thoughts and feelings—there only is he quite and entirely himself.

Work, according to my opinion, is as much of a necessity to man as eating and sleeping. Even those who do nothing, which, to a sensible man, can be called work, will imagine that they are doing something. The world possesses not a man who is an idler in his own eyes.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.—*Goethe.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., JUNE, 1885.

THE UNIVERSITY GHOST.

In No. 12, Old East Building, there is a ghost. At least there is a mysterious knocking in the book-case. This knocking has been going on at least four years, how long before it is not known. When the room was occupied in the autumn of '81 it was noticed. Whether it was observed before we are unable to say. This ghost-like rapping continued, and when the occupant vacated the room about two months ago, his old friend, the ghost, gave him a parting rap. The room has been steadily used since '81 until a month or so ago; indeed it has been used during the summer vacation a part of the time.

We will try to describe the visits of this unknown visitor. The usual time for his visit was after supper. He made about three visits on an average every week, though he was not regular. He has been known to take offence at something frequently, and refuse to show his presence for nearly a month; but when he came, he made up for lost time. Frequently the rap would be at twelve

o'clock in the day. The occupants of the room have waked up at two or three o'clock in the night and heard the same strange noise. He has never been known to rap more than *once* at a time, though occasionally he has returned within half an hour.

But one explanation has been given by any one, and that one has been given by all who know anything about it, and that is, that it is a *rat*. It is but fair to say that the author of this does not believe in ghosts. Still he can give some unanswerable arguments against the *rat theory*. In the first place it never knocks but once at a time. Would this be the case if it were a rat? Would there not rather be some scrambling and scratching? Yet these knocks are unaccompanied by noise of any kind. One single rap, and everything is as quiet as before. And rats generally make noises with their mouths; nothing of the kind has ever been heard. Would a rat make a single noise like that for four years and probably more? Another argument against the *rat theory* is this: would a rat strike his head

in the exact place each time; would he count his steps so as not to fail? It has been carefully observed that the knock is within an inch of the same place each time. The soft leg or body of a rat would not make a clear, almost ringing knock; I doubt whether his cranium could produce the noise that has been heard. If it is his head, it seems like he would get tired of bumping it so often and quit. If a rat, it must be the same one each time, and if this be so, then he has grown gray in the service, as he has kept it up four years. Possibly he delights in making people think that he is a ghost. If this knocking took place upon a level with the floor I might think this animal produced the thumping; because he could run on the floor which probably extends inside the wall and there make the noise. But the thumping is up five feet high and he must climb the wall and we would hear the scratching. If I remember correctly it has been alleged that something in the Museum produced this phenomenon. We would be glad to know what it is, we have searched and could not find out. This queer noise has been observed by eight or ten boys and at various times, and this is written by an eye witness.

The usual thud became quite familiar to those who made the

room their domicile. I do not think I am out of the way when I say the ghost was a welcome visitor at our fire-side. We were well acquainted with him, and his visit never failed to produce a smile of pleasure, and when two were in the room it always produced the exclamation: "There is our old friend, the ghost!" This unaccountable noise has been heard in the adjoining room, though even then the sound always seems to come from room No. 12, in the region of the book-case.

In conclusion I am led to say, that I cannot account for it, unless, after all, we accept the *celebrated rat theory*.

The Trustees of the University of North Carolina will hold a meeting, on the 30th day of June in the Executive office in Raleigh, for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:

1. A Professor of English Language and Literature.
2. A Professor of French and German.
3. A Professor of the Theory and Art of Teaching. (Pedagogics.)
4. A professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Mining.
5. Assistant Professor of Pure Mathematics.
6. An Assistant Professor of Economic Geology, Botany and Entomology.
7. An Assistant Professor of Physics and Engineering.

The Assistant in Economic Geology, &c., will have his chief work in Etomology. The assistant in Physics and Engineering, principally in Engineering.

As the present laboratory accommodations are insufficient and additional apparatus is needed in the departments of Natural History and Physics, the Faculty recommend, with the approval of the visiting committee, that the professor to be elected in Agricultural Chemistry and Mining, and the assistant in the two last mentioned branches do not enter on their duties until the Fall of 1886, and that the money thus saved be devoted to the purchase of such apparatus and to the erection of an addition to Person Hall for Chemical laboratories. This question will be settled by the Trustees.

The professors of the English Language, of the Theory and Art of Teaching, of Modern Languages, and the Assistant Professor of Pure Mathematics will undoubtedly be chosen and will enter on their duties at the beginning of next session, viz: the last Thursday in August. Due publication will be made of the action of the Trustees.

Unusual efforts have been made by the authorities to secure the nomination of the best men. Not only has advertisement been made in leading religious newspapers,

the New York *Nation* and other journals, but letters on the subject have been addressed to the Presidents of the prominent universities and colleges, so as to secure the largest possible competition. There are candidates from Greece, Germany, France, Canada, and almost every State in the Union, several hundred in all. There are many excellent men seeking the positions, and the Trustees have the power to add to the Faculty teachers of great learning and skill. We believe that they will exercise the power wisely.

THE LIBRARY.

A good step has been taken in re-organizing and re-arranging the University Library. Prof. Winston has been elected Librarian and Rev. C. C. Newton Assistant Librarian. Ten large cases, forming forty alcoves, have been placed on the floor, all the books have been brought down from the high shelves where they formerly stood out of reach, and have been arranged according to topics. The appearance of the room is now very handsome and inviting. We are informed that substantial additions will be made during the next year of books relating to the several departments of study in the University. The Library will be opened next session two or three hours a day and will be made as accessible as

possible to the students. It is the desire of the Faculty and Trustees to make a collection also of the portraits of eminent men, especially North Carolinians. Three portraits now hang on the library walls; those of Governor Worth, of the historian John H. Wheeler, and of John C Calhoun. The Librarian will be glad to receive donations of other portraits, also of books, and of newspapers and letters possessing a historic value.

The University Reading Room.

It is a fact that we will have a reading-room next session. It will be furnished with one hundred and fifty dollars worth of magazines, reviews, newspapers and other periodicals. It will be located in the end of the Library Building next to the South Build-

ing, the two small rooms now there and the passages and stairways giving up their existence to make one large reading-room extending across the end of the building.

We are informed that the reading-room will be opened daily about three hours, that nobody will be allowed to remove any reading matter from the room, and that order and quiet will be enforced. If this idea is carried out, it will be a success and a positive addition to the attractive advantages of the University. Admission will be free to members of the Phi. and Di. Societies.

It would be a graceful and a generous kindness if the leading papers of North Carolina would send copies to the Reading Room. It will be under the same management as the Library.

COLLEGE RECORD.

— During his recent visit to Oxford, N. C., Prof. Winston secured an oil portrait of John C. Calhoun for the University library. The picture was painted when Mr. Calhoun was about thirty years of age. It was presented by Maj. T. B. Venable and he gave at the same time a copy of Juvenal two hundred and sixty-four years old. If the students would exert themselves in this direction during the

vacation they might obtain a number of such donations of real value to the library from persons who have no special interest in them.

— A lecture was given in Girard Hall some time since by Mr. J. N. Ingram on the Australias and New Zealand. He gave an account of his four years of exploration in the antipodes, telling of the wild life and primitive

habits of the Aborigines, their camp scenes, tact in hunting the boomerang, pursuit of the kangaroo, war dances, raids on frontier squatters, cannibal feasts, tribal government, religious rites, origin, traditions and mythologies. He also spoke of the characteristics and social life of the natives of New Zealand, of their progress in government and education and of the establishment of foreign missions there by Europeans.

The lecture was very instructive and has been highly complimented by the press.

THE READING ROOM.

The faculty have elected Prof. Winston librarian and have requested him to make arrangements for the establishment of a university reading room. The literary societies have contributed fifty dollars each, annually. The University will give the same amount, will provide and furnish a suitable room and will pay for lighting, heating and managing it. The room will be open at least three hours a day and possibly all day. It will be located, perhaps, in the west end of the Library building. With the amount invested nearly fifty of the best magazines, reviews, daily, weekly, comic and illustrated papers, scientific, literary and historical journals of America, England, France and Germany can be secured.

The room will be free to members of the literary societies. No one will be allowed to remove any magazine or papers from the room. This reading room has been needed a long time and there seems to be nothing to keep it from being a success. It will be opened the first of next session

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The first of May was celebrated this year as Class Day. Gurrard Hall was used for the exercises. Mr. H. A. Latham, the chief marshal for the occasion, was assisted by Messrs. Dockery, Hester, McDonald and Tyson. Music was furnished by the Durham brass band. The class tree stands on the north side of Cameron avenue, in front of Memorial Hall.

The Seniors entered the chapel two by two, arm in arm. The president of the class was escorted by the chief marshal. The speakers and marshal took seats on the rostrum, the others in the dignity pen.

The first speaker was Mr. Ernest P. Mangum, of Chapel Hill. He gave a history of the class since it entered the University. Recounted their experience with the wild, untamed Soph. of '81, and their adventures with the Fresh of '82. He mentioned those who left the ranks for other scenes and gave statistics of the class.

The poet, Mr. Jas. R. Monroe,

of Fayetteville, gave a description of the class in rhyme.

The orator, Mr. E. M. Faust, was prevented from appearing by sickness.

Mr. M. Butler was absent from the Hill. His prophecy did not arrive by mail as was expected. In this emergency each member of the class wrote a prophecy on some one else. These were read by Mr. Sol. C. Weill.

The farewell was then delivered by the president of the class, Mr. Julian S. Mann, of Hyde county. It was full of feeling and was answered by hearty cheers.

The circle song which was contributed by Dr. Mangum, was then sung and the program ended.

Y. M. C. A. WORK.

Mr. C. K. Ober, the secretary of the international committee of Y. M. C. A. of the United States and Canada, was here the first of May. He was visiting the associations throughout the Southern States preparatory to the general conference to be held in Atlanta. This is his first visit to North Carolina. He made a talk in the Chapel on Saturday night. His subject was the work of the associations in this country. He sketched them from their first foundation in London in 1844, gave some account of their increase and their present number, of the great good they are doing

poor young men in the large cities. One of their objects is to seek out such persons as these, invite them to their halls and assist them to obtain employment. They are also doing much for the rail road employees, and the rail roads are acknowledging this by giving as much as \$60,000 a year for the support of this work.

On Sunday evening there was an informal conference of the members in their hall. The methods of work were discussed and improvements suggested.

At night he filled the place of Rev. R. B. John at the Methodist church. He spoke on the subject of personal work, the secret of success, and dwelt on the necessity of this in the christian worker's life.

Mr. Ober is a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Williams College. He gives all his time to this work and is very enthusiastic, his whole soul seems to be given up to this one object, the salvation of men.

At the last meeting of the Senior Class, June 1st, it was decided to have a re-union in 1895, at which time some present, to be agreed upon, will be given to that member of the class who is the father of the oldest son. The following committee was appointed to notify the members of the class as the time for the re-union draws near: Messrs. Scull, Man-

gum and McIver. Alternates in case of the death of any of the committee: Messrs. Feild, West and Goodman.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Commencement of '85 will be remembered as the grandest ever held here. It marks the completion of the great Swain Memorial Hall, and the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the University. For the first time in the history of the institution, ample accommodations were afforded the great crowd that wished to witness the exercises.

The morning and evening trains on Tuesday, 2d inst., brought an unusually large number of visitors, and the Commencement meetings of the two literary societies were well attended at night. After the adjournment of the societies, the devotees of the ball-room repaired to the new Gymnasium Hall, and dancing was carried on till early morning.

Wednesday, June 3d.—The day dawned beautifully, and an immense crowd began to pour into the village from the surrounding country. At 10 o'clock the excursion train arrived, bringing a large number of visitors from Raleigh, Durham, Morrisville and Cary, and other places along the route. The morning exercises were of a business nature, consisting of a formal opening and dedi-

cation of the new hall, and the transaction of certain public business by the Trustees. At 10 o'clock Dr. Battle announced that the dedication of the Memorial Hall would begin. Dr. Mangum then read the dedication ode which was as follows:

Almighty God! Thou only great!
To thee this house we dedicate;
Here shall thy wondrous works be shown,
And here thy sovereign will made known.

Science and Revelation here
In perfect harmony appear,—
Guiding young feet along the road,
Thro' grace and nature up to God.

Help us, O Lord, with faith to lay
This temple at thy feet to-day!
O let thy work to us appear,
Thy glory be exalted here.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The ode was sung by the University choir. After which Rev. Dr. Chas. Phillips offered prayer. Dr. Battle then announced that Hon. Paul C. Cameron, of Hillsboro, N. C., had been requested and had consented to present the now completed Memorial Hall to the board of Trustees, and to the State. Mr. Cameron (to whose untiring energy, and munificence the University and State at large are indebted for the completion of the Hall) in a speech of about two hours, proceeded to give a sketch of the University since the foundations; spoke of the services of its former Presidents, Dr. Caldwell and Gov. Swain, and of the present incumbent, Dr. Kemp. P.

Battle. He spoke with feeling of the dark and bright days that had attended the University, and of the bright outlook for the future. He referred in eulogistic terms to Hon. Thos. J. Jarvis, at whose suggestion the hall was begun. Gov. Scales in behalf of the Trustees in a well timed speech accepted the Memorial Hall from the hands of Mr. Cameron; sketched the life of Gov. Swain to whose memory the building was erected; eulogized the character of J. Johnson Pettigrew, and referred to the distinguished men whose names are perpetuated by tablets, and whose lives are worthy to be emulated by the youth of our land. After the Governor's eloquent speech, the choir of the students sang the University ode written by Mrs. C. P. Spencer.

Owing the lateness of the hour the address before the Literary Societies was postponed until the afternoon. Before the close of the exercises, however, the Trustees, who were seated upon the stage, met for the purpose of transacting certain business. Governor Scales as chairman called the meeting to order; and, Dr. Eugene Grissom offered resolutions regretting the loss of the services of the Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis, and returning the thanks of the Board of Trustees for his earnest and untiring labors in behalf of the University. The resolutions were

adopted and placed upon the record.

Mr. Fabuis H. Busbee then submitted resolutions expressing the sincere thanks of the Trustees to Hon. Paul C. Cameron, for the loan by which the Hall was completed. These resolutions also were adopted and the morning exercises closed.

In the afternoon, the Hon. Jas. W. Reid, of Rockingham, N. C., delivered the address before the Literary Societies. It is no exaggeration to say that it was one of the finest addresses we ever heard. The University should congratulate itself upon having secured such an eloquent and able speaker; and the State at large should feel proud of the possession of such a son. The orator was introduced in a particularly felicitous manner by Mr. W. D. Pollock. Mr. Reid arose amid great applause, and after having spoken feelingly of the revived prosperity of the University, and of the favorable prospect for the advancement of education in North Carolina, announced as his theme; "The True Glory of Young Men." It would be impossible for us to give even a slight conception of the address. The line of thought, however, was somewhat as follows:

1. The Cultivation of the Intellect;
2. Moral Courage;
3. Patriotism;
4. Belief in Divine Revelations.

These are the requisites for true greatness. Education and religion, like twin sisters, must go hand in hand if success in its truest sense is to be attained. The address was a masterpiece of thought and diction, and delivered as it was, in a most eloquent and impressive manner, held the audience enchained throughout its entire length.

Representative Speaking.—As the wealth, and beauty and learning of the State poured into the vast hall at night to witness the speaking by the six representatives, three from each Society, with Kessnich's band dispensing its most inspiring strains, our thoughts went back to those days held in remembrance by "Sea Gift" when Jno. Smith walked proudly up the brilliantly lighted aisle of the old Chapel with Lulu upon his arm." We could not but think of the striking contrasts between the two buildings, and wonder how the University has done without this great Hall so long.

The first speaker of the evening was Mr. M. McG. Shields, Carthage, N. C. Subject: "The Rubicon is Crossed." He spoke feelingly of the dark days that have attended the South; of its revived prosperity and of the propitious outlook for the future. His speech was very well deliver-

ed and merited the applause it received.

Mr. G. B. Patterson, Richmond county, N. C. Subject: "The Architect." He spoke forcibly and impressively of the great benefits conferred upon humanity by this creative agent.

Mr. E. F. Strickland, Surry Co., N. C., spoke of some of the evils that threaten the American Government. His subject was: "The Windows that Exclude the Light."

Mr. James Thomas, New Berne, N. C., delivered an eloquent speech on the character and influences of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

His speech was full of vehemence and passion maintaining the close attention of the audience.

Mr. W. S. Dunston, Caswell, N. C. Subject: "Let our Industries be Encouraged." Upon a country's industries depends its prosperity and greatness, therefore we should foster and encourage all industrial pursuits.

The last speaker, Mr. P. B. Manning, of Gates county, N. C., vindicated the motives of those men who composed the "Invisible Empire." This speaker was notable for his impartial treatment of the subject, and also his distinct and deliberate delivery. We have given a very imperfect idea of the speaking as we were out with one of "the fair sex" and took no notes.

Taken altogether the speeches

were very creditable. After the speaking the audience repaired to the Gymnasium Hall to enjoy the German.

Thursday, June 4th.—On this day as usual the crowd in attendance was larger than at any other time during the week. Early in the morning the streets of the village, began to assume a bustling activity hitherto unknown, and soon the campus was literally covered with vehicles of every description. The morning exercises commenced at 10:30 with at least 2000 people present. Owing to the retardation of the exercises yesterday Bishop A. W. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., preached the sermon before the graduating class this morning. His text was, "Whether we be beside ourselves it is to God, whether we be sober it is to God." Without we have sought God, and God's aid, and cultivated the highest part of our nature all our labor is lost, and our learning worthless. The sermon was full of thought and good advice.

Immediately after the sermon, there was a recess for a few minutes. After which the members of the graduating class, who were entitled to speak—ten in all, three on account of scholarship, the seven others selected by competitive speaking in April—delivered orations. Of the scholarship men Solomon C. Weill, of Wilmington,

N. C., having attained a higher average than any other man in the class, was awarded the Valedictory. Mr. B. C. McIver, Sanford, N. C., having attained the highest average in the Classical course, was awarded the second honors; and Mr. A. D. Ward, the third, having led the Philosophical course.

Mr. A. J. Feild, Ridgeway, N. C., was the first speaker. Subject: "The Duty of Educated Men in a Republic." The sovereignty of the people, and the duty and responsibility of each individual was discussed in a clear and forcible manner. Our government should be rescued from the hands of the "kakistocracy" into which it has fallen: Every man should be a politician, and thus preserve in its original purity the government founded by our forefathers.

Mr. B. C. McIver, Sanford, N. C. Subject: "Storm Clouds in the Highlands." The gentleman was suffering from a sore throat, yet full of love for Scotland, he paid a glowing tribute to the Highlands and the courage and patriotism of Scotchmen.

Mr. Ward, of Duplin Co., N. C., did not speak, being too unwell.

Mr. James A. Bryan, Spartanburg, S. C. Subject: "The Victories of Christianity." Other forms of religion have had their existence and have passed away. Christianity continues to grow

and flourish, exerting its potent influence as a civilizing agent. Peace is being preferred to war. England would not fight with Russia, and ere long Christianity will have entirely substituted arbitration for force of arms.

A. H. Eller, Mouth of Buffalo, N. C. Subject: "Higher Education in North Carolina." Spoke of the growth of educational interest in North Carolina; of the University, its work, and the bright and dark days of its history, and the indications for its future. The State and denominational colleges must work together, each doing its respective part.

E. P. Mangum, Chapel Hill, N. C. Subject: "The Trophies of a Noble Life." True greatness does not consist in achieving great victories on the battle field, when those battles are fought merely for conquest and personal aggrandizement. Napoleon attained the highest eminence, and is, perhaps, the embodiment of the world's idea of greatness, yet alongside of such men as Washington (whose life was an exemplification of his greatness) and those gallant men, Lee and Jackson, who so nobly defended the cause they believed was right and just, his glory pales away to nothing.

Marion Butler, Huntley, N. C. Subject: "The Heroes and Con-

quests of Invention." The captains of industry are not properly recognized as factors in a country's greatness. "The toilers are the conquerors." Eminence won by merit and labor is far more praiseworthy than that handed down from father to son. It is not England's Wellingtons and Gladstones alone that have made her the greatest nation on the globe. It is her industries which under her fostering care have grown so enormous.

St. Leon Scull, Hertford, N. C. Subject: "The Cultivation of National History." A knowledge of our country's history is indispensable. It awakens a feeling of patriotism which otherwise would lie dormant. Every country should have its own historian in order that its history may be viewed in a clear and impartial manner. North Carolina does not occupy her proper position, because her people are ignorant of her history, her greatness and her wealth.

Jesse F. West, Waverly, Va. Subject: "The Dismemberment of Virginia." Although one of the last States to withdraw from the Union, she has suffered more than any of her sister States. A part of her territory was wrested from her by act of Congress; and to-day a great debt hangs over her that was incurred before the division. It is not right and just

that Virginia should pay all of this debt. Fairness demands that Congress should make an appropriation to help liquidate the indebtedness.

Solomon C. Weil, Wilmington, N. C., Valedictorian. Subject: "National Decay and Individual Character." The college graduate with his diploma is better equipped for the battle of life, than was the Roman with his toga, or the Teuton with his shield and spear.

Decay is the stern decree of fate. Nations rise, culminate and decline. No government has ever yet existed which was strong enough and broad enough to withstand the insatiate tooth of time. The ideal of the Greek was beauty. In painting and sculpture they attained the highest perfection, but they were wanting in morality.

The ideal of the Roman was a soldier. To wage war for conquest was his especial delight, and courage was considered the highest element of manhood. Lacking in value, however, nothing remains of the great nation but its ruins. The ideal of the American is the individual. It is to this recognition of the rights of the individual that our countrys' strength and greatness is due. "This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people." We recognize no aristocracy but that of merit.

Thursday evening the report of

the Trustees that visited the University in the Spring was read by Col. W. L. Steele. It stated that the generous appropriation of the last Legislature would enable the University to make the long needed improvements, keep pace with the educational progress of the day, thus offering greater inducements to that largely increasing band of young men that are seeking a liberal education. It complimented the Faculty upon their successful management of affairs, and recommended that the old chapel be fitted up for a museum.

Awarding Medals and Prizes.—

To Mr. H. W. Rice, Richmond, Va., and Mr. J. R. Monroe, Fayetteville, N. C., medals were awarded for proficiency in Greek during the sessions of '83 and '84. The Greek scholarship medal for this year was awarded to Mr. Lucius P. McGehee, Raleigh, N. C.; and the improvement medal to Mr. A. M. Simmons, Hyde county, N. C. Mr. McGehee was also the winner of the Phillips prize on Mathematics, and the prize awarded by Prof Winston for "a critical appreciation of the Latin language and literature"

Mr. Jacob Johnson received honorable mention for his competitive essays on the "Philosophy of Horace; and the "Civilization of the Ancient Germans," as portrayed by the "Germania of Tacitus."

The other medals were awarded as follows:

Chemistry Medal to Max Jackson, of Fayetteville, N. C. Worth Prize to Mr. A. D. Ward, Duplin County, N. C. Materia Medica Prize to Mr. E. F. Strickland, Bliss, N. C. All of the above prizes and medals were delivered by Mr. Paul C. Cameron in a short and appropriate speech. The committee decided that the Rep. Medal had been won by Mr. Jas. Thomas, of New Berne, and Bishop A. W. Wilson presented the same. The Wiley P. Mangum Medal for the best oration from the Senoir Class was awarded to Mr. Sol. C. Weill, Wilmington, N. C., and presented by Judge C. R. Thomas, New Berne, N. C.

Conferring Degrees, &c.—The following degrees were conferred in course:

Bachelors of Arts: Marion Butler, A. H. Eller, Ern. Faust, Alex. J. Feild, A. W. Long, E. P. Mangum, J. S. Mann, B. C. McIver, J. R. Monroe, W. C. Riddick and Solomon C. Weill.

Bachelors of Philosophy: E. G. Goodman, A. B. Hill, Geo. Howard, Jr., Max Jackson, H. A. Latham, R. S. Neal, J. U. Newman, W. D. Pollock, A. D. Ward, J. F. West.

Bachelors of Science: St. Leon Scull and James A. Bryan.

Bachelors of Law: S. T. Beckwith and Jno. W. Wood.

The following Certificates of Graduation in different departments were awarded:

Latin—B. C. McIver. Greek—S. C. Weill. Mathematics—N. H. D. Wilson, Jr., and P. B. Manning. Chemistry—Max. Jackson. Natural Philosophy—Marion Butler, A. J. Feild, E. G. Goodman, Geo. Howard, Jr.

Commencement Ball.—The Ball on Thursday night was a grand affair, largely attended by North Carolina's fair daughters and gallant sons. Many distinguished visitors, who did not participate in the dance, were also in attendance. The new, large and commodious Gymnasium Hall was a scene of beauty and gayety. A bewildering mass of red, pink, blue and white, seemed floating around the ball-room, as the couples circled in and out under the delightful influence of the music by Kessnich's band. On, on went the dance till morning dawned, and then the merry throng began to break up. A few hours afterwards, the sunlight was streaming through the windows into the deserted hall: the Commencement Ball of '85 was a thing of the past.

We extract from the *News and Observer* the following notice of the costumes, many of which were elegant and elaborate:

Miss Alice Winston, Windsor, N. C.: Blue satin, white lace, gold ornaments.

Miss Maud Amyett, New Berne, N. C.:

White silk, lace, diamonds, ball manager's rosette.

Miss Florence Tucker, Raleigh, N. C.: Brocade satin, en train, point lace, diamonds.

Miss Mattie Haughton, Pittsboro: White satin, lace, pearl ornaments

Miss Rosa Leak, Wadesboro: Pink silk, brocade satin, lace.

Miss Lilly Glenn, Winston, N. C.: Heliotrope satin, lace, amethysts.

Miss Nannie Roberts, New Berne, N. C.: White cashmere, lace, pearls, chief ball manager's rosette.

Miss Daisy Denison, Pittsboro: Pink satin, lace, pearls.

Miss Mamie Helen Davis, Louisburg, N. C.: White satin, thread lace garniture, Phi. and Di. regalias.

Miss Eliza Morehead, Leaksville, N. C.: eau de Nile silk, pink illusion and ribbons.

Miss Sudie Cain, Durham, N. C.: Blue nun's veiling, lace, silver jewelry.

Miss Anna Collins, Hillsboro, N. C.: Black silk, lace, gold jewelry.

Miss Jesse Smith, Durham, N. C.: Pink satin, lace, white satin ribbons.

Miss Hallie Hall, Raleigh: Brocade satin, white satin ribbons.

Miss Nellie Waddell, Smithfield, N. C.: White hand-painted satin, crystal lace, en train, diamonds, ball manager's rosette.

Miss Jessie Llewellyn, Durham, N. C.: Cardinal satin, lace, gold ornaments.

Miss Kate McMackin, crushed strawberry, silk and lace.

Miss Ellie Haywood, Raleigh, N. C.: Cream colored veiling, satin and lace, Phi regalia.

Miss Anna Merritt, Pittsboro, N. C.: Crushed strawberry, black lace overdress.

Mrs. McAdoo, Greensboro, N. C.: White cashmere, a la Watteau, swansdown lace.

Miss Katie Scales, Raleigh, N. C.: Pink satin, velvet, diamond ornaments.

Miss Tempie Williams, Oxford, N. C.: White silk lace.

Miss Mary Gray, Greensboro, N. C.: White satin, lace, pearls, ball manager's rosette.

Miss Mamie Holt, Haw River, N. C.: Cardinal satin, diamonds.

Miss Mamie Morrow, Statesville; White satin, gold ornaments.

Some Queer Things!

New Curiosities.---Wonderful and Mysterious.

Strange Discoveries about Beauty.

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Across the street snow or rain falls almost every day in the year.

For ten cents can now be procured a harmless cure for Colic, which will relieve the baby at once and avoid crying night and day. One package lasts a year.

Teething in infants can be made painless at a cost of 10 cents per package, enough for a year's use: a harmless preparation.

You can cure sore throat with a simple and harmless remedy, costing but ten cents for a package, lasting many years.

Bumps which a child gets in falling or otherwise, should receive immediate attention. Ten cents will procure a year's supply of a harmless remedy for the same.

Small, pretty feet are especially desired by misses and mothers. On receipt of one dollar in advance we will send our \$5. method and preparation ON TRIAL, on condition that you return it within one year and get your money back if it fails to secure you a dainty little foot.

Lily White Hands, Smooth Soft and Velvety may be had by any lady by the simple use in their gloves of our new hand bleaching preparation at an expense of only one dollar.

Wrinkles may be prevented, thus preserving a smooth, pure, youthful face, till old age, by the use of our Rejuvenating Preservation. This elixir with apparatus can be had for \$1.00.

A particular specialty offered contains your name in plain letters on a gold plated breast pin, strong and pretty for 25 cents.

Any or all of these articles promptly forwarded on receipt of price, and if unsatisfactory your money promptly refunded on return of same.

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University Law School

JOHN MANNING, LL.D., Prof.

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